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WOMAN'S ARCHIVES

Gift of
Miss Catharine S. Huntington

THE
HOME-MAKER

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

EDITED BY

MARION HARLAND.

VOL. 4.

APRIL TO SEPTEMBER, 1890.



THE HOME-MAKER COMPANY®
PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK®

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EASTER.

THE HOME-MAKER.

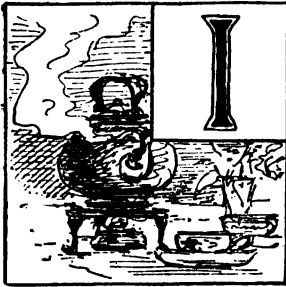
VOL. IV.

APRIL, 1890.

No. 1.

EDITORIAL.

UNTO CÆSAR THE THINGS WHICH ARE CÆSAR'S.



I SHOULD do violence to my feelings and come short of what is demanded by justice and courtesy if I failed to acknowledge the abundant kind-

ness of the American press in giving publicity to THE HOME-MAKER'S proposal to rebuild the ruined tomb of MARY WASHINGTON. Such generous appreciation of motive and effort is honorable to the mighty guild, and to human nature. The entire compass of this number of the magazine would be insufficient for the record of the expressions of good-will and promises of co-operation received at this office. Thousands of papers have re-published THE HOME-MAKER'S circular and commended the object it sets before the American public.

Thus begins the work. For it is only the commencement, and the liberal contributions in money and subscriptions received up to date should be but the earnest of a general movement among the women of our country to wipe out this disgrace to our sex and the memory of her who *made* and gave us our greatest man.

HOW MUCH MONEY IS NEEDED?

This query, sent us from several quarters,

was not answered sooner for a reason that commends itself to common sense. The promise made by the Parent Association in Fredericksburg and by THE HOME-MAKER was that a monument *of some sort* should be built. Should the funds received warrant us in doing nothing more than to raise a modest head-stone and to put the grounds in order, every cent subscribed should be applied to this purpose. Lest the omission of a stated sum should excite remark and suspicion, I make the following extract from a letter written by the President of the Fredericksburg Association.

"Some years ago, a petition was presented to Congress by the Mayor and Common Council of Fredericksburg for an appropriation to build a monument to MARY, THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON, naming \$20,000 as the sum needed. Now, it is decided that \$10,000 will be sufficient to raise a suitable and handsome memorial. The present monument is so defaced that much of it will be of no practical value. The foundation, however, is good, and many of the stones could be re-dressed and used."

We need, then, but

\$10,000 IN ALL

in order to erect a fitting memorial to her whom we should delight to honor by the poor means that remain to us after a hundred years of gross neglect.

HOW TO RAISE THE MONEY IN TIME TO COMPLETE THE MONUMENT THIS SUMMER.

If every reader of THE HOME-MAKER will, upon receipt of this, send us ONE SUBSCRIBER, the sum will be in the hands of the association in LESS THAN ONE MONTH from the time of the issue of this, the first number of Vol. 4.

A HOD OF MORTAR.

Miss Frances E. Willard, whose work as a Christian philanthropist is approved by all, however widely some who commend it may differ from her in political tenets, says, in reply to THE HOME-MAKER's circular: "Each true woman patriot should send at least enough to place a hod of mortar between the stones of this woman's monument."

This, at least, is practical and feasible. "Many a little makes a muckle" is a proverb of the thriftiest race upon the globe. Compliance with our philanthropist's suggestion will impoverish no one. If general,

it would build the monument with magic speed.

IT IS NOT A BUSINESS SPECULATION.

Were the amount donated by THE HOME-MAKER Company covered by the sum deducted from the two-dollar subscription, there might be occasion for this slur. When to this is added the cost of printing, addressing and mailing hundreds of thousands of circulars, of clerical and other office duties for which not a penny is charged, the case in support of the above declaration is too clear to be questioned by any one familiar with such matters.

That THE HOME-MAKER is ambitious to be associated with a great and noble work is true, and honorable, not derogatory, to the corporation that has taken the lead in an enterprize which should not need to be urged upon every home-maker, high and low, in all the land.

Marion Harland.

UNCIVIL—OR DISHONEST?

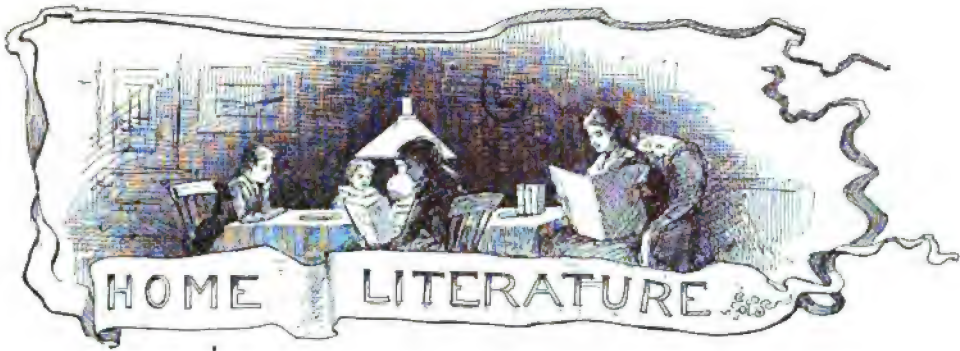
When an editor transfers an article from the columns of a contemporary to his own, and frankly gives credit for the loan to author, and magazine or newspaper, he pays a graceful compliment to the source from which he drew poem, essay, or story, and proves himself an honorable follower of a noble calling. When such transfer is made without intimation that the paper was prepared for, and appeared in other pages than those it is his duty to fill, he violates the code of professional etiquette. Is he also dishonest? The inquiry assumes serious form when the editors of THE HOME-MAKER find in exchanges laid upon their table such instances of uncredited loans (?) as these:

An illustrated weekly, within one month, copies from the Christmas No. of THE HOME-MAKER, "A COMMON SENSE TEMPERANCE TALK WITH OUR GIRLS," *verbatim et literalim*, with no sign to imply that it was not written expressly for its especial use, and adorns the

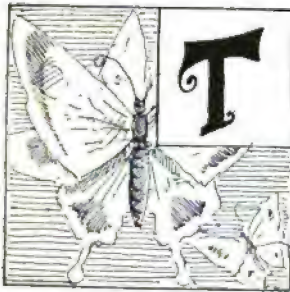
short story columns of a succeeding issue, with the exquisite sketch entitled, "THE ANGEL OF POVERTY GATE."

A religious weekly of a later date, after crediting another periodical with an excellent housewifely article, proceeds to copy without the alteration of a letter or comma, three-quarters of a column from Lylie O. Harris's paper upon Creole Cookery, published *and copyrighted* by THE HOME-MAKER Co., and makes no mention of author or magazine.

Let these stand for examples of incivility, (or dishonesty) so often repeated as to compel the editors to call the attention of borrowers to the italicized words that stand like the sign-board, "*Dangerous, Not a Public Street,*" one sees in well-managed towns. He who neglects the warning, "*Copyrighted By THE HOME-MAKER Co. All rights reserved,*" must be prepared to take the consequences of the venture.



STUART DAWSON'S REVELATION.



HE fire was blazing on the nursery hearth. There was a fender in front of it, a high, old-fashioned fender, made of a sort of wire net-work, painted green and surmounted by a brass rod.

On this fender hung the night-clothes of a little child.

The child himself, a little boy of about four, stood at the hearth rug by his mother, who was undressing him.

She was a slender little woman, with a sweet, sad face. She wore a plain black dress, and her yellow hair was half hidden under a widow's cap.

The boy's loosened clothing fell in a little heap on the floor. She lifted him to her lap, and rubbed the plump little legs and feet, which he stretched toward the fire, kissing him, and talking to him all the time in that half-tender, half-foolish language which falls so easily from a young mother's tongue. Finally, when he had been dressed again in his warm little night clothes, he knelt by her knee, and repeated after her, his little prayer—

"God bless papa and mamma," he said in conclusion, "and help me to be a good boy."

She kissed him again when he had finished, and said :

"Now go and say good night to papa."

The child walked across the room to a large oil-painting, which, resting upon a low foot-stool, leaned against the wall. In this position it was about on a level with the child himself. It was the portrait of a young and handsome man, with black hair and eyes like those of the little child who faced it. The boy went up to it and kissed the painted lips.

"Good night, dear papa," he said. Then he walked gravely back and re-seated himself in his mother's lap.

"Why doesn't papa ever kiss me?" he asked.

A spasm of pain passed over the mother's face. She bent her head down close to the boy's curls and kissed them.

"Mamma must do it for him, now," she said, "but he loves you, Stuart, all the time, just as much as I do."

"Can he see me!"

"Yes, darling, he sees you and watches over you. You are his own little boy just as much as you ever were. He is sorry when you are hurt, and glad when you are happy, just as mamma is."

"What's an orphan?" asked the child.

"What?" said his mother in a startled tone.

"An orphan," repeated the child. "Charley Brady called me that to-day. He said I was an orphan 'cause I didn't have any papa, but I told him I wasn't. I guess he's one

himself," he added, with the easy contempt of childhood.

"An orphan," said his mother, putting both arms around him, "is a child whose mamma or papa dies, but you have mamma on earth, darling, and papa in heaven. You *have* a papa, you must never forget it. I will talk to you about him every day. He was such a good, noble man, and you are going to grow up like him, Stuart. You are going to be the little boy he would be so proud and glad to have. Do you remember him?"

"I don't frink I do," he answered.

Then holding him in her arms, and rocking him, she began to talk to him of his father. She told him little stories, full of descriptions of his looks, his ways and words. The child listened eagerly at first, then his eyelids drooped heavily, and presently he was fast asleep.

She carried him into an adjoining bedroom, and put him in her own bed. Then she came back into the nursery, and stood a few minutes by the fire, which was dying away. She went over to the picture as the child had done, and knelt in front of it. Her lips moved, and she seemed to be praying silently. After a little she said, softly:

"Oh, Stuart, Stuart, he *shall* know you and love you! I will not let you pass out of your child's life. We will love you and think of you together. I *will* keep you with us, Stuart, my darling, my darling!"

And so all through his childhood, this was the aim of Stuart Dawson's mother. She kept ever before him the thought of a loving, noble father, and the boy grew up with a more vivid sense of the personality of his dead father than many children have of their living parents.

His mother and he were always together. She was his nurse in childhood, his teacher afterward, his dearest friend and companion always. The very love and reverence which he bore to his unseen father was a bond that bound him all the more closely to his mother, for she, of all the world, understood it. As he grew older, she gave him, a few at a time, his father's things; little trinkets and keepsakes, not of great value to any one else, but sacred to these two. On his twelfth birth-day she gave him his father's watch, later, his father's books, and finally his desk with the pen and paper that he had used last.

"To be a good boy and please papa," was the aim of Stuart Dawson's childhood. To be an honest man and worthy to bear his father's name was the ambition of his young manhood.

He and his mother were much alone, but childhood accepts its environments unquestioningly, and it never occurred to him to wonder at this. When he was twenty-one, his mother put into his hands all of her property. It was not much, but it had been enough to take care of them comfortably, and to give him an excellent education. He and his mother even took a little trip abroad, after he left college, and travelers who met or journeyed with them, remembered long afterward the timid, gentle little woman, always dressed in black, and her tall, handsome son who gave her the devotion of a lover.

But even in this trip they carried the memory of the absent father with them. Mrs. Dawson had gone abroad with her husband soon after their marriage, and she re-visited with Stuart every spot hallowed by those happy days. The trip was like a series of pilgrimages to different shrines.

To Stuart, all these reminiscences were very sweet and sacred. He was now nearly as old as his father was when he married, and he had a strong sense of companionship with this young, gallant father, standing upon the threshold of his life.

When they came home Stuart went into business, working hard and earnestly.

He was a quiet, reserved man, almost shy in the presence of women, a man of deep emotions, and of strong, but well-controlled passions. He was a son of whom any woman might be proud, honest, loyal and pure. The two deepest feelings of his heart were a tender reverence for the name and personality of his dead father, and a love that was almost idolatry for the little mother, who seemed dearer to him than any other woman could ever be.

The picture of his father hung higher on the wall now, but the loyal little woman could stand before it, as she had done that night in the nursery years ago, and feel that she had kept her vow. His son loved him as few fathers are loved.

Stuart Dawson was in his twenty-fifth year, when one day he was suddenly summoned by the senior member of his firm and requested to go to New York at once and attend to some business complications that had arisen there. He had only about two hours in which to get ready.

He rushed home, told his mother, and ate a hasty luncheon while she packed his bag. Then he kissed her very tenderly, and telling her that he would write, and when to expect him home, he ran down the steps,

turning to look back as he went up the street. She was standing in the window as he knew she would be, a little, slender, black figure outlined against the white curtains. He smiled back at her and waved his hand.

There were no drawing-room cars in the train which he had chosen, and the seat which he at first took, was, he discovered later, on the sunny side of the car. So leaving his bag in the little rack overhead, he seated himself across the way. At the first station two men entered, and took the seat directly in front of him. Stuart had finished his newspaper, and was leaning back half drowsily when he was surprised to hear his own name mentioned.

"Stuart Dawson," said one of the men, "that's the name on that bag over there, and somehow it sounds very familiar. I must have known that man somewhere."

"Stuart Dawson!" his companion repeated, "why, that was the name of the cashier of the—th National Bank in New York, don't you know? His accounts were forty thousand dollars short, and he shot himself, I believe. It was over twenty years ago, but I was with Baldwin & Co., at the time, and happened to know all about it."

"Yes," said his friend, "I remember now. Strange, isn't it, how many men in that position do that thing? The sight of money seems to be to them like the smell of whiskey to a drunkard; they can't help taking it."

Stuart Dawson sat perfectly still. It did not seem possible at first that their talk could have any reference to him. His brain seemed to become so numb that he received impressions very slowly. It was quite a little time before he realized that it might be his father, his loved and honored father, of whom they were speaking. When he did realize it a great wave of indignation swept over him. He longed to rise and confront these men, to hurl at them hot, bitter words of anger and abuse. But he did not; he sat still, and then his hands and feet seemed to grow quite cold as he said over to himself the words that he had just heard.

"Stuart Dawson!" It was not a common name. It was his father's name, the name that he had tried to bear pure and blameless for his dead father's sake.

After all, no one had ever talked to him about his father but his mother. He realized it now for the first time. But could she,—that sweet, saint-like woman, have deceived him all these years? Oh, no!

His heart leaped with love and trust when he thought of his mother. He could have laughed at the thought of doubting her. This was some ridiculous mistake, some confusion of names, that was all. He would not even grieve his mother by repeating to her what he had heard. He determined to put it all out of his mind, but it was a vain determination. He found himself brooding over it, and wondering if such a thing were possible. Even when his mind was full of other things something weighed upon him and depressed him. He returned to it again and again. He tried resolutely to throw it off, but it was as impossible to evade as a fog or darkness. It surrounded him quite against his will.

He was glad to get through with his business in New York and return to his mother. He had made up his mind now to tell her. It seemed to him that it would be a great relief to see her look of scorn and disdain. He could not expect that she would laugh with him over it, but he thought that her indignation when she knew that the name of her idol had been assailed, would be very pleasant to see.

So, as he sat by the fire with his mother after his first dinner at home, he determined to tell her.

He had been smoking, but he tossed the stump of his cigar into the grate and leaned across and took her hand.

It was a very little hand, slight and thin. The wedding ring on it looked hardly large enough for a child. He stroked it softly.

"Mother," he began, "I overheard a queer talk on the cars." He was surprised to find that his voice trembled a little.

She looked at him, responsive and interested.

"What was it, Stuart?"

"It was about me, or rather about my father. At any rate, it was the same name. One man said that Stuart Dawson was cashier of the—th National Bank twenty years ago, that he stole forty thousand dollars, and then killed himself."

He had tried to speak lightly as if it were almost a joke, but his voice failed.

There was silence in the room. His mother did not answer him, or move, but the interested, expectant look faded from her face and she grew very white.

"Mother!" he exclaimed, his voice sounding harsh and unnatural, "why don't you say something?"

He held her small hand so tightly that it must have hurt her.

"Mother!" he repeated, "speak! tell me—was it so?"

"No, Stuart," she said slowly, "It was not so."

But her words gave him no sense of relief. Her whole manner was so different from what he had expected that the terrible doubt seemed to be crystallizing like ice about his heart.

"Mother!" he said sharply, "tell me the truth about my father!"

"I do, Stuart," she said sadly. "I have always told you the truth."

If he could only have believed her! But it was not like this that he had expected her to deny it. Where were her surprise, her indignation, her righteous wrath?

At least, it was evident that he had not told her a new story.

"Was my father the cashier of the——th National Bank?" he asked, trying to speak very calmly.

"Yes, Stuart."

The bands of ice closed in around his heart. They were so palpable and tangible that he could almost touch them.

"Did he take forty thousand dollars?"

His breath came short and fast. He had risen and stood in front of her, looking directly at her.

She threw up her arms a little, and her hands seemed to flutter feebly toward him.

"Oh, Stuart," she cried, "I will not have you doubt him; he was the truest, noblest man in the world!"

"Mother," he said sternly, "you'd better tell me the truth, now."

She looked at him a second and for the first time in all his life, she felt his nature antagonistic.

"Tell me!" he repeated, "did he take forty thousand dollars?"

"He did not take it, Stuart," she said eagerly, "he never touched a penny. It was——"

"Who?" he asked quietly.

"Oh, I do not know," she cried in a sort of dumb despair, "I never understood. It was—all too horrible."

"Why was it not investigated?"

"It was—that is, they were just beginning, and then, oh Stuart—he died!"

"Did—answer me, mother, did he kill himself?"

"No!" she almost shrieked, "No, Stuart, no! He died in his own bed. I was with him. It was apoplexy. They brought him home and I was there. He did not know me, but I never left him. Oh, Stuart, you are cruel, cruel, to say such things!"

She broke down completely and began to sob. She rocked to and fro, making a little moaning sound.

He looked at her sadly, but he did not offer to comfort her.

"So the investigation stopped with his life?" he asked.

"Yes," she said between her sobs, "I gave them all that I could, and they didn't do anything more."

"You gave them——" he repeated after her, in amazement, "you gave them money! To hush the matter up? Is that what you mean? Did you buy them off?"

She took her handkerchief from her eyes which seemed to dry suddenly, as if the indignation which had arisen within her stopped her tears.

"Stuart," she said harshly, "you are his son, but not even you shall talk like that. I gave them money,—all that I could spare,—because I would not see his dear name dragged through the mud and mire. I *knew* he was innocent; why should I want it proved? I was alone, and I could not have borne the agony of having him,—his life, his deeds, his very thoughts, perhaps, picked to pieces and coldly criticised by men who believed that he might be guilty. No, I saved his name from that, at least."

He looked at her coldly.

"A strange way to save it!" he exclaimed.

"If my father was innocent, all the investigations in the world would not have hurt him. If he was guilty, it would have been time enough then, to buy off his accusers, as you seem to have done. How much did you give them?"

"Thirty thousand dollars."

"Why didn't you make up the whole amount?" he asked bitterly.

"Because I could not. I had to save a little for you. You were his child. I had to educate you and take care of you, as he would have done."

They looked at each other silently. It was the most miserable moment in Stuart Dawson's life. Not only was he full of shame for his father, whom he had so revered and honored, but he felt that he had been tricked, deceived, and played upon by the person whom he had most loved and trusted in the world.

He looked at her, with her sweet gentle face, and thought how she had made his life one long lie.

"My God!" he gasped, "if there is a God! is there nothing true in the world!"

He was staggered and dazed by the blow,



SHE BROKE DOWN COMPLETELY, AND BEGAN TO SOB.—*See page 8.*

and by the revelation of what seemed to him his mother's deceit. But you cannot detach love, all in a moment, from the object around which it has grown for years. You must unclasp the tendrils one by one. Should the object fall, love falls too, clinging as it falls.

He loved his mother still; it was the habit of his life. He longed to fling himself before her and bury his face in her lap, and be comforted. Then with a great wave of bitterness, the thought came over him, that never again could she comfort him. He could not trust her any more. He might love her in a sad, blighted sort of way, and be tender of her, for the old love's sake, but the sweet companionship that had been the biggest part of his life, was over forever.

Then it occurred to him suddenly that she might have deceived herself. Perhaps she did not know what she was doing. If he could make her see the hideousness of all her long deceit, she would recoil from it as he had done. She would be filled with remorse. She would beg him to forgive her, and though life would never be quite the same to them, they might go on, at least together, and not divided from each other, as they were now.

"Do you see, mother," he said gently, "what you have done? You have brought me up to believe in things that were never true. All my life has been founded on what was false. I have lost my father over again, or rather—I never had a father. I have lost my faith in you. I am ashamed among men, my father's name——"

"Stuart!" she interrupted, "I will not listen to you! You are my boy, my own, my one baby, but do you think I can let even you raise your voice against him? I have never deceived you, never! Every word that I have told you about your father was true. There was nothing in his life to be ashamed of, or in mine either; until to-day when his son, his only son, doubts him, insults his memory and tramples on his name!"

She stopped; she was trembling all over.

He looked at her hopelessly. Would they never come any nearer together than this? Then a great feeling of pity for her came over him; pity for her anguish and for her wasted love and loyalty.

He put his hand on her shoulder.

"Poor little mother," he said, "we will never speak of it again. Promise me never to mention my father's name again, and we will let it all pass."

But she did not yield to his touch. She was rigid and impassive.

"Not mention his name!" she cried, "Why should I promise you such a thing as that? It is as though I acknowledged that there was something shameful about it. I will not promise!"

He took his hand from her shoulder and looked at her. Then, after quite a long time, in which neither of them spoke, he left the room.

He stopped irresolutely at the door, and said, "Good-night," without turning.

"Good-night," she answered quietly, but her heart beat fast. He had never left her like this before.

She heard the hall door slam.

"Stuart! Stuart!" she screamed, "come back, don't leave me so!"

But he did not hear her. He had gone out.

She sat for a long time where he had left her, crying quietly. Then she rose, put out the light, and went up stairs. Her pillow was wet that night, and as she buried her face in it, she said half to herself, and half to that dead husband, whom she had never for one hour forgotten.

"Do not mind him, darling. He did not know. I know and I love you always."

Stuart Dawson realized in the hard days which followed this talk with his mother, that there is nothing which more thoroughly crushes the joy out of life than to be at variance with one we love. His whole life was changed, and for a while he could scarcely realize where or who he was. Then, as things gradually settled down into shape, he became conscious of carrying with him a dull, heavy feeling, that effectually prevented any gladness from rising in his heart.

It seemed as if a solid stone wall separated him from his mother. He could not pass it to go to her; she would not to come to him. He could see her on the other side—see her with painful distinctness, as she waited in her great loneliness, yearning for the love that he had always given her. Her eyes haunted him, they were so sad and pleading. He felt that a man must be a brute to make his mother feel so, and yet he could not help it. He would have been tender and loving, if he only could, but there was a great shadow between them. They were hopelessly estranged. He would have said to her so gladly:

"Mother, come back to me. Let me love you and forgive everything."

But this she did not want. She had no wish to be forgiven. She demanded justification and approval for what she had done, not pardon.

This trouble was crushing to her. She had lived a quiet, narrow life, with but one interest—her great, absorbing love for her son, and with but one aim—to so influence this son that he should love his father. When, therefore, this was all taken from her at one blow, she was like one paralyzed. She never thought of yielding one jot of her loyalty to her husband. She would have died first. She did nearly die. She grew very pale and thin, and seemed to change quite suddenly from a person of middle age into a fragile old lady.

She did not believe that Stuart would ever be one in heart with her again. She gave up hope, and failed in health and strength.

Stuart referred to his father but once. Then he said—

"Mother, I have written to the—National Bank to ask about that affair."

She turned very pale, but did not speak. He did not look at her.

"Yes," he continued firmly, "it is my right. I want to know all. I *must* know!"

She rose, trembling in every limb.

"I cannot help what you do, Stuart," she said, "I have no power over you any longer. But I want to tell you that it does not matter. If you—if the bank—if the whole world should call him guilty, I would not believe it."

Then feebly, and yet with a certain sweet dignity, she left the room.

Stuart sprang to help her, for she seemed very weak, but she waved him aside, and would not let him touch her.

That very night a strange thing happened to Stuart Dawson. Coming home in the twilight, he met a young girl, who stepped in front of him, and said—the clear color mounting into her face as she spoke—

"It is so long since we have seen you, Mr. Dawson. Have you been away?"

"No, Miss Nora," he answered hesitatingly, "I—I have not been very well."

They looked at each other awkwardly for a moment, and then she passed on.

He was angry with himself in a minute that he had not turned around and walked with her. She had always seemed to him the nicest girl that he had ever known, but now, since this trouble had come to him, it was as if he had forgotten her, or had known her in another life. He thought of her though, constantly, after this meeting,—of

the sweet color in her face, and the touch of sympathy in her voice.

In the evening, she seemed to draw him to her. He dressed himself mechanically, not seeming to realize why he was doing it, then, in the same inert way, he walked to her door. She did not seem surprised to see him. It was as if she had known that he would come.

After a little, they were left alone in the drawing-room, and then—he could not have told why,—he found himself telling her all the cruel sorrow that had come to him. He had not spoken of it to any other person and it seemed now as if he told it without any volition of his own.

She listened, her face alive with sympathy. Her sensitive mouth quivered a little when he had finished and there were tears in her eyes.

"Oh, what can I say?" she cried. "I am so sorry for you, so sorry!"

Stuart felt as though he had been talking of some one else. Something had deadened the dull pain which he had carried for so long so that he did not feel it.

"It must have been terrible," she said after a little, "I do not see how you have borne it."

He had a confused sense that he did not understand what she was talking about. He wanted to tell her that whatever it was, it did not matter. It did not matter at all, nothing mattered except that he must take her hand.

He did not tell her this, but he looked straight at her hand which was lying in her lap. Her dress was black, and her hand looked small and white against it. Everything else in the world was a blur but that white hand lying next the black dress. The moment when he could resist no longer arrived. He leaned forward and clasped it.

She did not resist, but she looked at him questioningly.

"Oh," she cried, "what are you doing?"

"I must," he answered gravely. He held it for a few seconds, then he raised it to his lips and kissed it.

She struggled then until she drew it away, and her breath came quickly.

He looked at her as if he had suddenly awakened.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I do not know what I am doing; I think I must be crazy."

They eyed each other in silence,—a silence in which each seemed to read the other's heart.

He was the first to speak.

"I have no right," he said, incoherently ; "will you forgive me? I ought not to have come,—but you have been so good to me. I must leave you,—I ought to go. I want to try to think."

He rose as if with a great effort, and stood in front of her.

"Will you forgive me?" he asked. "I did not mean to hurt you—I—"

"Good night," she said simply, and then in a tone that was almost a whisper, she added,

"You will come to see me again?"

Before she had finished, the blood rushed furiously over her face and neck. She looked like one caught in a tide against which he vainly struggles.

Stuart leaned over her.

"Indeed I will," he answered softly, "indeed I will."

Out in the dark, he tried to calm his feverish thoughts. What was he doing? What did it all mean? Did he love this girl? His heart throbbed quickly at the thought. He stood still a minute, and wanted to go back and tell her that he did. Then, by an effort, he walked on.

He reasoned with himself. This afternoon he had not thought of her; he had forgotten her. Could a man learn to love a woman in an hour? Had he loved her all the time, long before this trouble came to him that hung like a great curtain over his past life? Was it that he was so lonely, so forlorn and miserable, and that her sympathy had been the first thing that had glided into his life, like a sunbeam into a cell, to share his sorrow with him?

What did it matter? What did he care? It was unreasonable, inexplicable, absurd perhaps, but he loved her—loved her with all his heart. Then he thought of his tarnished name, and humbled life, and knew that these were what he must bring to her. But immediately his heart gave a great bound, as he remembered that it was after she knew all this that she had asked him to come to her again.

He thought of her sweet face with the crimson flood rushing over it. Oh, it did not matter how sudden or unexpected it was,—it would not have mattered if he had never seen her at all before,—she belonged to him, and he should claim her!

The last thing he saw before he went to sleep that night was a white hand against a black dress,—a hand that seemed to charm, to hypnotize him, so that he was unconscious of anything else.

He went to see her the next night, and the next, and the next. She did not seem astonished at the suddenness of his passion. It seemed to them both as natural as the blossoming of a rose. She gave him her love, frankly and gladly. He was so happy that it did not seem possible he could be the same man who had staggered only a few days before under his weight of trouble. It was not like the same world either. "All the past things were past and over!" His father was nothing to him now, his promised wife everything. He could not tell his mother about it all. He shut her out of his paradise. It was too pure and sweet a place for one whose life was sullied with so much deceit. He pitied her, he loved her, but they were forever separated.

He went one night with Nora to the theatre. The play was one of common type, where the heroine is made to believe that her lover is unfaithful, and rashly marries another man.

They talked about it a little after they came home, and he asked her hypothetical questions, and revelled in her answers, which told him in a dozen different ways, how much she loved him.

"What would you do," he said, "if you should hear from the most credible witness that I was faithless and unworthy of you?"

She looked at him a moment, her eyes shining with love and trust.

"Stuart," she said, "if the whole world should call you guilty, I would not believe it!"

Something passed through his heart as quick and keen as a sabre stroke. Where had he heard those words before? They were his mother's words, and it was of his father that she spoke! All the deceit, the obstinacy, the hardness of his mother seemed transformed and he saw it, as it truly was, only the same great love which the woman beside him gave to him.

He had his arms around her, but he took them away.

"I must go to my mother, Nora," he said. "I have been cruel to her. I have tortured her. I did not understand."

His face had a rapt, transfigured look, as of one who sees a vision or listens to a holy revelation.

She did not try to detain him. She was awe-struck by his terrible earnestness.

He bent over her and kissed her.

"I think God has let good women love us in this world," he said reverently, "to teach us about Him."

He went out in an agony of remorse. This love which had come to him and made a new heaven and a new earth for him—this love, the most blessed, holy thing in life, was the same love that his mother had given to his father all these years, and for which he had blamed and almost despised her.

It seemed as if he could not get to her fast enough.

He burst into the room where she was sitting, sad and alone, as she had been so much of late.

He went up to her and took her in his arms.

"Mother, oh, mother!" he cried, "forgive me! I did not know! You have been right always. Your love and trust have been pure and beautiful. Oh, mother, forgive me!"

A wonderful look of happiness came into her delicate face. She put her head upon his shoulder.

"Dear Stuart!" she said softly.

He kissed her faded cheek.

"Oh, mother," he said brokenly, "I have been blind,—cruel—wicked! I did not know until another woman showed me. You have loved him in the true, holy way that she loves me, and if,—I should ever have a child, I should ask for no greater blessing than that she should teach him, as you taught me."

They were silent for a few minutes, and he held her closely to him. They seemed to forgive and understand each other without the need of many words. Then she said, timidly but firmly—

"And, Stuart, do you—do you believe in him now?"

Poor little woman! She could not accept reconciliation with her only son at the price of disloyalty to his father!

He hesitated only a minute.

"Yes, mother," he said, "I believe he was a true, honest man. He could not have been anything else, loved with such a love."

She smiled with the contented smile of one who rests at last.

"Stuart," she said softly, "a letter came for you to-night. It is in your room. It is from that bank. I am glad you said *that* before you opened it."

He went to get his letter. When he came back he was very quiet, with the intense quiet of a terribly excited person.

"Mother," he cried, in a harsh, unnatural voice, "he did not take it! They have been investigating the old books and he was wronged, mother, cruelly wronged! The old officers are most of them dead now, but I think they took some money fraudulently. Some one else was guilty, not my father, and we will unearth it all. We will sift it to the bottom. His name shall be cleared, he was innocent, mother, innocent! Aren't you happy now?"

"Yes, Stuart," she answered calmly, "but you see I knew it all the time!"

He looked at her in silence, dumb before the miracle of such love, and then he remembered that just such love was his and a great flood of thankfulness rushed over his soul.

Bessie Chandler.



EASTER IN JOSEPH'S GARDEN.

Thy dead men shall live : together with my dead
body shall they arise. Awake and sing ye that
dwell in dust, for thy dew is as the dew of herbs,
and the earth shall cast out the dead.

Isaiah, xxvi: 19.

He shall wave the sheaf before the Lord to be ac-
cepted for you. *On the morrow after the Sabbath,*
the priest shall wave it. *Levit. xxiii: 11.*

And many bodies of the saints which slept arose
after His resurrection, and went into the holy city,
and appeared unto many.

St. Matt. xxvii: 52.

Christ the first fruits, afterward they that are
Christ's at His coming. *i. Cor. xv: 23.*

The wave-sheaf was to be thus offered,
as first fruits on the *first day of the week*
after the Passover : this was a provision for
Easter and the Lord's Day. The resurrec-
tion of certain saints on the first Easter
Day was a token and pledge of the harvest
of the General Resurrection.

THE GARDENER.

(*In Soliloquy.*)

1.
There stands His cross ! those others low
Were leveled by the earthquake's throe
That trembled ere the Morning's glow.

2.
Those Roman guards, like sheep they fled !
Their eyes seem'd starting from their head,
As if they saw the ghastly dead !

3.
Just then, I paused, a moment brief,
While, 'mid his priests, of priests the Chief
Upheld and waved the Paschal Sheaf.

4.
And Rabbins say such rites foretell
A harvest out of death and hell ;
The Resurrection's miracle.

5.
But oh ! Since Moses gave the Law,
Paschal like this who ever saw ?
Ho, Watchman ! why such looks of awe ?

A CITY WATCHMAN.

(*Entering.*)

1.
Didst hear those coward soldiers' cry—
A blaze of lightning made them fly ?
But here—what's this that meets mine eye ?

2.
The Sepulchre unseal'd ! I quake—
Who dared the Cæsar's seal to break ?
No marvel if the dead should wake.

3.
I heard some frightened damsels say
The mighty stone was rolled away,
And angels sat where Jesus lay.

4.
And look within ! A napkin's fold,
And linen cloths together roll'd,
But not the Crucified—behold !

5.
Those women told of shapes in white
That started from their graves to sight,
When Jesus rose like Morning's light.

JOSEPH,

(*Entering.*)

1.
Yes, gard'ner, hail this morn serene :
The Lord is risen ! I have seen
The Maries and blest Magdalene.

2.
First-fruits of harvest yet to be,
Jesus from death and hell can free :
Captive He leads captivity.

3.
Henceforth the Tree of Life Divine—
Here let the Cross, Redemption's sign,
Stand on this Golgotha of mine ;

4.
A garden, but no more a tomb,
The dew of herbs from Morning's womb
Hath made the Rose of Sharon bloom.

5.
And here the Lily of the Vale
With breath of life shall scent the gale.
Hail Cross of Christ ! His rising hail !
Arthur Cleveland Coxe, D.D.





"HENCEFORTH THE TREE OF LIFE DIVINE."—*See page 14.*

SHOULD WOMEN VOTE?

"THE Woman Question" has for me always been the greatest one upon earth, the Human Question. In my childhood's sacred home there were father and brother side by side with mother, sister and self. Very early it dawned on me that this group was a divine type of what should be when the gentleness of Christ working in human hearts should make of society and government that "larger home" of which my mother used to speak, and for the coming of which she was wont so fervently to pray. "Train those with each other who were formed for each other," was her motto in education, and sums up that philosophy and method of humanity's betterment to which my life has been joyfully devoted.

I have looked upon man and woman as fractions of human nature's integer; have believed that the stereoscopic view of those governmental problems that in the largest possible way relate to human weal, could be had only by uniting the two views obtained under different angles of vision by man's and woman's eye, thus giving perspective and atmosphere to the great Republic's picture, instead of leaving it the dead flat that must result from its present fractional estate. "It is not good for man to be alone" has seemed to me a divine declaration founded in the nature of things, and "two heads in counsel" everywhere, as well as "two beside the hearth," a prophecy of life's best beatitude. Against whatever tended to separate the thought, the purpose and affection of men and women, it has been my life-long lot to write and speak and work. The Women's Christian Temperance Union has this same view of life for its key-note and inmost inspiration. The gentle home-makers who went crusading in the saloon sixteen short years ago, sought to win back their best beloved from alcohol's satanic alienation and to seal up its open fount. The forty lines of work into which the organic form of that crusade has bloomed since then all seek to heal this hurt in the home by means of which man goes one way, woman another. The last department added

is "Peace and International Arbitration," for war is the arch-foe of home and strongest ally of the strong-arm habitude. White ribbons have developed as the outcome of experience, what we call the "Do-every-thing-policy" in our onset against the liquor traffic, and the ballot for woman as a weapon of protection for the home is now "worked for and welcomed" by millions of earnest-hearted temperance men.

Appetite and avarice are the basis of this liquor curse. Than these there are no other instincts deeper or more powerful, unless we name these two:—A wife's instinct of protection for herself and little ones from the arm that should be their dearest shield, but which strong drink transforms into their greatest danger, and a mother's love for her tempted son. For my part, I would thus match force with force, and array upon the field to match the liquor-dealer's avarice, woman's timid instinct of self-protection, and to match the drinker's love of liquor, his mother's love of him. There is a balance of power in the construction of our Government whereby the Senate checks the House, and *vice versa*; the President checks the Senate, and *vice versa*, and the Supreme Court checks them all. There is a balance, an inter-play of forces in the human brain by which judgment guards imagination and reason is lighted by intention's torch; these off-sets and balances are as apparent in the primal forces of matter, as of mind; they hold together and round into symmetry what would otherwise tend toward one-sidedness and disintegration in every realm of being—why not carry to their last analysis the forces of the home and of society? Surely the analogies of God's creation are all in favor of such argument and action. Were there space, I would gladly adduce the testimony of woman's emergence from her traditional seclusion, her entrance upon the great arenas of literature, art, education, professional and business life and the mighty movements of philanthropy, to prove that man's condition and hopes have constantly bettered and brightened as she has moved steadily forward.

It is my profound belief that the very fact of woman's having come so far in such safety, and with results so benignant, should be conclusive to candid minds of this final question's sure affirmative, "Should Women Vote?" After all that has been wrought out for her by Christianity, the territory yet to be possessed is comparatively small, and valiant champions will storm this one fort more within a generation, as everybody now believes. Women are doing far less to-day than men toward this great culmination. Every "right" restored to us has been placed in our hands by the stronger hands of generous brothers. They had the world outside of home all to themselves, and they grew divinely lonely in it—I mean their noblest and fittest survivals did, because in the nature of the case such natures must! What women were present when the first New England school committee decreed larger educational opportunities for girls? Who put women on college boards in Western States and everywhere, in school and business and professional life, have reached out to us the scepter of their unshared power, and bidden us sit down beside them upon the throne rather than longer occupy the footstool? In claiming this, I do not ignore the truth that every class to which larger opportunities have come has helped to work out its own freedom. But woman's part has been as small compared with what man has achieved for her under his growing sense of the chivalry of justice developed by Christ's Gospel, as was the slave's part in the South when the loyal legions of the North swooped down upon him "shouting the battle cry of freedom." Let no one think that a few "shrieking sisters" (and I grieve that noble pioneers in a high cause should ever have been so characterized, especially by their own sex) are responsible for the majestic question "Should Woman Vote?" Abraham Lincoln believed they should, so did his best friend, Bishop Simpson, so did Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry W. Longfellow; so does John G. Whittier; so did Vice-President Henry Wilson, William H. Seward, Chief-Justice Chase, and Benjamin F. Wade; so did John Stuart Mill, Charles Kingsley, Herbert Spencer, Prof. Huxley; so did James Freeman Clark, and Bishop Gilbert Haven; so do Dr. William T. Harris and Joseph Cook; so do Gladstone, Senators Hoar and Blair, so do a large majority of ministers in the M. E. Church—and the society of Friends. Dr. R. S. Storrs, Dr. Talmage, Bishop H. C. Potter, Bishop Spaulding of the Catholic Church, and

scores of the leading clergy in all denominations, hold a like faith; the great editors, literary men and publicists are largely promoters of this mighty movement, by which the home shall bring its full force to bear upon the laws by which the home is ruled; by which the mother's view of what is best for them as citizens of the republic, shall be added to the father's, that the greatest good of son and daughter may thereby be conserved. Among women, Florence Nightingale believes in equal suffrage, as do Harriet Beecher Stowe, Frances Power Cobbe and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; as did Louisa M. Alcott, Lydia Maria Child, Harriet Martineau, Mrs. Jameson and Elizabeth Barrett Browning—none of whom is a "shrieking sister," surely. It is fast becoming an article of faith in this republic that woman brings a blessing to every place she enters, and that she is yet to enter every place on the round earth; that their welcome of her presence and her power is yet to be the touchstone by which any system, traffic or party shall be judged. When a bright young journalist among women is sent out singly and alone by a great metropolitan newspaper, and puts a girdle round the earth in a little over seventy-two days, this dove of peace brings us tidings that the flood of savagery has been largely driven away, so that man's gentle comrade and correlate can come forth into the great world-life like a singing-bird after a thunderstorm.

But the Yankee nation asks, last of all, "What of it?" How does it work—this new invention of woman in Government? Can we gear it on to the machinery: will it "make the wheels go round" with a diminished friction and an added force?

To answer this we must strike out from the realm of philosophy into the realm of fact. This has been my work for sixteen years, and in a thousand different towns and cities of America. All will admit that whatever promises to deliver us from the grip of the saloon is a force of supreme value, and none are more likely to estimate its value on a practical basis than the men whose money is invested in alcoholic drinks. Everywhere I have found them bitterly hostile to the movement by which women will be fitted out with ballots. When we were working toward this end in whiskey-logged old Illinois, our defeat was secured by the liquor interest through fear of the two great parties to alienate the liquor vote. Secret circulars were sent out by men in the business, saying to legislators, "Set your heel upon the

curls upon the forehead of her sons; have busied themselves with a thousand sacred household ministries, or turned the pages of the Book of God. Women have given the costliest hostages to fortune; out into the battle of life they have sent their best beloved into snares that have been legalized and set along the streets. Beyond the arms that held them long their boys have gone forever. Now, by the pain and danger they have dared, by the hours of painful watching over beds

where little children lay in pain and fever; by the incense of ten thousand prayers wafted from woman's lips to heaven, I, who have no such home to guard or pray for, will, as a Christian and a patriot, evermore urge with pen and voice that when her son goes forth into life's battle, still shall his mother walk beside him, sweet and serious, and clad in the garments of power!

Frances E. Willard.

ARBUTUS BEDS.

Beneath the flotsam of the woods,
Dry barren branch and withered leaf,
Behold—a symphony of bloom:
A Springtide rief.

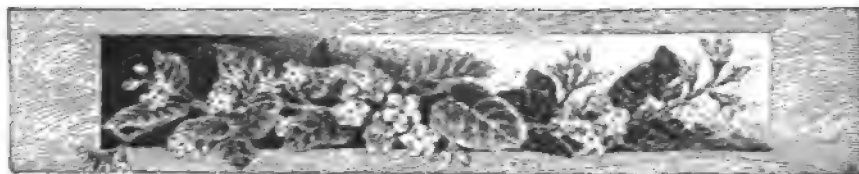
Breathes the *allegro* from each wave
Of glowing pink—while pulse the bars
Of *andantino*, where arise
Fair, saintly stars

Of white, whose pure, unsullied tones
Speak an evangel to the soul
More grand, than sermon voiced by priest
In 'broidered stole.

L'ENVOI.

Beneath the flotsam of the years,
Harsh, ruthless wrong, and torturing ill,
Behold—the flowers of joy and peace—
To clasp at will!

Helen Chase.





GUNSTON HALL, VIRGINIA.



IN the parish of Brewood, Staffordshire, near the historic forest and manor-house of "Boscobel," associated with the young Charles II., and his escape from Worcester fight in 1651, there lived, at the time of England's civil war, the old county family of Fowke, at their estates of "Brewood Hall" and "Gunston Hall." Gerard Fowke of Gunston came over to Virginia a self-exiled cavalier, after the defeat of the royal cause. And, with him, tradition says, there came a neighbor of his, also a cavalier officer, Captain George Mason, of the Mason family of Warwickshire.

In the New World, Fowke and Mason became neighbors again, and ties of kinship later drew the two families together,

Mary Fowke, a granddaughter of Colonel Gerard Fowke, the cavalier, marrying the second George Mason. The father of Mary Fowke, also a Gerard Fowke, moved from Virginia to Maryland, and built a home for himself on the Potomac, in Charles county, which he named "Gunston Hall," and this place is still in the Fowke family.

The Masons, father and son, for generations lived on their lands in Stafford, to which it is said they gave the name of the English county from which they came; and here they held the high colonial office of County Lieutenant, three of them in succession, ruling in a half-civil, half-military fashion, a shire which at one time embraced five of Virginia's modern counties, or a greater part of Lord Fairfax's Northern Neck.

The first Colonel George Mason lived on the point of land called Potomac Neck, where the old family burying ground and the tomb of the doughty cavalier and Indian fighter were formerly to be seen, but of

which there are now no traces. The second George Mason moved his habitation higher up the Potomac, still clinging to the river, as was the wont of the early colonists, and he established himself on Dogue Neck, or Mason's Neck, as it came afterwards to be called, not far below the site of "Mt. Vernon." On Dogue Neck the fourth George Mason, the celebrated Virginia patriot and statesman, was born, and here, about the year 1757, he built "Gunston Hall," which remained his home ever afterwards, and descended to his children and grandchildren.

The Hon. James Murray Mason, a grandson of George Mason of Gunston, while in England in 1865, went to Staffordshire to visit the old seat of his Fowke ancestry, which had given a name to the cherished ancestral home in Virginia. He wrote a brief account of his visit, from which I make some extracts :

"The estate called Gunston is well-known in that neighborhood, and is about six miles from Wolverhampton. The property now belongs to the family of Giffard. We drove first to a modern cottage-built house, pointed out to us by a cottager on the road, the tenant of which informed us that the house known as Gunston Hall was in view on a hill some two hundred yards off; his place, on the same estate, and which he rented as a farmer, was called Gunston House. Arrived at Gunston Hall, we found a large and commodious house built of brick, its proportions and character evincing that it was fashioned some centuries ago, though a greater portion of it had been rebuilt, yet in conformity to its original fashion. It was occupied by Mr. Freetol, who rented it and the farm connected with it. Examining the interior of the house, all the ancient portion of its structure was very manifest. The rooms, for the period to which it was assigned, were commodious, although low-pitched, and well arranged for convenience. The cellars, ample and extending under the entire house, bore evidence of great antiquity. Mr. Parke (bookseller at Wolverhampton and church warden), himself an antiquarian, said it was known as an original manor-house, and thus called *Gunston Hall*.

"Around the house there were evidences that time had shorn it of its proportions; vestiges of old stables pieced together with modern masonry; near the house a very old orchard, many of the trees of great size and in decay. The estate and the county in which it is situated are of great fertility and well cultivated.

* * * I brought off materials for three canes as mementoes, of wild cherry, elder wood and wild briar respectively."

The Giffards, who are here spoken of as the owners of "Gunston,"—reduced at this time to the condition of a farm-house, and now, if recent inquiries have been correctly answered, no longer standing—owned several Staffordshire country seats in the days of Charles II.,—among them, famous "Boscobel."

"Brewood Hall" is still in existence, and though no longer owned by any of the Fowke name or blood, it retains its standing as a manor-house, and is the home of an old Staffordshire family.

"Gunston Hall," Virginia, now in Fairfax county, a part of the original Stafford, is situated on a height, in the upper part of Mason's Neck, not far from the shores of the Potomac, and commanding a beautiful view of the river from the south front of the house. The principal entrance is by the north front, which is the view of the hall given in the accompanying illustration. A long avenue of fine cherry-trees in former times extended beyond the lawn in front of the house a distance of some twelve hundred feet, to the "white gate." The carriage-way in the centre, and a foot-path on either side between the double rows of trees, which were kept carefully trimmed and symmetrical, presented an imposing appearance. Beyond the cherry-tree avenue was an English hawthorn hedge which reached to the "red gate," and this last opened on the public road, then the great highway between the North and the South. The stage carrying travellers, and the infrequent mail of colonial and Revolutionary days thus passed by "Gunston Hall," and gentlemen in their chariots or on horseback going between Richmond and Baltimore, would find Colonel Mason's house a pleasant place to tarry in by the way.

"Gunston" is a large, double brick building with stone facings, and is entered, on both the north and south fronts, by a short flight of broad stone steps, through a small porch, square in shape with arched roof on the north front, and on the south, pentagonal in form. In former times there was also a private entrance on the east side of the house, with an arched door-way, which opened into a high pale yard, enclosing the kitchen and poultry-house. And near this yard was the old well. The moss-covered stone well curb yet stands, and one may drink to-day of the cool, pure water

which is still abundant in the time-honored old well.

On the same side, some distance from the mansion-house, were the corn-house, granary, negro quarters, hay-yard and cattle-pens. Rows of large cherry and mulberry-trees intervened between them and the hall.

The interior of the mansion-house, rich with wainscoting in walnut and mahogany, and with beautiful carved-wood work on ceilings, doors, window-frames and mantels, was injured considerably during the late war, but retains still much of its old-time aspect. A high and spacious hall, lighted by windows above, and on each side of the low, broad door-ways, is one of the most attractive features of the building. From a carved arch that divides the hall in the centre depends a curiously carved ornament, a large acorn. All this hand-carving is said to have been done by convicts sent from England; and John Esten Cooke who has described "Gunston Hall" in one of his magazine essays, speaks of



SECTION OF PARLOR.

the style as a "combination of the Corinthian and the flower and scroll work of the old French architecture."

On the west side of the hall are two large, high-pitched-rooms, the parlor and dining-room. The parlor, which is on the south front of the house, is a handsome room, and is noticeable for its elaborately carved alcoves, one on each side of the mantel. These are filled with shelves which were used for China or bric-a-brac. A space over the mantel, in former times framed in the carved wood-work, held a picture or mirror. The old mantels are now cut down, and show no trace of their once high estate. The room family tradition assigns as the old dining-room, opens into the parlor, and is of the same size. In place of alcoves, there are large, deep closets here, and there are deep, low window seats in these rooms, with inside shutters in the parlor, as perhaps was the case formerly in all the lower rooms.

On the opposite side of the hall are two rooms, separated by a narrow passage. Large



SECTION OF HALL.

closets are on each side of the mantel-piece in these rooms also, and there is carved wood-work also on cornice and door-frame. A wide stair-case in the hall, with carved baluster of mahogany, leads up to the second floor. And here is a passage-way or narrower hall, running, originally, the whole length of the house from east to west, into which opened the doors of seven or eight bedrooms. A part of this passage has been cut off to enlarge one of the rooms. A back stair-case led down from one of these rooms on the east to the first floor, and again below and another stair-case led into the cellars. Both of these are now closed up. The hall on the second floor, as you reach it from the broad front stair-way, is ornamented, as it is supported, by three arches on pillars, two in the centre and half pillars against the wall on each side. These are all of finely carved wood; and from the centre arch hung a lamp. A back stair-case on the second floor leads up into the roomy attics, where ancient spinning-wheels and machines, with other disused domestic implements, fifty years ago were the much prized play things of the children of the family, as one of them, not long since, fondly recalled. A bull's eye window at the gable end of the house let in light enough for this mystic attic region.

The cellars, extending the entire length and breadth of the house, are divided into four rooms, with a passage between them. And below them was the wine vault, now closed up, but formerly well stored with the Madeira the old Virginians loved, and with other home-made vintages. A great oven is in one of the cellar-rooms, and in two of them are alcoves. In former times one of these cellars was used as a winter dairy. The villa tower or cupola placed on the roof of the house is a modern addition.

The garden at "Gunston Hall," of which there are few traces now, extended from the lawn on the south front some distance in the direction of the river. It was laid out in terraces, and separated from the lawn by a closely bordered box hedge. Much of this box hedge remains, the bushes straggling, and grown to the dimensions of small trees. At the further extremity of the garden, a spacious walk, running east and west, formed a border for it, and the hill abruptly descended here into an extensive plain below, reaching to the water's edge, which was enclosed as a deer park, and was kept well stocked with the domesticated native deer. On the west of the Hall was the school-

house, where the children of the family were taught by private tutors, who, in two instances, were engaged in England for this purpose. A little distance beyond the school-house, which is still standing, and hidden from view by a row of large English walnut trees, were the stables.

On the eastern side of the house, beyond the enclosed grounds, there was, in the old days, a large pasture, filled with stock of different kinds. The road leading down to the landing went through this pasture. And at this landing were kept boats and canoes of various kinds, for the use of the family and its dependents, in fishing and hunting, as well as for purposes of business transportation. North of the pasture for the general stock, there was a smaller pasture which was reserved for Colonel Mason's favorite blood-horse whose pedigree was always of the best in the land. At one time it was "Vulcan, a direct descendant of the celebrated Old James," says the family MS. from which most of these details are obtained. The writer of this paper, a son of George Mason, recalled in his old age the scenes and circumstances in which he had spent his childhood and youth, and his description of his early home may be continued in his own words.

"The west side of the lawn or enclosed grounds was skirted by a wood, just far enough within which to be out of sight was a little village called Logtown, so-called because most of the houses were built of hewn pine logs. Here lived several families of the slaves serving about the mansion house; among them were my father's body servant, James, a mulatto man and his family, and those of several negro carpenters. It was very much the practice with gentlemen of landed and slave estates in the interior of Virginia so to organize them as to have considerable resources within themselves; to employ and pay but few tradesmen and to buy little or none of the coarse stuffs and materials used by them, and this practice became stronger and more general during the long period of the Revolutionary War, which in great measure cut off the means of supply from elsewhere. Thus, my father had among his slaves, carpenters, coopers, sawyers, blacksmiths, tanners, curriers, shoemakers, spinners, weavers and knitters, and even a distiller.

"His woods furnished timber and plank for the carpenters and coopers, and charcoal for the blacksmith; his cattle, killed for his own consumption and for sale, supplied skins for the tanners, curriers and shoemak-

ers, and his sheep gave wool and his fields produced cotton and flax for the weavers and spinners, and his orchards fruit for the distiller. His carpenters and sawyers built and kept in repair all the dwelling-houses, barns, stables, ploughs, harrows, gates, etc., on the plantations and the out-houses at the home house. His coopers made the hogsheads the tobacco was prized in, and the tight casks to hold the cider and other liquors. The tanners and curriers, with the proper vats, etc., tanned and dressed the skins as well for upper as for lower leather, to the full amount of the consumption of the estate, and the shoemakers made them into shoes for the negroes. A professed shoemaker was hired for three or four months in the year to come and make up the shoes for the white part of the family. The blacksmiths did all the iron work required by the establishment, as making and repairing ploughs, harrowteeth, chains, bolts, etc., etc. The spinners, weavers and knitters made all the coarse cloths and stockings used by the negroes, and some of finer texture worn by the white family—nearly all worn by the children of it. The distiller made every fall a good deal of apple, peach and persimmon brandy. The art of distilling from grain was not then among us, and there were but few public distilleries.

"All these operations were carried on at the home house, and their results distributed as occasion required to the different plantations. Moreover, all the beeves and hogs for consumption or sale were driven up and slaughtered there at the proper seasons, and whatever was to be preserved was salted and packed away for after distribution. My father kept no steward or clerk about him. He kept his own books and superintended, with the assistance of a trusty slave or two, and occasionally of some of his sons, all the operations at or about the home house, except that, during the Revolutionary War, and when it was necessary to do a great deal in that way to clothe all his slaves, he had in his service a white man, a weaver of the finer stuffs, to weave himself and superintend the black weavers, and a white woman to superintend the negro spinning-women. To carry on these operations to the extent required, it will be seen that a considerable force was necessary besides the house servants, who for such a household—a large family and entertaining a great deal of company—must be numerous, and such a force was constantly kept there independent of any of the plantations, and besides occasional drafts from them of labor for particular occasions."

Mason's Neck, on which "Gunston Hall" and the several other plantations here spoken of were situated, is surrounded on three sides by the waters of the Potomac and Occoquan Rivers and the two considerable creeks that form branches of these rivers. On the northern extremity of the neck there was but a distance of one mile to be enclosed by a fence to shut off the peninsula from the main land. This paling was made very strong and high, in order both to keep in the stock and to preserve the native deer, in which the neck abounded. There was much game, indeed, to be found here of various kinds, which made it a favorite hunting ground for Colonel Mason's friends.

"The land south of the heights," says our MS., "and comprising more than nine-tenths of the estate, was an uniform level, elevated some twenty feet about the surface of the river, with the exception of one extensive marsh and three or four water-courses, which were accompanied by some ravines and undulations of minor character, and about two-thirds of it were clothed with the primitive wood. The whole of this level tract was embraced in one view from the mansion house."

There were four plantations in the Neck, each with its own complement of slaves under an overseer, and each containing four or five hundred acres of open land. Indian corn and tobacco were the principal crops, and at his own landing ships were loaded by Col. Mason, with tobacco for Bordeaux and other foreign ports. There were about five hundred persons in all, white and slave, supported on this estate of Mason's Neck. Here, in his beautiful peninsula home, with his village of slave artisans, with his fertile fields of grain and tobacco, his distillery and cider presses and the several industries and occupations of the typical colonial planter, George Mason led a busy and independent life. Before the Revolution he took little interest in politics, apparently, and was only in the Assembly for a short time. But his neighbor and early friend, George Washington, who knew of and valued his talents and acquirements, several times employed Mason's vigorous pen to put in shape laws or resolutions which he wished to bring up in the House of Burgesses. And when at length Col. Mason came forward in his own person, putting his shoulder to the wheel of the Revolution, his leadership in Virginia was assured; and there is no measure of great public importance on record in the annals of the Commonwealth from '76 to '89 that



THOMSON MASON.

does not bear upon its history some impress of his clear-sighted wisdom. And in these years Virginia was foremost among the thirteen colonies, both in population and extent of territory.

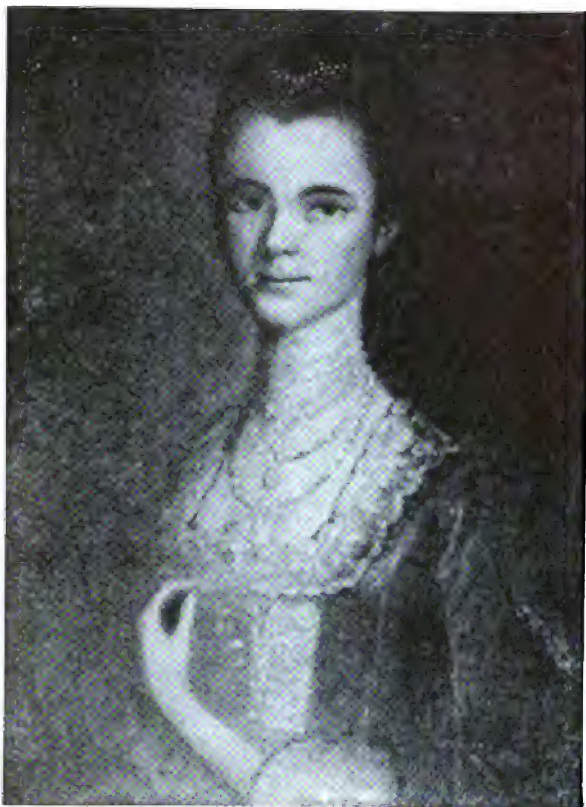
George Mason's peers and friends, his guests at "Gunston Hall," were, first and chief, the master of "Mount Vernon," who, though seven years his junior, was intimate with George Mason from a very early period. Next in this enumeration follows Richard Henry Lee. He and several of his clever brothers were friends and correspondents of Col. Mason. It was with the former, however, that George Mason was specially intimate, and it is to be regretted that more of their correspondence has not been preserved. There is a tradition that one of the ladies Lee, a too careful housekeeper and an obviously inconsiderate keeper of family archives, covered her jam-pots with the valuable letters of George Mason, written from Philadelphia and Richmond in 1787 to 1788 on the subject of the Constitution, to his staunch

ally at this crisis, Richard Henry Lee. Madison in his letters, and Jefferson in his *ana* tell of pilgrimages to "Gunston Hall," where these younger patriots went to consult the elder sage, who was often a prisoner there from the gout, on questions of grave public import. Going back and forth from Congress, the Virginia delegates would pass by "Gunston Hall," and often stop there for a night or day, where a hospitable welcome awaited them.

So, during the Revolution, officers and soldiers, General Greene, most probably, Lafayette and many others took this route to the Southern Department and looked in upon Col. Mason's charming home. That romantic figure in Western history, George Rogers Clark, whose affectionate relations to Col. Mason were almost those of a son, must have been a frequent and valued visitor at "Gunston Hall." Of George Mason's immediate neighbors there were the Fairfaxes of "Belvoir," the McCartys of "Cedar Grove," the Bronaugh, Chi-



JOHN MERCER OF MARLBORO.



MARY MASON SELDEN.

chester and Massey families. The Rev. Lee Massey was rector of Pohick Church, in which Mason and Washington were both vestrymen. Other neighbors and near relatives were the Mercer family and one branch of the Fitzhughs. John Mercer, of "Marlboro'," on Potomac Neck, called also Marlboro' Neck, was an eminent lawyer and one of America's early patriots. His portrait is painted, holding in his hand the paper which he wrote against the Stamp Act, one of the earliest pamphlets that appeared on the subject. He married an aunt of Col. Mason, and was appointed guardian of George, Thomson and Mary Mason on the death of their father, who was drowned in the Potomac river when the eldest child was but ten years old.

Another one of Col. Mason's aunts married George Fitzhugh, a son of the founder of that family in Virginia, and their son, Col. William Fitzhugh, was an officer in the French War and an intimate friend of Washington's. He moved later from Fairfax County to Maryland, where at his beautiful country seat "Rousby Hall," in Calvert

County, he exercised a bounteous hospitality, commemorated in Maryland annals. George Mason's younger brother, Thomson Mason, was also a statesman and patriot, as he proved by certain powerful and learned papers which he published in the *Virginia Gazette* at the beginning of the Revolution. He was also a great lawyer and was made a judge in the days when a seat on the bench was the reward only of legal eminence. Mary Mason, the only sister, married Samuel Selden, of "Selvington" near Fredericksburg, and died in her youth and beauty, leaving two children, from one of whom descended the late Governor Swann of Maryland.

George Mason married at twenty-five, an only daughter and an heiress, Ann Eilbeck, of Charles county, Maryland. His bride was very lovely in person as well as in character. Her portrait, painted at this time, when she was just sixteen, is that of a delicate-featured, auburn-haired beauty, a contrast in coloring and outline to the dark and resolute looking face of the handsome bridegroom. Theirs was an ideally happy marriage, and blessed with a large family of sons and daughters. Twenty-three years later, in 1773, Mrs. Mason died, and her husband wrote the following touching tribute to her memory:

"In the beauty of her person and the sweetness of her disposition she was equalled by few, and excelled by none of her sex. She was something taller than the middle size and elegantly shaped. Her eyes were black, tender and lively; her features regular and delicate; her complexion remarkably fair and fresh. Lilies and roses (almost without a metaphor) were blended there, and a certain inexpressible air of cheerfulness and health. Innocence and sensibility, diffused over her countenance, formed a face the very reverse of what is generally called masculine. This is not an ideal, but a real picture, drawn from the life, nor was this beautiful form disgraced by an unworthy inhabitant.

'Free from her sex's smallest faults,
And fair as womankind can be,'

she was blessed with a clear and sound judgment, a gentle and benevolent heart, a sincere and an humble mind, with an even,

that the real owner of the steamer landing at the ranch at that point was neither of the men who had it in charge. There were occasional tales of a hermit which came to him, but that this recluse had lived with his wife within a few hours' ride of the post and yet never been discovered, was incredible. Men such as he, who have nothing to conceal, can never divine what cunning comes to those who are compelled to shun their fellow men.

The troops made a forced march over the long miles that intervened between the post and the steamboat landing. The ranchmen were around and directed them in the way toward the stockade. Perhaps a mile on their journey, as they passed through a small ravine that ran up from the river, a ghastly sight met them. Leslie's head lay in the dust, now crimson with his blood. He had fallen face downward, showing the shots were from the rear. His horse and gun were gone. The treacherous Mah-wis-sa, belonging to a predatory band of Indians who were cowards, and rarely went into battle, had betrayed her master and given the information to the foe, lurking in ambush, that he was to return at a certain hour.

The Indians, after firing arrow after arrow into Leslie's dead body, had, as was proved by the trail, gone on in the direction of the stockade, evidently intent on further atrocities. The gate which the squaw promised them should be unclosed was fastened, and in their fury at being thwarted, the torch was applied. When the Colonel and his men reached the stockade, the place was in ruins and Ada's lovely horse only a charred heap of bones inside the bolted stable. A guard of men was left with all that remained of Leslie, until an ambulance and escort could be sent back to bring him to the post. Fortunately for the poor wife, she never saw the mutilated form of her husband; she was allowed to remember him as he lived, brave and distinguished in mien and in the prime of manhood. The illness that ensued mercifully robbed her of her reason, and when the Doctor half carried her to a couch in their living room, the snow had replaced the sunset-tinted ground of autumn, that she last remembered.

She watched the surgeon and his wife doing a hundred little kindnesses to restore her strength, and sighed to think any one should attempt to save so useless a life. In spite of every attention, no strength came and she could not swallow the nourishment or the stimulant that was held out to her by patient

hands. Finally, one evening when she had begged to die, the Doctor's voice grew gentle, and a shade of humility unusual in him came into his tone, for officers rarely speak of their religious faith, and their humble estimate of themselves, if they try to be Christ's disciples, makes them hesitate to refer to their conviction. Seeing her despairing, dying, before him, he appealed to her as a believer. Could she feel it right to relinquish a life bestowed upon her because all that she loved was gone? Were there not duties left? Was not the world full of sufferers who needed a sorrowful woman, such as she, to enter into their woes?

It was enough. Ada took up her broken life again and lived.

The doctor's wife accompanied her back to the aunt, whose warm heart opened wider than ever to take the anguished woman in. What pen has ever told the suffering of a loving woman who mourns the man she adored? Who can speak of the years of desolation, the emptiness of life, the dreary twilights, the hopelessness of the waking hours when others sleep? All this Ada suffered. Except for work life would have been unsupportable.

Near the village in which her aunt lived was a manufacturing town, where many human beings were huddled in the long dreary rows of buildings put up for their homes. To this town Ada walked in all weather, finding among the factory girls a world of good to do, and many an aching heart to which to minister. The privilege of putting some color into the dull lives of these girls, of teaching them how to enjoy their evenings and to fill up their Sundays, sent Ada to sleep at night with a prayer of thankfulness that she was not a useless cumberer of the earth. The aunt, feeble and more dependent each year, leaned on the sad woman who controlled her grief in order to try and brighten days that were numbered.

Both women talked many a twilight through about the heroic dead, for in some papers the lawyer had kept for Leslie were facts that he had never expected would fall into any hands but his. The truth was out at last. Damon had saved Pythias. Ada, knowing her husband so well, realized why, after her father's death, his good name was still kept inviolate. It was not enough for this fair-minded woman that they two should know that a wrong was righted. The truth had not been many hours in her possession before the town in which the blameless name of McNair had been for years degraded was



"HE SPRANG WITH ALARM TO LIFT THE FALLEN GIRL."—See Page 29.

made aware of the noble sacrifice of himself to his friend, and justice, which he would never claim in his life, was finally done him.

CHAPTER VII.

It would not have been human nature if Lieutenant John's heart, even in the midst of all the sympathy that he felt for Ada, had not tempted him to hope that some time he might have the right to console her by his love. He knew nothing of the circum-

stances that brought the McNairs into the wilderness. He could not, of course, know what a rare woman Ada was, willing to share a disgraced name, to live an isolated life, because of overwhelming love. Such devotion had never occurred to Lieutenant Jack as possible. He saw only a white-haired husband compelling, perhaps, his wife to bury herself for some idle freak, or sacrificing her for the sake of the plain's air which benefitted him.

While Ada lay on the doctor's lounge waiting for strength to begin her journey, he could see her as he passed, and when he went into the doctor's quarters and beheld the sad eyes looking out of the window, over the plains, in the direction of the canon, he could scarcely control the tears that rose to his eyes, and he left abruptly to conceal his agitation. But back there again he found himself, before another twenty-four hours had expired.

Unless one is dangerously ill, it is difficult to hide away in garrison. Ada could not refuse to allow the doctor's friends access to what had been a popular house before her illness. They, having suffered no grief, knew no other way of expressing sympathy than in gathering about her. When John put her in the ambulance in which the doctor's wife and she were to drive to the stage station, his voice wavered, his hand trembled, his throat was choked, and he let himself be replaced by the garrison who crowded about Ada to say those kindly, generous words that military people knew so well how to give to the suffering among them. It was not our John's detail, so that he was obliged to see the cavalymen composing the escort swing into their saddles in response to another command than his.

It was several years before John had an opportunity to hear even of the woman he loved except through the surgeon's wife, whose letters were handed over regularly to the eager man, who "happened in" after the distribution of the mail. The newspapers had not neglected to chronicle the revelation regarding Leslie McNair's sacrifice to friendship. There were some editorials that made John's heart glow with gratitude to the journalists, when he realized how eagerly eyes dim with tears would read them in that little village where a lonely woman kept faith to her dead. Ada's letters to the doctor's wife were the simplest narration of her daily duties, her interests, her attempts to adapt herself to her new life, but they told to John more of her character than he would have known in any other way, as Ada, not dreaming any one else saw her letters, wrote unrestrainedly. The more he came to know of the life of self-sacrifice, the courage in suffering of the brave woman who lived only because it was her duty to live, the more he loved her and the more ordinary and selfish seemed other women.

Finally, the Surgeon's station was changed and he was sent into another territory. As there were no associations to tor-

ture Ada in the new post, the doctor and his wife persuaded her to visit them. Coming again into the happy household, among the cordial, bright people of the garrison, her grateful heart was warmed into some semblance of her old blithe self. She met Lieutenant John, who was radiant with a joy that he made no attempt to conceal, with the same smile, he discovered, with which she had greeted others of the regiment. Day after day, the garrison gathered about her. There were more troops at the new station, and several more women; and, being accessible to the railroad, guests were in almost every household. Day by day, riding, driving, hunting, poor Jack looked for some trifling mark of distinction from Ada. He resolved to wait no longer in suspense, but tell his love in so impassioned a way that it must awaken a responsive fervor in her heart. Poor fellow! the saddest day of his life was when he went to his quarters with heavy steps and bent head, to try and look into a future that she had refused to share. The despair with which he saw her depart for home, he thought, as all think of their own suffering, was the most bitter, the most hopeless man could endure; even the comfort of hearing of her through the Surgeon's family was taken away, for promotion came, and his good friends were obliged to leave the regiment and go to another station.

Three years rolled away slowly to John. He went on leave of absence; he saw scores of pretty girls; he faithfully tried to fall in love, but one face was before him always. He returned to his post, entered with enthusiasm into the Indian campaign of the summer; studied and read in the winter and was the joy of the garrison. Still, still, his efforts at success in his profession, his work as a student, his determination not to taint himself with sin, were all offered at one shrine. Temporal affairs prospered with him; the papers wrote him up as the hero of an Indian fight and he was Captain Jack, with great pride in his troops. On a long scout over the snow, a great misfortune overtook him: his eyes were partially blinded by the reflection of the brilliant light.

Snow blindness is something so common to officer and soldier that little complaint is ever heard, but, nevertheless, the inactivity resulting from suspension of duty, the darkened room, the deprivation of books and the incalculable comfort they bring on the frontier, are terrible trials to an active man.

John bore his imprisonment but badly. The surgeon could not keep him in doors long enough to do any good, and, when in the spring the campaign opened, he could not bear to see his company leave without him. He rashly started with them. Nothing could sufficiently protect him from the glare. Long level stretches of sandy prairie without a green thing to vary the dazzling surface, taxed the inflamed eyes till at last he could not grope about without Finnigan's faithful arm.

There was nothing to do but to go into the States and put himself under the care of a celebrated oculist. The surgeon shook his head hopelessly, but John's sightless eyes did not see his discouraging face.

After the examination at the hands of the Boston oculist, John's courage was more severely tested than on any battle ground on which he had ever fought. There was not a sound of hope in the doctor's voice. He mercifully spared him the actual statement that he was permanently blind, but he need not have tried to do so, the tones of his voice revealed the terrible truth. These were fearful months to him. Almost alone in the world, he had no one near enough to him from whom to claim the attention that a blind man requires. After a while there came back to him some of the dauntless courage which was his characteristic. He determined yet to do what he could with his life, and put himself under the tutelage of one of the teachers of the Perkins Institute for the blind, that splendid school which the Greek principal has placed in advance of the whole world.

With a sigh of gratitude he said to himself: "At least I shall not drag my love along this darkened way," yet his heart turned, as do all hearts in the hour of suffering, to the one most dear.

And now came an act of Ada's which might be denounced by the conventional, but which was prompted by but one thought. After reading the news of John's affliction in her letter from the doctor's wife, she did not stop to reason. Some one she valued needed her. What stronger inducement could move a life already given to others?

She told her aunt of the loneliness and desolation of the friend she had made when she was despairing, and asked if she would not go with her to Boston. The aunt assured her that she was only too glad of an excuse to make some investigations in the Athenæum with reference to the study she intended to take up for the winter, and in a

few hours they had left the New England town and established themselves near the hospital where John was under treatment.

Had Ada loved, or had she even known how much John was to her, she could not have gone so fearlessly, but, like many another young woman who crowds her life full, she could not stop in her busy routine to study the maxim, "Know thyself." To Captain John no simile could be stronger than "light in darkness," and he told her so in tones that vibrated with feeling. Day after day, the aunt, after paying him the first visit with Ada, left her at the hospital while she went to the library and then picked her up on her return.

With all the intense enjoyment John had during those hours, it was torture as well, for he was forbidden by all that was honorable to speak of his love. They found a hundred common interests in the books she read, but the heroes and heroines only brought home to him the more vividly his own hopeless attachment. They found that they joyed over the same authors, and Ada's music floated John into ethereal space. Their friendship was based on such congenial tastes! John thought—"With such a foundation as our friendship, what a castle of love I could build, and how I would shut her in by an impassable moat all about it!"

There came a memorable day to this brave soldier. He confessed that he never was so near "floored" in his life, when it was all over. The oculist, in a private interview told him that his wonderful health, his past good habits, his remarkable vitality, were so much in his favor that the fate he had found it so hard to prophecy months before was now arrested, and that he could promise him sight in less than a year. The joy of this unlooked-for news was clouded when he reflected that it would end the sweetest heaven of darkness that man had ever known. What would Ada care for him if he did not need her, or rather if he did not have some terrible affliction like blindness, to *prove* that he needed her? Besides, in telling him something of her past, she dwelt so on the splendid sacrifice of her husband's life for others, he realized that none but a hero deserved, much less dare hope for such a woman.

A soldier learns to take the good the gods give him, never knowing how long it will last, so our John kept his secret well and waited every day for Ada's hour of entrance with the same tempestuous heart. The nurse, flitting in and out, had more sound sense

under the pretty white cap than, in her absorption over her profession, she seemed to have. She made her detentions outside purposely long, and even the footsteps without the open door were forgotten by the two congenial friends.

And now the conventional people would not approve of Ada again, for she did something she herself would not have believed possible only a short time before. The pathetic sight of this fine fellow, dependent and helpless, looking to her for all the light his life could ever have, the manner in which he had met his affliction and borne it, had won a victory over her that she could not understand, but to which she yielded.

One day she sent a wild rush of blood pouring into John's heart; made his breath stop by the riotous way in which that same heart emptied itself and filled his veins to bursting. Remember! John could not be

prepared by outward vision for the look in the eyes that accompanies such an action as hers. The trembling woman bent over and *kissed* him!

Before he could gather her to him, she said:—"John! listen! I'm proposing to you!" and with fervent, genuine utterance she repeated the very words that he had used in offering her his love away out on the plains all those years before.

"I accept! I accept!" vehemently cried John, loud enough too, for the people who might be in the corridor to hear.

Then, solemnly, and with simple fervor, he added, "God has no angels in Heaven who could make greater sacrifice than this one woman has made on earth, who first gave herself to an outcast, and now, to a blind man."

Elizabeth Bacon Custer.

THE END.



PUT TO PROOF.



EDITH ARCHER, returning from a walk alone, one summer afternoon, entered the house and mounted the stairs that led to her own room with a somewhat hurried step. There was, moreover, an expression of suppressed excitement in her

handsome eyes. Locking the door behind her, she crossed the floor and looked at herself in the mirror above her dressing-table—not at all because she was vain, (though vanity in this case would have had some show of reason), but in the sort of need of companionship which we all feel when under strong pressure. The truth was, however, that any companionship except that of her own image in the glass would have been exceedingly unwelcome to her just at this moment. She thanked her stars that she could have a short time to herself, in which to get the better of the rush of emotion with

which she was struggling. But would she get the better of it? It seemed doubtful, and yet it was desperately important that she should.

As she saw the reflection of her own eyes, blurred by heavy tear drops, and felt the tightening of the muscles of her throat, a terror seized her. She must not cry! If she cried now, she would be discovered, and the source of her tears might be suspected, and that *must* not be. She threw off her hat and began to pace the room rapidly, singing snatches of a gay little song, but there were thoughts at work which prompted a fresh gush of tears, in defiance of the merry words and notes upon her lips. O, she must not, *must* not cry! Her eyes would be red, and the fact would need explanation and any moment the being whose scrutiny she most dreaded might demand admittance at her door, which she wouldn't for worlds be compelled to refuse. What could she do?

She ran to the basin and hastily dashed her face with cold water, and then dried it with spasmodic little dabs of the soft towel against her hot eye-lids. But here came that dreaded little impulse at the fountain of her tears, and she was in terror again lest she should not be able to suppress it. She began to whistle. The tune that popped into her head now was *The Mulligan Guards*, and she rendered it with a degree of accuracy and skill that was creditable for a tyro. But even that was not enough. The insistent tears kept rising to her burning eyes and, in desperation, she began to dance, whistling all the while in time to the fantastic little steps she took. Anything—*anything*—no matter how ridiculous, to stop these miserable tears! But the stinging consciousness that tugged away at her heart-strings got the best of the fight again, and even while she danced and whistled, the tears gushed into her eyes. O, it was hopeless, helpless! What could she do? Suddenly, a bright voice sounded in the hall below—calling her name—and she dared not refuse to answer. An expedient occurred to her, and throwing off the waist of her dress, she snatched a towel and pinned it around her neck, and had just wrested a dozen hairpins from her hair and plunged her head into a basin of water when the voice—that of a young girl,—called out at the very door:

"Edith, may I come in?"

"Come in, dearie. What do you think I am doing?" replied Edith, with no more quaver in her voice than could be accounted for by its coming through a mass of drenched

hair, which quite hid her reddened eye-lids, "I came in and found you were out, and I thought I'd wash my hair. I've been intending to do it for several days. Don't you find the dust of this place dreadful on your hair? It needs such constant washing. Strangers always complain of it."

"I hadn't noticed," replied the other, Miss Jessica Denton by name, walking in her turn to the glass and seeing therein a remarkably taking personality, a good deal of which was due to the very charming costume she wore, which had recently been purchased in Paris. In the matter of dress, at least, Miss Denton could not be denied the advantage over her friend and hostess, who had lived most of her life in a small town and had had few resources beyond it.

"Did you have a pleasant walk, Jessie?" Edith asked, with her dripping head over the basin, while she rubbed and splashed the drenched masses of her thick hair.

"O delightful! We went rowing too. How amusing Mr. Belville is! Really, a man like that seems wasted in a small town. There's such a mighty need of him out in the world," replied Jessie, not looking at Edith, but at the reflection of her extremely shapely back, in a hand-glass which she had taken up as she still stood at the bureau, and admiring in it the perfect fit of her French gown.

"He hasn't been wasted here always, you know," replied Edith, "He has traveled a great deal, and has also lived in New York. He came back here to live because he liked it better than anywhere else."

"Why, what's the matter with your eyes?" Jessie said, "You must have got the soap in them."

Edith was drying her hair now on a rough towel, and had thrown it back from her face, feeling suddenly steadied and composed. There was no sound of quivering in her voice, and she was not in the least afraid of crying again. Her eyes, however, still looked red and Miss Denton noticed this.

"A little too much ammonia in the water, perhaps," said Edith coolly. "This water is so hard I always have to soften it a little for my hair."

She was sufficiently composed and self-possessed now, and ready for any issue.

"Dear me, what splendid hair!" said Miss Denton, as if involuntarily, "And what a skin you've got, Edith! I suppose a quiet country life such as you lead, has its compensations."

"You would die of it—wouldn't you?"

said Edith, giving gentle little tugs at her tangled locks with the comb.

"Oh, promptly," replied Jessie, "I acknowledge it. I suppose it proves the superiority of your mental resources. My mind to me a kingdom is not, and I don't deceive myself. I find a visit to Ashcombe, with the accompaniment of your charming society, a delight—especially when one has a clever and entertaining man at one's disposal, but to *live* in Ashcombe! I *don't* see how a pretty, attractive girl like you can stand it. A love-affair with Mr. Belville is the only thing that might mitigate the situation for you, as well as for him—and that seems never to have occurred to either of you, however obvious to others. I said something of the sort to him this afternoon, and he laughed heartily and said 'What a grotesque suggestion! Why, little Edith Archer and I have been chums since she was an infant!'"

"Of course we have," said Edith, "I remember when I was a tiny girl and he a big boy, he used to carry me around on his shoulder. No wonder he laughed at the absurdity of your idea!"

She had combed out all the tangles of her hair now, and was assisting the drying operation by fanning it vigorously with a large palm-leaf fan, and the long silky locks, beginning to curl softly beneath the winnowing of the fan, blew across her face and concealed its expression as she spoke these light words. It had, in truth, grown suddenly pale, and her heart was beating violently. Her friend, however, suspected nothing, and went on chattering gaily, in the somewhat foreign accent caught during her travels abroad. This was not pronounced enough to be silly, but was considered, on the contrary, very attractive. Edith had thought so herself, once, but now she hated it cordially.

O, why had she asked this girl to visit her? She was only a school friend, and she was utterly altered since those days—unless, indeed, Edith's crude estimate of her then had been at fault. At all events, she was now a silly, vain, conceited, empty-headed creature, with not a thought beyond dress and admiration, and how *could* a clever, experienced, fastidious man like Henry Belville admire her as he so plainly did?

Edith was engaged to marry Henry Belville and she loved him with her whole heart. He was a good deal older than herself and had seen the world, which she had not. She had always had a sort of worship

for his charming manner and appearance since childhood, and no one had ever eclipsed his image in her mind. After a rather desultory life he had come back to the home of his birth to live, and had settled down to the practice of his profession. Many people wondered at it, thinking him to be more ambitious of a distinguished career, but he made it all blessedly clear to Edith by telling her suddenly one night that he had loved her a great deal better than any of the women he had met out in the great world, and that he had come back to realize the sweetest dream of life he had ever had—to marry her and settle down to a quiet home-life in the place of his birth, where every true and pure and youthful association of his life had been, and where alone he felt it possible to realize his best happiness. Edith accepted him, and it seemed to her no one had ever been so blessed and so happy as she—in reality, in books, or even in imagination. There was but one spot upon her sun of joy, and that was the sort of mistrust which many confided to her concerning the stability and earnestness of her lover. She was an orphan, and the two aunts with whom she made her home were the first to urge upon her their suspicions. They had always known, they said, that Henry Belville was mercenary. He had never paid marked attention to any but rich girls, and he was very worldly-minded besides, and very fickle. Was it likely, therefore, that he would be contented to marry a girl with only a small fortune and settle down to a humdrum life in a village? He was in love with her now, of course, and would promise anything, but then he had a way of being in love, they said, and once let a rich, attractive girl come along, and see how it would be! They were very prudent, these aunts of Edith's—both far too prudent to have married themselves, and although they could not deny the great attractiveness and charm of Edith's suitor, they were thoroughly distrustful of his earnestness.

Against Edith's spontaneous and complete confidence, however, they prevailed nothing, and for two weeks she was happy beyond her most extreme idea of joy. Henry Belville was a perfect lover. They might put it down to practice or whatever they chose, he knew how to make love to the complete consent of even this rather exacting young woman's requirements. O, what walks they had in the summer woods—what hours of joy rowing on the river, and drifting homeward with the current, under the stars! He had a pretty

little boat where he fixed up a charming seat for her. At night he would take his guitar out on the water and sing to her passionate love-songs, in a voice that many a sophisticated woman of the world had softened at. Then he would throw aside the guitar and take her two soft hands instead, and laying them against his cheek, seek her eyes with his through the darkness, and tell her, oh, so tenderly! that she was all he wanted in the world—the complete satisfaction of his desire of joy. Edith had, herself, a splendid voice, and sometimes, while he stretched his whole stalwart length upon the bottom of the boat and rested his handsome, curly head against her knee, he would play her accompaniments for her and she would sing to him, with her hands caressing his curls; and often his voice blended with hers in a sweet duet that seemed to utter the very union of their souls. When he dropped the guitar and reached up to her his strong and loving arms, what wonder that she bent to them and gave him, in her kisses, the full belief of her soul, no less than the entire love of her heart.

He delighted to tell her how lovely and charming she was, and how little she knew her own value. Her voice, particularly, was his joy and he often told her, that compared to it, his own was insignificant. He had cultivated his, which she had not, but he protested that its quality was rare and that there never had been such music to his ears as her singing. Well—she was blissfully happy—and she believed he was no less so. If it could only have lasted!

But with the coming of Jessica Denton it all changed. When Edith received her old school-mate's letter, saying she had just returned from Europe and would be glad to come now and make her a long-promised visit, her heart felt suddenly afraid. Jessica was very rich in her own right, and her relations were people of influence in the world, and besides this, even as a school-girl she had been very attractive to men, and her self-possessed manner and perfect *usage de monde* Edith fancied would be extremely pleasing to a man like Henry Belville. She reproached herself bitterly for her moment's distrust of her lover, but the sickening thought would come, that if he *saw* Jessica Denton, he would prefer her to herself. She shook it off resolutely, but it was the idea on which her aunts and others had harped so continuously that she could not help wishing that she wouldn't come. The wish, was, however, so disloyal that in her shame for

it, she sat down and wrote an urgent letter to Miss Denton, begging her to come at once.

After the letter was written she told Belville what she had done, but he little dreamed of the emotions that had pressed and prompted the act. He shrugged his shoulders at her information, and said he wished to goodness people would stay away and let a man alone when he was at his happiest possible, and he reproached her in his winning way for wanting any other companionship than his, and asked her if he was beginning to bore her. This distressed her so that she cried, and then he was sorry. Surely, no one in the world had so sweet a way of soothing away pain and distress as he. They were so happy that evening that Edith felt she would not have been afraid of a Paris full of cultivated worldlings.

But that evening was past now—a whole two weeks ago—and light had changed to darkness with Edith. From the moment of their introduction, she saw that Mr. Belville and Miss Denton had a thousand things in common. They had been at the same places and known the same people, and done the same things, and places, people and things were equally unknown to Edith. She sat by, feeling isolated and aloof, while they talked of foreign cities, using words and phrases which she could not understand, and her heart sank lower and lower. She was proud, though, and she kept a cheerful expression on her face and laughed at their having carried their conversation so far out of her depth. They laughed, too, and went on with their reminiscences and comparing of notes. She had exacted of Belville a solemn promise that he would let Miss Denton have no hint of their engagement and he had strictly fulfilled her wishes. It was so irksome to Edith to be the third member of that trio that she had fallen to making all sorts of excuses for leaving them alone, and now when Belville came and there were no other visitors, it invariably happened that he and Jessica were left *tête-à-tête*. It was very evident that the young lady liked it. She was honest and made no secret of the fact that she did. Edith thought Belville liked it quite as well, and when he would manage to meet her alone for a moment, sometimes in a hall, or on the steps, and would take her hand and say in his ardent way, "When will she go and leave us to ourselves as we used to be?" she steeled her heart and told herself he was a clever counterfeiter, as people had always

told her. Still, she was too proud to show her feeling, and she would only laugh and turn it off carelessly, and keep out of the way more than ever. Her aunts did not hesitate to say, in looks if not in words, "I told you so," a dozen times a day, and altogether Edith was very wretched.

She could have borne it all, however, but for this last! The crowning point had been reached this afternoon, when, coming home herself, she had happened to see Jessica and Belville down at the landing, getting out of the dear little boat which had seemed sacred to her lover and herself. A pang shot through her heart. She could not see Belville's face; he had his back turned, helping his companion to land, but his fine figure was bent with a protecting gentleness toward the girl, who looked up at him with a degree of ardor which Edith fancied must have been reflected from his face. They had not seen her, and with that tightening sensation at her heart and throat, she had hurried homeward, utterly hopeless and miserable. No wonder that she had to struggle hard for composure, and resort to all those little subterfuges to hide from the girl whom she now considered her rival, the traces of her violent emotion. Thank Heaven, Jessica suspected nothing! And as Edith continued to wave her fan about her floating tresses, the other sat down indolently and began to polish her nails. She had drawn off her long gloves and tossed them aside, and now she was immersed in her absorbing occupation. Edith looked at the glittering nails with a feeling totally new to her mounting up to her fiery little heart. She had heard Belville admire these *soignée* pink nails, and they seemed to her to look hideous and cruel.

"Jessie," she said suddenly, "Would anything induce you to marry a poor man?"

"No, my dear, nothing," said Jessie, carefully trimming off a tiny particle of flesh attached to one side of her nail, and then putting the finger into her mouth as she looked up, slightly surprised.

"What do you call poor?" said Edith, next, as the surprise on Jessie's face deepened.

"I call a man with less than half a million an absolute pauper," said Jessie, removing the finger, "but why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing," said Edith, pulling over her shoulder the other side of her hair and beginning to fan a new way. The thought of her heart was, "According to that he is very poor, indeed, and I know she would not marry him. Then *why* couldn't she leave him to me?"

"Well, I must go and take a nap," said Miss Denton presently, throwing down her little implements and rising with a gratified survey of the result of her work, holding out her hand, with her head on one side, as she inspected it. "Belville is going to take me out rowing to-night in the moonlight, and bring his guitar and sing on the water. By-the-way, don't you want to come?" she asked, as she was about to leave the room.

"No, I believe not. I'm interested in a new book," Edith answered lightly, fanning a great rush of tresses across her face as she spoke, and almost entirely concealing it.

When Miss Denton had gone and the door was closed behind her, the fan fell from her hand to the floor, and the hair, shaken back by a wild, swift movement, showed a face as white as marble.

Miss Denton's visit ended in excitement and confusion. Returning with Mr. Belville from her ride on the river, she found the doctor in the house to see Edith, whom the aunts had forced to go to bed, discovering her with a raging headache and high fever. Her throat was very painful also, and the doctor thought she must have taken a serious cold. But the next morning it was pronounced to be diphtheria in a violent form, and the patient very ill. So Miss Denton hurriedly packed her numerous trunks and vanished.

For many days and nights Edith lay dangerously ill. Much of the time she was delirious, and when she was conscious intense pain of mind and body was all she knew. How the time passed, who nursed her, whether she was gaining or losing, was all a blank to her. She only knew that she had gone through with the severest bodily torture that she had ever conceived of, and yet, when that abated, and she lay too weak and passive to moan, she felt that returning thought and memory brought her a suffering worse still. Sometimes she was better, and then worse again. Sometimes she understood the words spoken round her bed, and sometimes not.

One afternoon, as she lay still with closed eyes, but half-conscious, she heard a voice that she recognized as the old doctor's talking to one of her aunts. What he said was that he apprehended that the vocal organs were seriously impaired, and that she would never be able to speak again. It was very awful, but it did not rouse her from her lethargy, though she understood it perfectly. She would never be able to sing again either—and some one had loved her voice so

much! She thought of this in the same dull way, and was even conscious that she was rather glad. She would far rather die than live, for Henry Belville's act in taking Jessica out on the river in their little boat, to sing to her with the guitar as he had once sung to *her*, had been the crowning deed, after his two weeks' neglect of her and absorbedness with her guest, and she felt convinced that his love for her—if he had ever felt any—was gone. She could not imagine herself wishing to speak to anyone alive. She had no word to say to any human being.

When she got better, and the doctors wanted to bring instruments and examine her throat, she would not let them, but turned her head away and utterly refused to open her mouth.

"We will wait until she is well otherwise, and then see what can be done," the doctor said, and advised her aunts not to worry her.

So, day by day, Edith felt herself growing stronger, and, at last, was able to sit up. Her aunts would talk to her, and she would shake her head in the negative or affirmative, but never make any effort to speak. They told her continually of Belville's solicitude, how he came constantly to inquire, and had shown such distress, but she took no notice. Even the aunt who had been most against him tried to speak in his favor now, saying perhaps she had done him injustice, but to all she said, Edith only shook her head, with that dreary look on her face which expressed absolute opposition to the whole subject. At last, he sent urgent messages to beg that he might be allowed to see her, but to these Edith only shook her head. She was obdurate. The doctors set it down to nervousness consequent upon her severe illness, but the aunts knew better.

The weather was getting more and more balmy in the spring-time of this mild climate, and Easter was nearly come. It was late that year, and the flowers were in full bloom in the garden beds. Edith would see no one, not even her nearest and dearest friends, and would never leave the house except to go into the garden, which the thick foliage made perfectly private. She was just well enough to walk about alone when one afternoon, as the sun was setting, she wrapped herself in a white shawl, and stole unobserved out under the trees to an old summer-house almost hid by vines and bushes, which had been the scene of many happy hours between Belville and herself. She felt very weak, and caught hold of the bushes to support herself as she neared the

spot, but when she had reached it and parted the thick vines to go in, she received a shock that almost stunned her, for Belville was sitting there, on the old seat that had often held them together. She tottered and would have fallen, but he caught her in his arms. Weak as she was, she pushed him from her and seeing her strong desire to repulse him, he placed her gently on the seat and drew back, with a keenly wounded look upon his face.

"I will not come near you, if you do not wish it," he said; "you deny and repulse me and that is enough, but in spite of it all, you are well again, my darling, darling, and that is happiness enough for me."

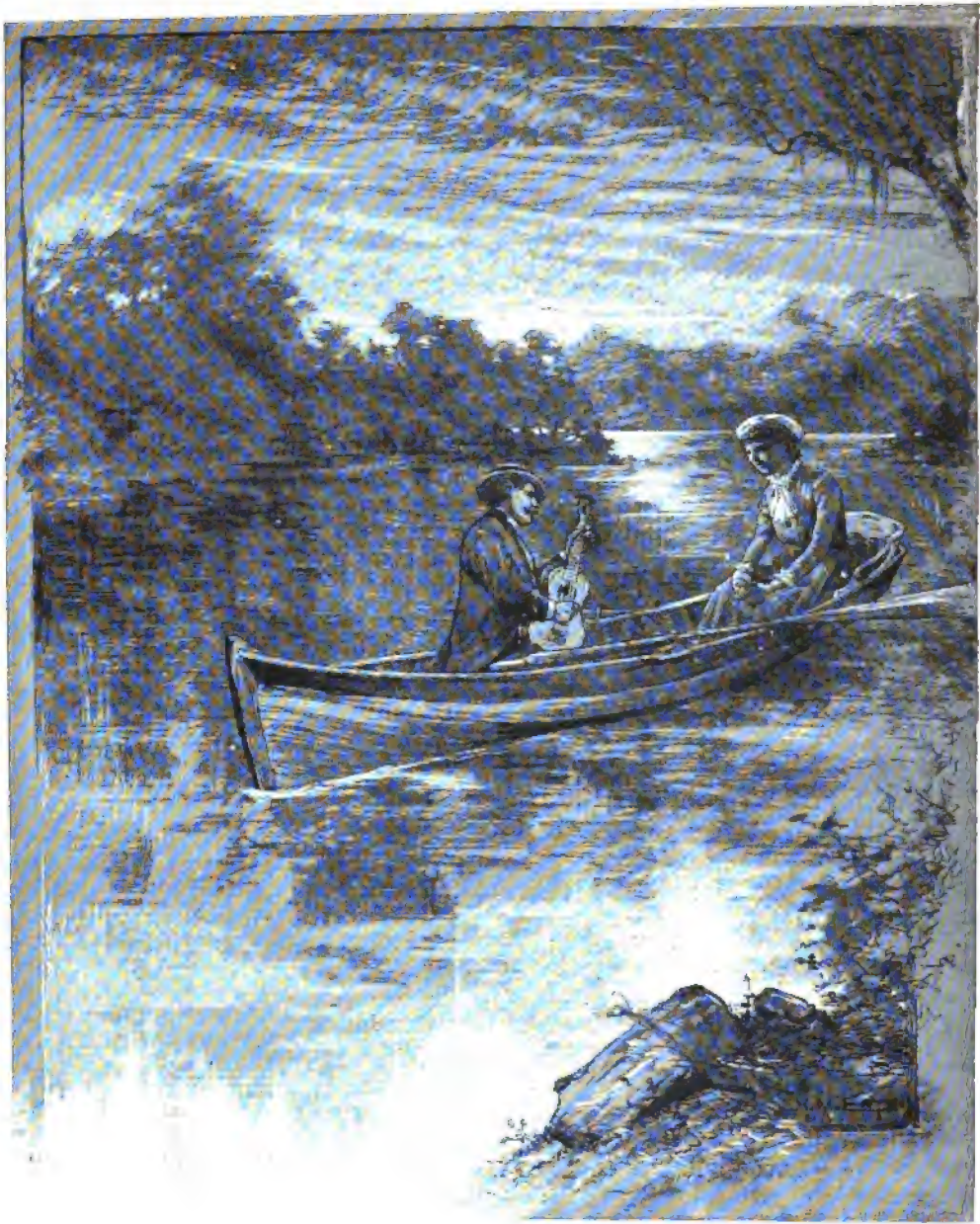
Edith, who had felt a strange strength come into her suddenly, turned her head and looked up in his face. He returned her look with a full, candid gaze that, if ever eyes spoke, assured her more ardently than words of the true and faithful love of the heart that she had doubted. Involuntarily, with a great rush of joy, she half put out her hand, but she remembered and drew it back. He was an accomplished actor and no doubt he was acting a part now. She thought of Jessica and the boat and guitar, and turned away from him. But he had seen and understood that moment's relenting, and he fell on one knee before her and caught her hands in his own.

"Edith, dear darling," he said, "something has come between us. You have taken up some strange notion in your sickness which has put you against me. But whatever it is, my dear, dear one, I love you with all the power of my soul. I have died a hundred deaths in knowing of your suffering and danger, and my one hope is, be it soon or late, to win back again the heart that has strayed away from me, through no fault of mine, and realize the dream you once allowed, to have you for my wife."

Ah, what balm to that poor tortured heart! What music to those longing ears! What comfort, what hope, what joy! And yet, she had believed once and regretted it: Let her not have to regret again. O, if she could only *know* he meant it! If there were but some infallible test of his earnestness!

She had dropped her face in her hand and hid it from view while these thoughts rushed through her mind. Suddenly an idea occurred to her. Waving him still away from her, she looked into his face and, with a meaning gesture, touched her lips with her finger.

"I know it!" he cried. "They have



“DRIFTING HOMEWARD WITH THE CURRENT.” See page 36.

told me! I know that the dear voice that I have loved above all sounds on earth is hushed, perhaps forever. But it will wait for you in Heaven, Edith, and if you will only not keep me out of my happiness, I will be voice to you, as well as I can, as long as we both live, and some day, when we have grown old together, and life is done, you will have your beautiful voice back again, and I shall hear you say you love me.

If we loved each other we could be happy and wait together for that time.”

It was enough. She held out both arms to him, and kneeling as he was, she drew the dear head close against her heart. As she bent above him and laid her face against his warm, soft curls, her lips were close to his ear, and into it she breathed lowly but distinctly the words:

“I love you!”

He sprang to his feet in consternation, but joy triumphed over surprise, and he drew her up to his happy heart and kissed her.

The explanation was not long. She had always known her voice was safe, only she had felt she never cared to speak again. It had been a severe test indeed of this man's love for her—and how had he not stood it!

"If you were not so white, and pitiful to see, my Edith," he said, "I could really find it in my heart to be angry with you. Because I was civil to your friend, could you think I was so light and fickle as to——"

"Ah, it was not merely being civil," she said, "I could have borne everything but your taking her out in the moonlight, in our dear boat, with the guitar—just as you did with me.

"I never did it," he exclaimed; "she asked me to take her in. I couldn't refuse, but I gave her a precious short trip of it, so short in fact that she wasn't satisfied and proposed the expedition at night, mentioning the guitar. I couldn't say I wouldn't take her, but I got another boat, and there was no guitar."

When their long talk was over, and they went at last to the house, great was the consternation aroused by Edith's going to her two aunts, and announcing in an exceedingly natural voice that she and Mr. Belville had made friends, and she had promised to marry him almost immediately. She furthermore informed them that she had only feigned to be dumb, from a freak she chose not to explain.

"And oh—*can* you sing, still?" said Belville ardently, as if he almost feared to ask.

"I really don't know about that," said Edith, "I have never tried. I couldn't imagine ever wanting to."

The next day was Easter Sunday, and Edith, waking early, heard the church-bells ringing and felt a great longing to go to church. Surely it was meet and right that she should celebrate the resurrection morning. Love and joy had risen in her heart after what had seemed to be the very chill of death.

She entered softly the beautiful church with its lavish decorations of Easter lilies and roses and pure white flowers; which the many colored lights through the stained-glass windows tinted with glowing colors, and dropped to her knees in a seat near the door. She had buried her face in her hands, when she became aware that some one was kneeling beside her. She did not move, but her heart told her who it was. For a little while they knelt together silently, and then the organ swelled forth in a burst of triumph, and as they rose to their feet a procession of choristers with banners and lights and flowers was entering, and in the blaze from the candles on the altar, shining out over the masses of Easter lilies, the man and girl turned and looked into each other's eyes.

And now the choristers began to sing. A swell of glad, triumphant praise arose from their boyish throats, and with it there suddenly blended the sweet singing of a young girl. Belville felt his heart leap, as the dear voice he loved best rose clear and true and high in the words:

"Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply."

He joined in with it, and sang the last two lines, and to them both, in that moment's ecstasy, earth and heaven seemed one.

Julia Magruder.



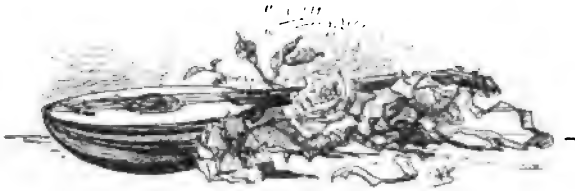
THE WOOD SPARROW.

Where screaming hawks are full of hate,
Where plund'ring crows and jay-birds mate,
Where snakes unfold their slimy coils,
And glide to take thee in their toils ;
Upon the wooded summit,—there
I heard thy singing,—like a prayer.

There was no other note of praise,
Save where the racing runnels raise
A hurried hymn; but thee, meek bird,
All fearless, all alone, I heard
Uplift, each jarring sound above,
A perfect psalm of peace and love,

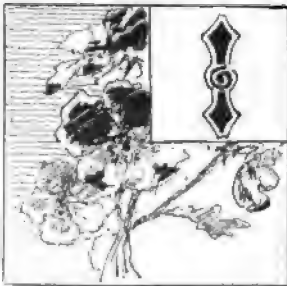
So sweet, I felt my eyes o'er run,
And "Heaven shield thee, little one!"
I cried, "And shield all hearts like thine,
That share with thee the gift divine ;
And lift, 'mid craft and hate and fear,
A song Our Father bends to hear!"

Danske Dandridge.



WITH THE BEST INTENTIONS.

CHAPTER XI.



It was in keeping with the fine courtesy innate in Karen Dumaesque and which never forsook her, that the first words formed by her livid lips, when her senses rallied to

do her will were,—“Thank you!” to the woman who had probably saved her life.

Sinking then upon the bench, she pressed her fingers upon her eyes, motionless for a minute, while Gem folded her arms about her, and Mr. Romeyn raced down the steps to get a glass and carafe of water from the waiters who were repacking the table-service. Bertie

fanned the half-conscious woman with his hat, and Clara, withdrawn to the other side of the small platform, scrutinized the scene with calm severity.

“It *looked* like vertigo!” she said, in answer to Captain Dale’s subdued inquiry. “She was apparently perfectly well an instant before the attack.”

“I am perfectly well now!” responded Karen, unexpectedly, lowering her hands and sitting upright. “It was a horrible giddiness that overtook me. How are you, Captain Dale? Please don’t suspect me of getting up a scene. I had been looking through the spy-glass, and forgot how high I was above the ground.”

The first sentence were articulated as if her tongue were slightly clogged,—the last easily and in her natural voice. In uttering the concluding clause, she moved her head as if to get a better view of the stranger standing in the rear of the party.

Captain Dale, obeying her gesture, turned toward the guest who had gone down a few steps of the upper staircase and, one hand upon the rail, seemed irresolute whether to stay or take flight.

"I am relieved to know that our abrupt appearance did not startle you," said the Captain. "We met Mrs. Gillette and Mrs. Manly at Point Lookout, but they did not tell us you were here. We frightened *them*, too—" laughing apologetically. "May I introduce my friend and fellow-culprit, Major Kane?"

Mrs. Dumaresque's visage settled into resolute composure while he spoke. Still pale, but perfectly self-possessed, she arose to acknowledge the introduction. Even her eloquent eyes were subject to the tyranny of will.

"Unless I mistake,"—not losing hold of his eyes while she said it deliberately, as if summoning memory to bear upon the subject,— "Major Kane and I are not strangers. Were you not the guest, for a few days, of Captain Hart, at Vancouver Barracks, in the autumn of 1880?"

The man looked dazed—more confused than might have been expected from one of his age and profession—then brightened to catch the clue thrown out, and bowed profoundly.

"I was!" he said, respectfully. "And I recollect you perfectly, Mrs.—"

"Dumaresque!" Karen supplied the name almost before he hesitated. "The world is a little ball to army people. They are all the while running against their fellow-Arabs—or ants. Can you tell me where the Harts are now?"

They stood apart from the rest, chatting quietly, yet audibly, of one old acquaintance after another until the motion to descend was made. Major Dale reiterated his wife's invitation to call at the Fort on the homeward walk, and offered his services as pathfinder. He addressed invitation and offer to Mrs. Dumaresque, assuming her to be the leader of the expedition, and naturally in so doing, fell into place on one side of her, Mr. Romeyn keeping the other. Emmett was in the middle of a sentence to Gem Manly, and without dispossessing Bertie of his place, walked along with them. The unpremeditated assignment of escorts threw Clara and Major Kane together in the narrow road. Sure that her husband would soon join them, she lost no time in beginning the task laid upon her by conscience and pique.

"There is a free-masonry—an *entente cordiale* between army-people, let them meet where they will," she observed, agreeably. "Although I suppose Mrs. Dumaresque knows comparatively little of her husband's brother-officers since his death. Were you acquainted with him?"

Major Kane looked surprised—doubtless at her frank inquisitiveness. She knew it to be underbred, but the opportunity was brief and golden. *Something* lay back of the specious show of the popular woman. The wife she sought to supplant in her husband's regard might be the chosen instrument of Heaven to unmask the syren.

"I met him several times," said her companion, curtly.

Clara drove on undauntedly.

"Were you ever on the same post?"

"Yes—once for a short time," surprise evident now in accent as in look.

"Was he so *very* handsome and fascinating as people say? Mrs. Dumaresque's taste is too just to allow her to play the sentimental relict, and she never mentions him. But others describe him as an Adonis."

"I believe that was his reputation. Have you been long on the Island?"

"Over a week. Mrs. Gillette was a friend of Mr. Morgan in his college-days. Her daughter and he had not met since until we found them here. How long ago did she lose her husband?"

There was no mistaking the disfavor in the serious eyes that grew suddenly keen in glancing down upon the obstinate catechist.

"About eight years, I think."

"They were together then, at Vancouver Barracks when you visited that post in 1880?"

"Captain Dale!" called Major Kane, abruptly. "Are there snakes in these woods?"

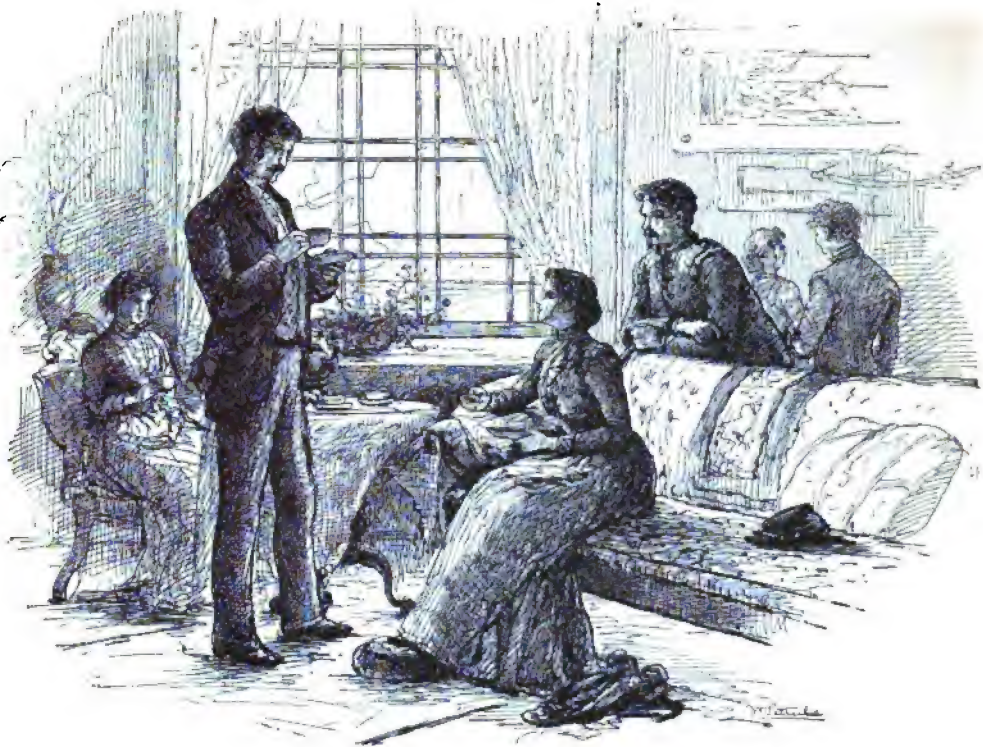
The handsome, genial face looked backward over the owner's shoulder.

"Not one upon the Island, my dear Major! Some Iroquois St. Patrick disposed of the species before white man set foot upon Mackinac."

"I must take your word for it, I suppose," said the other, reluctantly. "But more snakey-looking coverts I never beheld!"

Emmett, attracted by the colloquy, fulfilled his wife's expectant fears by quickening his pace to join the pair, and the dialogue fell to the carriage of the two men.

Clara was taciturn and thoughtful. More than ever convinced that some ugly secret lay behind the brilliant life she stigmatized as "a delusion and a lie," she was foiled in



"KAREN SAT IN A CORNER OF THE SOFA."

every effort to run it down. Her clumsy queries had elicited the unimportant date of Captain Dumaesque's demise, but also put the man who probably knew everything she longed to learn, upon his guard against future approaches. For the first time it came to her now that she might, as she phrased it, in her chagrin, have "tapped the Dales." Army-people all know each other, and the gossip of one post became, by frequent exchanges, the property of another. But Major Kane would repeat the substance of his colloquy with the inquisitive bride to his friends and caution them to discretion. The very free-masonry of which she had spoken would seal their lips.

And Emmett knew It! There was the sharpest sting! The broken sentences she had caught upon the voyage to St. Ignace laid the first stone of the wall rising slowly, but regularly, between her and her husband. Must those whom God had joined together be put utterly asunder by the wiles of one unscrupulous woman, who had traded upon her widowhood as upon everything else?

Mrs. Dale met them upon the piazza of her cozily-comfortable quarters; took the ladies in-doors to brush off the dust and

rearrange tresses disordered by envious boughs and hanging vines. Then all were summoned to take a restful cup of tea in the pretty drawing-room.

As Karen sat in a corner of the sofa, tea-cup in hand, her gracious self-poise was inimitable and attractive. Upon the lappel of the gray jacket that matched gown and hat, was the withered fern-spray gathered from Friendship's Altar. Her gauntlets lay on her lap; upon the hand holding the cup and saucer glittered engagement and wedding-rings; her cheeks were colored by the long day in the sun-filled air into dusky red that made her eyes larger and more splendid. Her lips were scarlet as with fever; her play of mirthful witticism was enchanting. Not an incident of the excursion was forgotten, and all, including her vertigo upon the tower-top, by graceful travesty supplied food for the laughter which Clara, the one grave auditor, compared mentally to the crackling of thorns under a pot.

"Nothing and nobody can hope to escape our *raconteur*," she could not help saying aside to Mrs. Dale, her patent half-smile apologetic and deprecatory.

"Yet who ever heard her say an ill-natured

thing?" replied that lady, still laughing. "She shows everybody except herself in such a charming light that one esteems it an honor to figure in her sketches. I envy you who see her every day—and all day, if you like. She extracts sunshine from the most unlikely materials, and is so generous in sharing it with others."

They were all alike—infatuated to madness. While, almost within arm's length, she knew there lay that subtle, dark mystery which would, if known, change worship into contempt!

They walked down the long slope of Fort Hill in the sunset, through the straggling town, and by the shabby little home of the dead-and-almost-forgotten Sophie B——, up the long plank walk winding around corners to the hotel. The great piazza was thronged with strollers and sitters. It was a work of time to interthread the many groups and make their way to Mrs. Manly's sitting-room. However pressed for time, Mrs. Dumaresque always made a point of transferring Gem to her mother's keeping upon their return from an out-door excursion.

Cleopatra was somewhat the worse for her outing.

"My Idiosyncrasy is the sternest of tyrants," she cackled feebly. "I was utterly prostrated when we reached home, and *quarts* of valerian and bromide have not set me up. Dear Mrs. Gillette, too, was pale and shaken. We met Captain Dale and a friend whom he presented as Major Kane, or King, in the woods. They came suddenly upon us at a bend of a lonely road, quite like two gentlemanly foot-pads. The dear Captain apologized most gracefully—for I could not suppress a little scream—but dearest Mrs. Gillette did not get her breath for several minutes afterwards. Do sit down for a while, dear Mrs. Dumaresque, and tell me all that happened after we left you."

"Thank you! I am a little anxious about Mamma," answered Karen, hastily. "And I am sure you need rest more than company."

"The tenderest of daughters!" murmured Idiosyncrasy's slave, gazing at the closing door. "There is your exemplar, Gem, darling! Copy her! emulate her! you can never excel her!"

"What a noble-looking man Major Kane is!" Clara was pulling off her gloves and feigning to inspect her hands for traces of sun-burn. "Mrs. Dumaresque had her fright, too. The two officers climbed the observatory while she was looking through

the field-glass, and she nearly swooned. Major Kane is an old acquaintance of hers."

"Probably a friend of her lamented husband," nodded Mrs. Manly, sympathetically. "She has an exquisitely sensitive organization. One can think what a queen she must have been among men so distinguished for gallantry as the defenders of their country. I dote upon the military, myself. Not that I should be willing to have my angel-petsy fall in love with one—"

"You do not wish to have her copy Mrs. Dumaresque in *that*, then?"

The emphasis, more strong than sweet, jarred upon Gem's ear. Her wits, always alert, were phenomenally active when Karen was under discussion.

"You are not as fond of Mrs. Dumaresque as the rest of us, Cousin Clara," said the outspoken young partisan, with rising complexion. "What has she done to displease you?"

"My child! what a preposterous misconception!" Yet rational Clara was glad that the light was at her back when she said it. She felt that her forehead reflected the glow of Gem's cheek. "It is not my way to become hopelessly enamored of strangers. Recollect, I have known your fascinating friend just eight days. I am ignorant of her antecedents and character, except as I have gleaned hints of these from hotel-gossips. A year from this time I may answer you more intelligently."

She had extricated herself from the corner in which the girl would have pent her. If her disclaimer should, also, act as a salutary caution to the too credulous mother of an artless daughter as to the danger of watering-place intimacies, the model woman would have scored one for prudence and virtue.

CHAPTER XII.

Mrs. Gillette did not appear below stairs on Tuesday, and although her daughter occupied her usual place at the breakfast and lunch-table, her admirers saw her nowhere else. Her mother was far from well, and needed her. On Wednesday morning the same report was made.

"Couldn't you help nurse her—or something?" asked Emmett of his wife, apropos to this intelligence. They were setting out for a drive, and in speaking he cast a solicitous glance at a closed window upon the second floor.

"My dear husband!" It was her pet exclamation, and occasionally and unaccountably rasped the auditor's ear. "Credit me with a modicum of common courtesy! I have offered my services twice in the neatest terms an unimaginative woman can muster. Happy turns of speech are not my forte, you know, but my intentions are of the best."

Emmett was a good driver, but his jerk upon the reins was unscientific. Under the surprise of the admonition, the horse, whose intentions were also of the best make, had whirled them half a mile down the road before the husband—no longer, alas! the bridegroom—answered: "I do not doubt that, my dear. Only—a hotel is a dreary place for an invalid—almost as dreary as a college dormitory. I recollect how, when I had measles in my sophomore year, Mrs. Gillette had me brought over to her house, and nursed me as a mother might."

"My dear husband!" provoked to tautology and temper,— "You really must *not* depend upon such a poor, common-place creature as myself to pay *all* your college debts. You should have married a woman richer in expedients and accomplishments."

"May I trouble you to hold the reins while I open the gate?"—calmly civil.

They were at the entrance of Island Park, —a romantic tract, owned by a wealthy Chicagoan, whose generous kindness in permitting the stranger to walk or drive through wood and glade deserves more than this passing notice.

Emmett climbed back to his seat after closing the gate, resumed the reins, and began, forthwith, to tell the story of two Indian mounds he had brought his wife to see. They were overgrown with herbage and the turf of twice two hundred years. Clara thought them uninteresting wens upon the face of Nature, else so fair here. She did not express the opinion. Since Emmett's was the polished, insincere rôle, she was not to be left behind. They chatted cheerfully and almost volubly of the magnificent view from the two pretty cottages on the brow of the cliff; of the depth of color and transparency of the sky, and the mellowed reflection of the heavens in the water. Of beach, fishing-smacks, Robinson's Folly and bath-houses; of steamers and club-cottage; of the comparative cost of building materials here and in New York; of everything pertaining to scene and time. In fine, each entertained the other diligently, and of purpose.

The tacitly-arranged scheme was carried out to perfection up to the moment when Mr. Morgan, assisting his wife to alight at the hotel-door, hoped, smilingly, and with no sub-meaning in his clear eyes, that she had "enjoyed the drive," and she rejoined as brightly, that it had been "truly delightful."

He stepped back into the light carriage, and, putting the again-astonished horse upon his mettle, drove three-quarters of the distance around the Island before he could marvel sadly, instead of angrily, "What under Heaven ailed Clara of late?" Would the tangles end in a hopeless knot? Then, it must be confessed, he recalled the resolute placidity of Mrs. James Cameron's face, and wished that his wife did not remind him so often of his exemplary mother-in-law.

Clara stayed her stately step upon the piazza to respond to two or three who accosted her with casual nothings, replying decently and politely, and with manifest interest in subject and speaker. Then, she carried—still with unruffled mien and stately gait, her hot and hurt heart up to her room, locked the door, and, falling, face downward, upon her bed, cried bitterly for "Mamma!" with, you may be sure, the accent upon the last syllable.

The dignified First Directress of the Ladies' Pastoral Aid Association of the First Presbyterian Church in Lisbon (the one of which Rev. Dr. Kirkham was pastor for so many years, you remember), had, like her eldest daughter, the gift of neat speech. Her succinct sayings were Clara's Proverbial Philosophy. Before she wept herself into downright disfigurement and nervous collapse, one recurred to her:

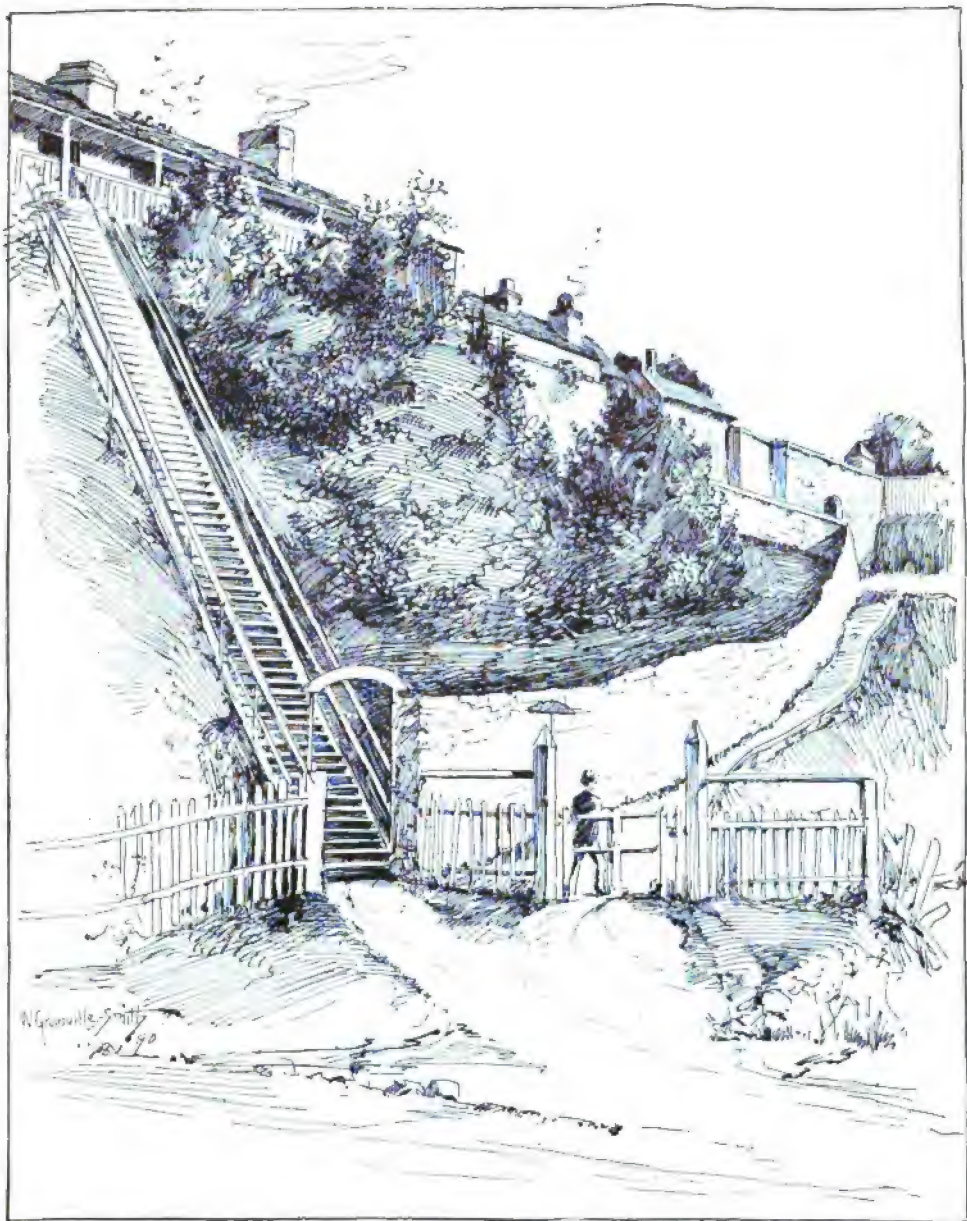
"Men's hearts may be melted and won by tears, but they must be kept by smiles."

By the time rose-water and a careful lunch-toilette had effaced the stains of the salt shower, other saws came to her help:

"Never attack another woman in the hearing of a man, if you prize his good-will. What passes in the world for chivalry spurs him on to her defence, let her cause be never so bad.

"Shrewdness and patience, backed by right, must finally overthrow even wily wrong."

Clara accepted the promptings of faithful memory as a special Providence. She believed in such—when Providence was on her side.



THE LONG SLOPE OF FORT HILL.—See page 45.

It was fifteen minutes past the lunch-hour when Emmett, just returned from his second drive, met his spouse at the bottom of the staircase leading down to the rotunda.

"I stayed to finish my letter," she said, naturally and pleasantly. "Mamma depends so much upon hearing everything!"

He did not wrong her so far as to wonder if "everything" included scenes like that of

the forenoon. Clara was a true woman, and a proud.

The semblance of restored harmony was made more real by the unusual length of the afternoon walk indulged in by the wedded couple. When Clara was dressed for dinner, the great *salle à manger* was nearly deserted, their own table cleared of all plates except their own. The cozy meal, the promenade

upon the piazza that succeeded it, the gentle peace brooding above the reunited hearts—were like the earliest days of their dual life—the morning before the shadow fell.

Clara had a quiet hour in which to dream of that brighter time, sitting in Mrs. Manly's parlor when Emmett had gone, at her request, to the smoking-room, and she had offered to relieve Gem's guard over her mother. The Idiosyncrasy still dominated the heroic sufferer. Gem had been awake much of the preceding night, but refused to resign her post until anæsthetics and opiates began to take effect. Then, upon Clara's insistence, she joined a bevy of girls who besought her to make up a game in the drawing-room.

Mrs. Manly slept soundly now that sleep had come. Clara extinguished the lamp in the outer room, and pushing ajar a shutter of the western window, seated herself near it. The night was strangely sultry. The breeze had swooned upon the bosom of the waters which were darkening under a rising thunder-cloud. Broad wings of gloom, tipped luridly, slowly unfolded in surmounting the distant shore-line of St. Ignace. Now and then, steel-blue and brassy gleams quivered over the widening blackness; low mutters of thunder vibrated from land to lake. The band in the gallery over the main entrance of the hotel was playing, with skilful variations, the air of the old song,—

"O, fair Dove! O, fond Dove!

O, Dove with the white, white breast!"

Unimaginative Clara could not but follow the melody and supply the words, as instrument after instrument took up the refrain. Hour and influence were weird,—the more impressive that few sought that end of the piazza on this evening. The sombre grandeur of impending storm did not attract the average pleasure-seeker.

A couple emerged silently and suddenly from a corridor close by, passing so near Clara's window that she could have touched them. Dark though it was, she recognized the graceful outlines of the woman who paused at the outer railing as if to gaze at the blackening West. Her companion stood a little apart, apparently waiting for her to begin the conversation. A flash of lightning, more vivid than any that had preceded it, revealed their faces before the silence was broken. Karen's voice mingled with the thunder-roll. Her accent was interrogative, but the words were lost. A part of Major Kane's reply was intelligible.

"I saw—and, of course, recognized you

when I was here, a week ago. Otherwise, the change of name——"

Karen's face was turned steadfastly westward, and her answer was inarticulate. Major Kane's profile, bent slightly toward her, was a sharp silhouette against the next blaze of blue fire, and he raised his voice involuntarily above the growl of the thunder.

"Nothing is further from my intention than to persecute you. But, looking dispassionately at the matter,—if you could be brought to tolerate the thought of divorce"—The listener did not catch the next sentence, but a rising gust brought other fragments.

"Your peculiar views"—"Marriage virtually annulled." There his voice dropped from argument hard and stern, into pleading. He spoke rapidly; once he threw out his hands in vehemence of reasoning or appeal, and another broken sentence came back to Clara upon the fitful wind.

"God knows I have no plea for *him*—the destroyer of my home!"

She interrupted him imperiously. The lightning struck out needles of flame from her diamonded finger as she seemed to wave him back.

"Yes!" she uttered, passionately. "Despise me if you will as"—

And again, and more energetically:

"Love him! Yes! and always shall! Why force me to confess it?"

"The sight of me is hateful to you, I know"—began Major Kane, in reply. Then, for ten minutes all was pantomimic, and dimly visible even to eyes as keen as those that peered between the half-open shutters.

Mrs. Manly slept heavily, her sonorous breathing irritatingly audible to Clara's strained senses. The band played in *piano* the wailing refrain:—

"O, fair Dove! O, fond Dove!"

the dense purple cloud mounted rapidly; the scimitar of the lightning, swung fast and high, clove it to the heart as it fled before the cruel strokes. Then fell the rain, slant and sharp, driving the man and woman backward against the inner wall. Clara crouched beneath the window-ledge, as the shutters were shaken apart by the gust, one blowing shut, and the other flapping against the house.

"Are you pleading for yourself, too?" asked Karen almost in Clara's ear. Her accents were incisive with impatience or disdain. "Do you wish to marry again?"

He gave a short, harsh laugh.

"Tempted by former experience, I suppose?" bitterly.

"I beg your pardon," said his companion, as in sudden remorse. "I am mad almost, with the memories you have raised. Let us make an end of this scene. My consent is not necessary for your release. The case is plain—" speaking low and fast, with a metallic ring in her voice that told of intense excitement. "A man's wife elects to leave him and—with another man—" bringing out the last words defiantly. "The deserted husband wishes to make it legally possible for her to marry that man—or any other, we will say. The law adjudges the husband to be the injured party. Eight years of desertion would annul the marriage—if you wish to enter this plea. What have I to do with your action?"

"If you would but listen patiently."

Karen turned abruptly to the window, and looked into the room. Clara felt her hurried breath and checked her own in the terror of threatened discovery.

"This is no place for such talk," Karen said, apparently satisfied that the chamber was unoccupied, "We risk detection at every turn. The corridor is safer—and a promenade under the chandeliers."

Anything more blood-curdling than the laugh with which she moved away, the horror-stricken eavesdropper had never imagined even in a night-mare.

Marion Harland.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

It was a maid with blushing cheek,
And eyes cast down in fashion meek,
The while he looked upon her;
He looked—but then he rode away;
The words that he had thought to say
Might wait until another day,
Since no one else had won her.
And sang he, as he rode away,
"I'll saunter back some other day
Since, let me ask her when I may,
'Tis clear her answer will be 'aye.'"
'Twas thus he thought upon her.

It is a maid with laughing eyes,
Laughter half-scorn and half-surprise,
The while she looks upon him.
She sees him rise, she sees him go,
She can no answer make but "No!"
Because that she is laughing so
To see confusion on him.
And sings she, as he rides away,
To come again no more for aye,
"O hearts like yours may pine and break
For any word that I shall speak;
And he that will not when he may,
When he will, he shall have 'Nay!'"
'Tis thus she thinks upon him.

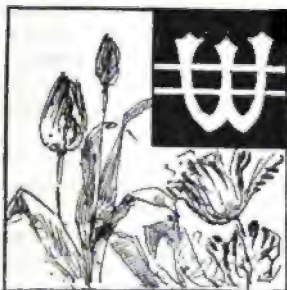
F. A. Peters.





EDITED BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

BUSINESS SELF-RELIANCE. NO 1.



OMAN is only one of Nature's agreeable blunders,' says the old play, and many a business man in the conceit of his narrow training, is fain to amplify the irreverent

quip into the form—'Woman is only one of Nature's agreeable blunderers.' But the truth of the matter is this: with far less technical training than a man requires, a woman becomes the keenest and most accurate of business managers, excelling particularly in those departments which make the severest demands upon an intuitive judgment."

Thus comments Mr. Cannon in his little brochure, "Bank Accounts for Women."

It is to supply the needed technical knowledge in the most simple and practical form that this series is undertaken.

PRACTICAL POINTS IN BANKING.

WE will assume that you are convinced of the convenience of having a deposit in a bank, for the purpose of paying bills,

and that you only lack knowledge as to the forms necessary to open and conduct such an account.

Let the bank selected be one that enjoys a reputation for strength and conservatism. The first step is to be properly introduced to the president or cashier by a common acquaintance, or by letter. In an emergency that renders it impossible to observe either of these forms, your signature may be left with the bank and also addresses of friends to whom it may be sent for verification. Your signature must also be written in a book kept by the bank for that purpose.

In writing the signature always remove the glove and write in an ordinary, natural manner.

Never sign Mrs. or Miss before your name. A married woman should always sign her own, not her husband's name. Once having adopted a signature, preserve it without change. In business the signature is as sure a means of identification as the face or person.

Blank deposit tickets, a pass-book, and a check-book will be offered you. A few banks charge a small sum for these necessities, but by the majority they are furnished gratis.

Usually the deposit ticket is divided into spaces for the amount, in paper, gold, sil-

ver, checks or drafts, to be deposited. You are required to set down the sums you deposit, each under its proper heading, to add the amount, and to date and sign the ticket before handing it to the deposit-teller.

And all this may be done quietly at home.

In handing money to the teller it should be arranged for his convenience in counting. Place all the bills one way and face upward; separate the gold from the silver, and sort the latter by denominations, and carefully endorse all checks and drafts.

There is one right way of endorsing checks and it is so simple that, once learned, no woman has an excuse for blundering. And let me whisper that nothing so tries the gallantry of a hurried teller, rapidly running through a file of checks, as to be forced to stop and twist the paper around in order to read an awkwardly placed signature. I fear that for a moment, and under his breath, he would call woman a disagreeable blunderer.

Before endorsing, which should be done at home, see that the check is dated properly, that the written amount and the figures correspond, and that it is correct in every way.

Holding one end in each hand, draw the right hand towards you and turn the check over; the end farthest from you is the top. Sign an inch or two from the top, and for safety, write before your signature, "For deposit." Then if the check is lost, no one can get it cashed. If you are making a check over to a person, it is well to write "pay to the order of John Smith," before placing your own signature. Also endorse a check exactly as written on the face, if there is a slight mistake in rendering your name, and below this place your usual signature. If the check has been endorsed by another person you must place your name directly under the first signature, even if it were written in the wrong place.

Your deposit is written in the pass-book by the teller, and the entry is your receipt for the money. When the book is balanced, the amount of the checks cashed will be entered on the credit or right side, and the footings brought down and a balance struck.

It is necessary to have this done every two or three months, or every month, if your account is large.

Having made a deposit, and gained possession of your pass-book, you are ready to draw on the bank for the payment of bills, and for all monetary transactions. Never fill out a check except from your own check-book. Number and date each check, and make a corresponding entry on the stub, or

margin bound in the book, before tearing off the check. Write the amount in the body of the check distinctly, beginning at the extreme left of the line, and making a track with the pen from the last written word to the printed "dollars" at the other end. This prevents fraudulent alteration. Make the check payable to the order of the person to whom given, and be particular in noting the proper initials and peculiarities of spelling the surname. Never date a check ahead, nor give one for more than your bank balance, expecting to have enough on deposit before the check is presented to meet it. In drawing a check for yourself, it is a good custom to draw it to "myself or order," and then endorse it after reaching the bank.

The record on the stub of the check-book enables you to estimate the condition of your account. The deposits should also be entered here.

In getting a check cashed, or a bill broken, it saves the teller's precious time if you state the denominations desired.

Drafts are checks drawn by banks on funds deposited in other cities. And drafts on New York are worth their face all over the United States in settlement of accounts, and form the cheapest and most convenient way of remitting money. It is best to have a draft made to your own order, and then endorse it over to the order of the person to whom it is remitted. The rate of exchange varies with banks and cities, but is seldom above ten per cent.

The management of notes requires some little study, but is not difficult of comprehension.

Suppose you accept a note, which is simply a written promise to pay at a certain date in the future, with or without interest, see that it is properly dated, that the sum and terms are correctly stated, and that it is endorsed by at least one person whose credit is good. This note may be deposited at your bank for collection. All the items regarding it should be entered in the back of your bank-book. About ten days before maturity the bank will probably notify the payer, and it is the duty of the bank to notify you whether the note is paid or refused. In the latter case, the endorser is at once notified by the bank, that he may protect himself.

If the bank fails to give such notice the endorser is released, and the bank becomes liable for damages incurred to the owner of the note. It is customary for the party at fault to pay the protest fees, ranging in different cities from one to four dollars.

If, on the other hand, you give a note, make it payable at the bank where you do business. Keep a careful record of the date of maturity. The bank which holds the note may notify you a few days before it becomes due, but it is an act of courtesy, not an obligation. It is best to pay a note on the day it becomes due rather than before. If another bank holds your note, observe their rules requiring your check to be certified, and ask your banker to write his name across the face of it. Should you be unable to meet the note when due, but sure that you can do so by a certain date, it is proper for you to ask for an extension of time, or for a renewal.

In case of doubt as to the management of a note, consult your banker. The officers of a bank are always ready to give counsel. Indeed, some banks provide a parlor for their lady customers, and every facility for rendering the conduct of business matters pleasant and expeditious.

The Savings Banks are intended as places of deposit for those who keep very small accounts or wish to let them remain undisturbed, and pay a small rate of interest to their depositors. In most States they are under the strictest State supervision, and are, almost without exception, safe places of deposit.

In opening an account with a Savings

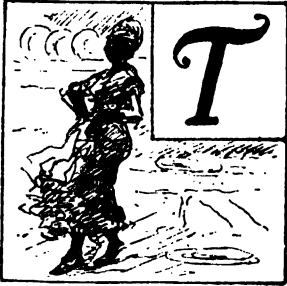
bank you may be subjected to a cross-examination that may seem unnecessary, possibly impertinent; but all depositors must pass through the same ordeal, so it is well to submit gracefully. You will be presented with a pass-book in which are printed the rules governing that particular bank. It is well to read these immediately and carefully. Here you will be informed when you must enter money in order to receive interest, and how long it must remain untouched. Always carry your pass-book with you when you deposit money, and also draw any out. In some States you cannot draw checks against a deposit in a Savings bank, unless your pass-book is at the bank when the check is presented. And the better way is to go to the bank in person and draw the amount required, signing a receipt for it in a book kept by the bank for that purpose. Or if more convenient, write and sign a check and send it, with the pass-book, by some trusty person. The amount drawn out will be entered in your book.

The difference between the two classes of banks is marked. National, State or private banks are places of deposit for the security or accommodation of their customers, while Savings banks are also for the safe keeping, but more for the accumulation of funds.

Harriet Cushman Wilkie.



THE STORY OF MY KOH-I-NOOR.



HE parsonage had been left in disorder by six servants in quick succession. The last had just gone when a young colored girl, with a waist like an hour-

glass, eyes like black velvet, and teeth incomparable, applied for employment. For references she glibly gave a doubtful verbal list of "Judge," "Mayor," and "Doctor." My necessity was great, and Mollie was shown to her room. She soon reappeared in a neat print, felt slippers, the whitest of turbans and aprons, and with that scintillation of eyes and smile that no human face but the African can produce. I have a weakness for white aprons and bright faces, so with characteristic haste I silently classed her as a genuine kitchen Koh-i-noor. I must have reported to my husband something of the sort, for he immediately invited several ministerial friends to dinner.

When showing Mollie her duties, I noted with pleasure her noiseless step, so different from her predecessor's, and when she occasionally paused with hands on her hips, her slender figure lightly poised on one foot as she beamed and sparkled over what I was saying, I thought her an exquisite model for a household fairy carved in ebony. The fairy's comments on my methods, however, were more frank than complimentary.

"O Lawdy! I never seed things done so. Judge Blynn never had his dinner till nine o'clock. You has curus ways here; what would Mayor Carter say to no wine, hi!"

The implied reproach touched my spirits with a feather's weight. I spent the happiest evening I had seen for weeks. The news that guests were bidden to dinner on the morrow, with the house still in disorder, only caused amusement. The morning, however, brought an apprehensive mood which made me an early visitor to the kitchen. I found neither a fire nor a presiding Mollie. Open-

ing the door to the back veranda, I saw my Koh-i-noor scintillating in the sun, prone on the steps. The sight was more picturesque than pleasing.

"Mollie! It is breakfast time and no fire made."

"O Lawdy! I never seed such a breakfus; c'n git it in ten minutes; no need wastin' all the mawnin' on't."

The turban and apron, the eyes and smile were all they had been before, but somehow, my Koh-i-noor at that moment had lost brilliance. After our belated meal I gave explicit orders for the morning work and retired to the nursery. A sweet soprano bore plantation song and hymn through the house, and I thought: "Mollie cannot go very wrong and sing like that!" But when a favorite diversion seemed to be rushing into my room unannounced by step or knock, giving the sensation of a lightning-fringed cloud bursting upon me, and when instead of the luncheon-bell I heard a lively whistle and the thud of dancing feet, too heavy I thought for felt slippers or a household fairy, even if carved in ebony, I felt less confident. Slipping down stairs, I opened the kitchen door just as the tumult ceased. Mollie stood demurely buttering the twelfth griddle-cake on a pile whose circumference covered my largest dinner plate.

"I jest done forgot an' takes a step; never lived with the min'ster befo'; jes' gwine t'eat my breakfus'," was her apology and explanation.

"Why did you not eat your breakfast this morning?"

"Never eats my breakfus' till one o'clock," she declared with the air of a princess. "I gits the lunch after my breakfus'."

My reproof was received with a skip and a hop across the floor, though the twelve solid cakes waited till our luncheon was prepared, and my effort to impress her with the importance of the dinner only met:

"Oh, I knows; I's cooked dinners for de quality; don't fool roun' all day 'bout it."

With this understanding I left her. The echo of her song and dance still reached me, and several times she broke in upon me with

a trivial question, assuming the pose and sparkle that were beginning to lose their charm. Toward five o'clock less noise in the kitchen led me to hope that my frisky cook had ceased "foolin' roun," and was soberly at work. I stole down stairs and found her regaling herself on a meal of ham and eggs, more griddle-cakes and coffee. The kitchen was all in disorder, the luncheon-dishes stood in the sink, the range-fire was as black as Mollie's face, and nothing had been done toward the dinner. I stood in blank dismay.

"I eats my dinner befo' I cooks the big one, an' then I cleans up," I was told between mouthfuls.

What could I do but turn cook's assistant? Mollie had the aptitude of her race for cooking, and with me worked steadily. By our united efforts we dined at the correct hour according to Judge Blynn, who could not have dined earlier with Mollie for a cook. I pressed on her the importance of keeping everything hot till served, and then met our guests for the first time in the dining room and was gallantly complimented for my fine color. As the courses came on in perfection and Mollie waited with deft and noiseless movements, my spirits rose. She would yet be the most capable as she was the most tidy and sparkling of servants.

The hot evening had lured me to the extravagance of ordering ice-cream from a catérier. I knew it had come in good order. I was on the verge of being proud of my dinner, of being proud of my black cook and waitress. Imagine, then, my humiliation when, with the dessert, Mollie placed before me two platters containing a variegated liquid, and left the room with her face one beam of elfish delight. My household fairy was an elf of the baser sort—undeserving to be carved in ebony—who had literally obeyed me and kept everything hot. My husband whispered across the table, "Koh-i-noor," and I joined in the laugh his explanation caused with the best grace I could command. The Koh-i-noor never shone with such lustre as under the reprimand that followed.

Dire necessity impelled me to try her with the washing, which she undertook with her usual confidence, assuring me that she always had her clothes on the lines before ten o'clock. Her hubbub indicated sufficient activity of some sort, which, ceasing toward noon, led me to an investigation. I found a deserted kitchen and half the washing still in the soaking suds. Through the open

door I saw Mollie stretched on the steps in the broiling July sun.

"Can't work with nuffin t'eat; can't git the clothes out without a lobster," she said, not stirring.

"Mollie, you shall have the best luncheon the house affords, but you must get up and finish this washing."

"Hi! 'Mus git up!' I's free an' don' 'mus' for anybody. My maw an' paw was slaves, but Linkum freed 'em an' I don' duck my head to white folk. Can't wash without a lobster."

The velvet eyes gleamed with fun and defiance. At last, in despair, I bade her fetch the biggest lobster the market afforded, and was literally obeyed. When the whole was consumed she resumed her washing, but her movements were measured by the rhythm of her song, which for some—perhaps, gastric—reason was a slow, weird, minor strain with the refrain, "Oh my soul, my soul, my soul." She poured into it all the pathos of servitude, all the religious emotion of her race, and drove me from the kitchen with tears in my eyes. Who could exact obedience from a creature of her inheritances? Plainly not I, for my washing was not on the lines till nine that evening, affording an unexpected interpretation to Mollie's "befo' ten o'clock."

The next morning she announced that she was going to Boston.

"Not to-day; Thursday is your day out."

"I goes out when I likes; I wants ter see my maw; I's free, I is; I wants my silk dress an' my velvet, an'—"

The grumbling grew louder and louder during breakfast. When we rose from the table her voice had reached an alarming pitch. I was absolutely afraid of her, and my husband was to be away all day.

"Mollie, you may go to Boston. Get your things together as quickly as possible, and do not come back again."

The elf broke into the merriest laughter.

"I's willin," she assented, "haint had nuffin' t'eat since I come. When yer pears is ripe I'll come back."

She was in her chamber several hours. And what a tumult? Song, hymn, exhortation, clog-dance, whistling, interspersed with screams of laughter, groans, and cat-calls. People in the street paused and looked up to her window. I feared the police would come and command us to keep the peace. At last she appeared, tidy, smiling, civil, even deferential. In my haste to get her off before her mood should change, I loaded myself with parcels and escorted her to the



"THE THUD OF DANCING FEET."—See page 53.

corner. As the car moved off she turned to me with a mocking, triumphant laugh that attracted everybody's attention. I understood it when I found that, in my nervous haste, I had overpaid her two dollars.

But this was not the last of her. Some weeks later, coming in from a walk, I found my Nora much excited.

"The blackest nagur in the world was here. She said she lived with you three years—the likes o' her! an' she wanted pears. After atin' all in the fruit dish, she filled her pocket from the trees—the black thafe! and told me she'd come agin to git the two dollars the misthress owed her—the black liar!"

Still later, Nora announced.

"Two black nagurs want to see the minister and one is the black thafe o' the pears an' she walked into the parlor widout so much as by your lave."

Sure enough, there was Mollie, resplendent in a gown and bonnet of flimsy blue silk, pink roses over her forehead and covering her bosom, and pink kids tightly drawn over her hands. Her companion was a respectable looking colored man in a black suit and white gloves. He rose and stated his errand with dignity, while Mollie covered her face with the pink gloves and giggled. The minister was wanted to transfer my Koh-

i-noor to the bosom of a husband. Nora was dispatched for him, and I, to shorten the period of waiting, wound up the children's music box and left it on the parlor table. Soon a familiar sound caused me to peep through the portière. There was Mollie, her head on one side, her skirts held from her feet, her eyes raised, in all the ecstasy of her favorite dance. Her companion watched her with eyes and smile as radiant as her own and softly applauded with hands and feet. The dance was cut short by the entrance of the minister. While he was examining the young man's documents in the study, Mollie gave me a glowing account of her prospects.

"Will you keep house?" I asked, remembering her late exploits.

"O, Lawdy! no indeed. Jim's head waiter at Sarytogy, an' I shall board in de hotel an' wear silks an' satins. I've got a garnet, an' a green, an' a pink, an' a purple—"

The return of minister and bridegroom brought fresh giggling and covering of her face with the pink gloves, which continued through the ceremony, the bridegroom seeming not to notice it. At the close he handed the minister a generous bank bill.

"The missis owes me two dollar," broke in the mendacious bride.

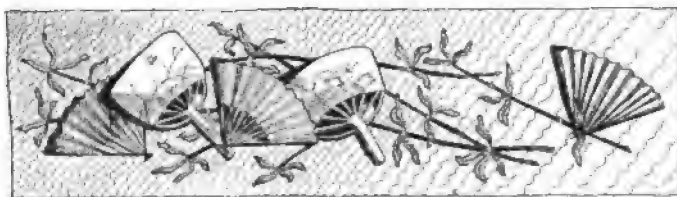
My husband turned to me with an inquiring look.

"Mollie forgets, it is she that owes me two dollars," I said. "I will make her a wedding present of it."

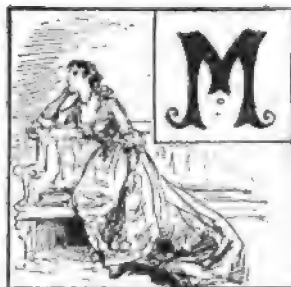
The bride's giggle changed to convulsive laughter as she executed her best pirouette and gasped: "O Lawdy! you is so curus!"

As the couple drove away my husband gave me a merry look that spoke volumes. I am given to enthusiasms—but he can check my wildest flight by whispering one word—"Koh-i-noor."

Sarah E. Burton.



LIGHT HOUSEKEEPING.



UCH-USED words in these days of enormous city rents, poor domestic service, and manifold new household conveniences! Besides that, their signification has

almost entirely changed within the present generation and since the days when "living in rooms" was considered an open confes-

sion of grinding poverty even if not quite squalid.

Nowadays there are many worse things than light housekeeping. Slatternly housekeeping on a large scale is one of them. Sordid, sour-faced housekeeping on any scale whatever is another. Housekeeping on a scale too large for one's purse is infinitely worse, and "heavy" housekeeping, be the heaviness of bread or hearts, is not to be named in the same year with merry "light housekeeping" in rooms.

The ideal of romantic imagination in Washington Irving's and Lady Blessington's

day, was "love in a cottage." When our fathers and mothers grew flushed with their youthful literary fevers, did they not invariably make their heroine with long ringlets, a book-muslin frock and blue sash, turn away from her wealthy adorers to wed him who talked of an ivy-embowered cottage, whose roses bloomed all the year round? I remember I used to wonder more than a little about that ivy-mantled cottage, as a child, never having seen one out of books. When I asked concerning them I was rather sharply answered, "Ivy-bowered cottage! What rubbish has the child been reading? Ivy doesn't grow in this country, it won't stand our winters—if it did, an American cottage would tumble down with old age before the ivy was half grown."

Later, I discovered that those ivied cottages were but a poetic delusion and snare laid for unwary American story-writers by the romantic school of English fiction, of which Lady Blessington was a priestess and the author of the "Lady of Lyons" high priest.

Nowadays, we hear nothing of "love in a cottage," although love itself is as much the novelist's stock in trade as ever it was. We have become too realistic in our art and if we saw a heroine in a perpetual white dress in a rose-embowered "villa," would insist upon seeing her washing bills, or upon the visible presence of a maid-of-all-work. There was never a servant or a wash tub in the old ivy cottage, but there was always fresh bread on the table, honey, and roses laden with dew, and the dishes—Heaven bless you, they washed themselves! We have love in "rooms," and the frocks are rarely white, the ringlets never long. There may be roses there, but no ivy, scarcely honey, and the bread comes from the Vienna bakery across the square.

And, withal, there may be quite as much of the poetry and romance of love's young dream as though nightingales sang under the windows, and snowy hens laid ivory eggs an hour before breakfast in Madam's book-muslin lap.

We have, all of us, seen pictures of Love flying out of the window as Poverty came in at the door. And behold! is it not invariably a cottage window from which the chubby god flies, a cottage door that the grim spectre enters? Whoever saw a picture of Poverty intruding upon "light housekeeping in rooms?" And when have we seen Cupid posed upon the window ledge of an apartment house?

Yet have we not seen many a pretty pict-

ure of baby-house home-making? Didn't Dickens give us a charming one with Ruth Pinch for its central figure? Don't we still savor, after more than a hundred years, the hashed mutton and rhubarb tarts of the mild Amelia's light housekeeping as we never could taste them now, had Fielding not placed her "in rooms." Does not Mrs. Whitney give us many a bit of poetry over gas-stoves, and has not Howells more than once showed us young love in rooms?

There is a certain Robinson-Crusoe-ish element in human nature which delights in cleverly triumphing over material difficulties in the way of domestic cosiness and comfort. All the powers of opposition that, in heavy or full housekeeping, are conquered only with weapons of proper fighting size, are here belabored with such delicate implements as do not soil or weary the daintiest hand. Indeed, sleight-of-hand is the trick in light housekeeping more than rough vigor, and almost any woman feels more triumphant over a conquest won by smooth and graceful dexterity than one gained by sledge hammer blows. Almost any woman would choose a doll's housekeeping rather than that of an ogress, and many a victim of swashing and surging Bridget prefers the quiet and cleanliness, the order and refinement of housekeeping in rooms.

It may be safely asserted that only a lady makes the perfect light housekeeper. A heavy hand, an obtuse eye, a lurching habit are out of place there. Equally so is the outside-of-the-platter cleanliness that distinguishes the vulgar housekeeper from the refined. "Slut holes," as our robust grandmothers called them, are the worm-holes of light housekeeping. She who cannot get along without them is not worthy the place she fills. We certainly would enthusiastically prefer to take our sausages with Captain Costigan in Alsatia, or our chop from Bayham's fork, than with her.

I have seen light housekeeping in two rooms where the *home* feeling, which some imagine cannot exist without an upstairs a downstairs and a lady's chamber, was as sacredly preserved as ever in a patriarchal homestead. There was no fuss and flurry, no dirt or discontent, and, with every housekeeping object in its place, the home-makers easily fell into theirs without collisions or border wars. I have seen in old and decayed New England towns the melancholy spectacle of lonely widows and spinsters shaking about like dried peas in pots of ten or a dozen empty rooms, with not a soul to

whom to say, "How sweet is solitude!" They hate the silent spaces that surround them. They are haunted by pallid spectres of other days, by the ghost of the merry brother who was lost overboard at sea, of the fair sisters and other brave brothers who drifted, one by one, away to other homes, some beneath the green sod, some above it, but all to that woeful and inevitable change than which death is no harder to bear. The father's old arm-chair is there, the mother's death-bed, the family cradle, as empty as if the great Reaper had gathered buds with the ripened grain. They cannot bear the gloom and silence where once was summer and song, and they do not want to sweep and dust, so they generally shut up all the rooms but one or two, and live in that one or two, in a hand-to-mouth fashion calculated to wring tears of pity from a light housekeeping heart. Silent and solitary, they dwell among their ghosts, faltering about their microscopic housework, always with magnificent scorn for shiftless city people who live in rooms and eat baker's bread. They make their tea with a handful of chips, shooting out the lip at her who makes hers over gas. They dine off a corner of the kitchen table, and tip-tilt the nose at those who eat from marble-topped ones, and they take in their half a pint of milk every day, thanking fortune they are not as those other women are who use theirs condensed. They really fancy they are housekeeping, and will tell you so if you ask them, and never suspect their home-making is of a thousand times more attenuate quality than that of thousands who "live in rooms," not as they do, in kitchens.

I know light housekeeping where, except during certain hours of the day, there is not the slightest appearance of work more than in the brave drawing-rooms of Madam Midas. I have seen bureau drawers turned into pantries, and have been amazed at the dainties evolved therefrom, as well as the exquisite table furnishing. I have made calls and laughed with my hostess that I sat over the cooking stove, hidden beneath a smart ottoman. I have eaten the flakiest pastry, knowing it to have been rolled out upon a marble table top with an empty bottle, and baked in the oven of a Florence oil stove. I have seen a tired husband return at night as thankful to get "home" as ever a story lover was to sight his ivied cottage with a white gown and blue sash in the doorway, and a perspective of roses and honey and cold chicken beyond. That tired

husband entered his "room" to find the table ready for him, draped in snowy white.

There was no slouchiness in the manner in which it was laid, for in light housekeeping it not only is more comfortable to do everything in order, but even more simple. The service was smaller than had the housekeeping been on a larger scale, the china "picked up" where delicate porcelain is the rule and not showy and capacious. Only the light housekeeper knows to its supreme perfection this delight of prowling among bazars and wayside displays, for the purpose of "picking up" a piece of china or glass suitable for grown-up doll's housekeeping. She who calmly buys everything fitted for the size of ordinary humanity knows nothing of the exquisite thrill caused by the discovery of an odd cup and saucer "just the size of mine at home," or of an unwedded sugar bowl that will match with anything, or a tea pot made for nothing in the world but to sleep sweetly beside "that little cream jug I found at Homer's." And the housekeeping department of those huge bazars! What can equal the pleasure of hunting them for newly invented domestic conveniences only half life-size? There are miniature gem tins, banded in companies of six instead of the commonplace twelve, *six* and no more, holding exactly the proportion that Edwin and Angelina consume every morning. There are all manners and fashions of infantile tea-kettles and baby coffee-pots, holding exactly Edwin's two cups and Angelina's one, with not a drop to stand over for another time. The tiny steam boiler, the frying-pan and stew-pan to match,—“Why,” declares Angelina, “it is the most economical way and the nicest in the world; your utensils won't allow you to waste, no matter how much you are inclined to!”

The wonders that cleverness accomplishes in these miniature menages almost passes belief. Angelina's pet utensil is a three-decker, like a Mississippi steamboat. Upon the lower deck slowly simmers the ragout which shall be the *piece de resistance* of her dinner. Above it, between decks, vegetables steam mildly dinnerwards, while the covered upper deck holds the cold rice or bit of stale cake warming over into a new pudding. Her beans, for she is a New Englander, bake in a well-aired room all Saturday night and are of perfect Puritan quality on Sunday morning. It is by no means too much for her to roast the chicken which would have been roasted for her by the spirit of poetry were this an ivied cottage and she a book-

muslin bride. She is, however, obliged to draw the line at doughnuts, and buys her fruit cake and plum-pudding ready made.

Withal, she is a bright and cheery creature, not weighed down with the care of a house too large for her purse, and servants too independent for her comfort. The charm of a perpetual picnic, where the skies are bright,

the earth warm, and fatigue not yet set in, hovers about all her culinary and domestic experiments and inventions, and she thanks God every day that her housekeeping is just light enough for her purse, and not an atom too heavy for her heart.

Deliverance Dingle.

ABOUT REFERENCES.

(A WORD TO MISTRESSES.)

THERE is a book entitled "Domesticus: A Tale of the Imperial City." The woman who takes it up with the thought of revelling in descriptions of the glories of ancient Rome, and increasing her store of knowledge concerning antiquity, will find her expectations brought to naught. Yet, if she is an average woman, grappling with the problem of the housekeeper and home-maker, she will not read far before a responsive chord is stirred in her heart. She knows all about these things herself. It is a melancholy comfort to find that some one else knows so well, too.

It is not in the scope of this brief article to review the book in question, or to discuss in any general way the domestic problem of which it treats. But one quotation may well be made from it, to sharpen a single point of the problem, too often ignored. "Domesticus" is introduced to us as "a certain malevolent spirit of the air and minister of chaos," who haunts the domain of the housekeeper to make her life wretched. In short, he is the embodiment of all that is troublesome in the well-known servant problem. Now the heroine of this overtrue tale, in due time "discovered that Domesticus had so sapped and subverted the foundations of morality, that mankind in general and womankind in particular, claimed to be absolved from every obligation of truth or veracity in certifying as to his representatives. He seemed to have granted a kind of dispensation in the use of

the vernacular, whereby such old-time terms as 'sobriety,' 'honesty,' 'industry,' 'fidelity,' and the like, were no longer real names for real qualities, but were reduced to the level of mere trade-marks, labels, and brands for the wares of Domesticus, who so juggled and contrived with these and other devices as to delude a confiding public into the notion that all the virtues could be hired at a fixed rate per month—a draft on popular credulity which would have been dishonored at sight in any other sphere of sublinary affairs."

The implied double indictment against mistresses is severe, but it is true. We American women lay claim to some measure of common sense and ordinary business capacity, yet we take strangers into our homes to hold positions of more or less responsibility about our children or our property, and often we seem utterly careless as to what references they have to offer; or, if we ask for references, we do not take the trouble to verify them.

But the second count in the indictment is more serious. We profess to be truthful women, and yet, to satisfy our departing domestic we will give her a "character" which often is no more justified by her real character than our professions of veracity are justified by our conduct in doing this. In so doing we are gravely wronging the one who is to succeed us as mistress. What right have I to tell you that my servant is neat when she is filthy, honest when she is

thievish, amiable when she is vixenish? Why are not these lies just as bad as dozens of others that we should shrink from in horror? Which will you think me, untruthful or stupid, when you find that my "neat, honest, amiable" servant cannot wash a dish clean, filches your stores, is unkind to your children? Surely I am foolish, not to say wicked, thus to stultify myself. But I am "sorry for the girl." "I don't want to stand in the way of her getting a good place." I think I "might as well get rid of her without any fuss." So for the sake of my weak good nature and my moral cowardice, I tell deliberate lies, wronging the ones who will be deceived by misrepresentations, and wronging the girl as well. For she is thus led to undervalue the worth of a really good character, and to despise the untruthfulness of those who should be examples to her of the nobility of truth. In the long run, she is no better off temporally, and in both long and short run, she is far worse off morally, for feeling that she is sure of good references, no matter what her deserts. The indiscriminate and reckless granting of references which at present prevails so largely, is an unmitigated evil which cannot be too soon corrected.

How it may be corrected is the practical question. The other extreme, of refusing all recommendation because of some special fault which has excited the mistress's anger and perhaps been the cause of dismissal, is not so common as its opposite, now under discussion, but it is as carefully to be avoided. Above all things, let us be just to those in our employ; in doing this, we cannot fail to be just to ourselves, and to our fellow-employers. Or, to put the converse into better words than our own,

"To thine own self be true;

And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

It will not need any great exertion of intellect to reduce this abstract principle to a few concrete practicalities.

In the first place, let it be understood, wherever you can bring it about by your example or precept, that a satisfactory reference will be required and verified, on engaging a servant.

Secondly, make all the references you give satisfactory, by making them truthful, neither refusing recognition to excellences, nor glossing over palpable deficiencies. To be truthful, one need not be without that charity peculiarly needed by mistresses, that "suffereth long, and is kind." Have it

thoroughly understood with your domestic, from the first, that this is your intention, and that the "character" you give her when she leaves will depend entirely on the one she herself has revealed while with you. A consistent and persistent following of this plan by all mistresses would make an incentive for good behavior on the part of servants which now, unfortunately, is almost wholly lacking.

Of course, to be effective, the reform should be as nearly universal as possible, yet do not fear to inaugurate it in your circle, though you begin as a minority of one. Some one must blaze the way for the path of every needed reform.

Two instances which came lately under the writer's observation illustrate the need of a reform. In one case, the girl had been in a place for a year, and was valued for many good qualities. She had, however, an exceedingly bad temper, and after long patience on the part of the mistress, was dismissed for that fault. On leaving, she demanded a reference. Feeling the necessity of being truthful and the desire to be kind, the lady wrote one in general terms, adding that she would be ready to answer any farther inquiries which might come to her. But the girl said this would not do. She didn't want any reference that would make farther inquiries thought of. So, upon her insistence, the mistress tried again, making kindly and detailed mention of the girl's various good points, but adding, as she felt bound to in common honesty, that she could not recommend the girl as regarded her temper. The temper came out in full display then.

"I know well enough I've got an ugly temper, but you're no lady to speak of it in my reference. I'll tear your old paper up. It's all a show, any way, and I can get a place fast enough without it." And so she did, to the discredit of employers, be it said. Another girl left her place in disgrace, for misdemeanors which excited the indignation even of her fellow-servants. Had her employers had no conscience, still they could not have ventured to give her a recommendation, after conduct so egregious and well known as hers. Yet she was defiant, for she knew her own power.

"I'll go to Mrs. — She'll be glad enough to get me."

Mrs. — was one of the prominent ladies of the church and town, presumably a woman of character. She knew, too, all the circumstances about the girl's leaving

CHOICE RECIPES.

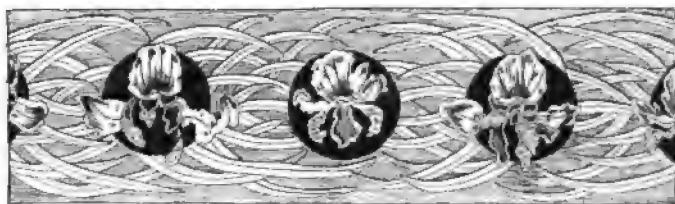
her place. In spite of this, she at once engaged the girl, because she "needed a girl so much, and one mustn't be too particular." The girl's sense of triumph, her increased confidence in her ability to sin without suffering for it, and the discredit thus thrown by an influential neighbor upon the justly offended mistress, are all at once evident.

While influential women make so little of character, what can we expect of the ordinary domestic? It is a comfort to the un-

regenerate heart of the onlooker who here narrates the incident, to be able to record that the lady soon rued her bargain. That she should, is justice so bare as to be not even poetic.

In recapitulation: Ask for references; if possible, verify them; give them, generously but *honestly*. So shall mistress and servants alike prosper, and the fiend "Domesticus" be robbed of one more of his terrors.

Lucy White Palmer.



CHOICE RECIPES.

A VERY charming substitute for buckwheat cakes can be made out of a *nice* article of "brown flour," such as is used for making brown bread. I do not mean "shorts" or "seconds," for they do not make good cakes, but the genuine brown flour.

Made by the recipe herewith given they are almost as nice as the *bona fide* buckwheat, that indispensable luxury of a Winter morning's breakfast.

I have seen these same brown flour substitutes clear up the horizon of the mind masculine as they would appear and *disappear*, light, as sweet as a nut, and done to a turn. One could almost see the mental thaw, and before the breakfast was over there would be clear skies and the toiler would "go forth to his labor until evening," refreshed and reinforced, lifted out of a dull appetiteless depression by so simple a thing as an improvised buckwheat cake which was not a buckwheat cake after all! Here is the way to make them:

IMITATION BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

1 quart of brown flour.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ a pint of white flour.
1 gill of corn meal.
2 gills of yeast.

About nine o'clock at night mix all of the ingredients together into a very thick batter, using milk and warm water. Set the batter where it will keep warm. In the morning when ready to fry the cakes, stir into the batter a level teaspoonful of salt, half of a level teaspoonful of soda, and *fresh* milk sufficient to thin the batter to the proper consistency. Cook the cakes quickly and send to the table at once on hot plates.

SHORT CAKE.

1 pound of flour.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of butter.
Salt to taste.

Rub the butter thoroughly into the flour, after sifting the latter with the salt in it.

With cold water mix it into a moderately stiff dough. Roll it out six times, doubling it over each time. Finally, roll it out into a sheet about half an inch thick and cut the cakes round or any other shape that you like.

WAFFLES.

- 1 pint of flour.
- 1 pint of meal mush, (*warm*).
- 1 tablespoonful of butter.
- 4 eggs, well beaten.
- 1 pint of fresh milk.
- Salt to taste.

Stir the spoonful of butter into the warm (*not* hot) mush, which must be rather thick. Add the salt and the flour and milk gradually until the batter is perfectly smooth. Last, add the well beaten eggs. Have four waffle irons *perfectly* clean, well greased with sweet lard, and hot enough to cook quickly without burning.

Waffles should be a nice brown, but not at all scorched and should be eaten just as soon as cooked.

SALLY LUNN.

- 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of flour.
- 3 ounces of butter.
- 3 eggs.
- 1 teacupful of yeast.
- 1 tablespoonful of sugar.

Sweet milk sufficient to mix into a soft dough.

Work the dough *thoroughly*, mould into a round loaf and place it in a well greased pan to rise. When light, bake in a moderate oven, turn out on a hot plate and serve at once.

In Summer mix it at twelve o'clock if you want it for tea, in Winter at nine.

Unlike the ordinary Sally Lunn, this is good when cold.

BEEF SOUP.

- 1 hind quarter shank of beef.
- 2 gallons of cold water.
- 1 quart of thinly sliced okra.
- 1 pint of Lima beans.
- 1 pint of peeled and mashed tomatoes.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of minced squash.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of sliced Irish potatoes.
- 1 pint of corn cut from cob.
- 1 onion, sliced thin.
- 1 bunch of herbs, thyme or marjoram.

Use a porcelain-lined soup kettle and put the meat on in cold water over a brisk fire.

When it begins to boil, skim off all of the scum and then put in the vegetables, except the herbs and corn. They must be added an hour before the soup is done. Do not let it boil briskly after the vegetables have been put in, but gently and steadily for seven hours. Stir it frequently from the bottom, so that none of the vegetables can adhere to the kettle and burn. This is especially necessary after the corn has been added. Stir in salt and pepper just before serving and after you have skimmed off every particle of fat. Remove all bone and pieces of meat before pouring the soup into the tureen.

GREEN PEA SOUP.

- 1 quart of shelled peas.
- 2 quarts of hot water.
- $\frac{1}{4}$ of a pound of butter.
- 4 slices of cold ham.
- Parsley, salt and pepper.

Boil the peas until they are soft, then remove them from the water, mash them up with a wooden spoon, return them to the saucepan and then pour the soup through a colander to remove the skins.

Put the soup to boil again, adding the butter, salt, pepper and a little thickening to make it about the consistency of cream. A little flour, creamed with butter, is the proper thickening. Remove the slices of ham before sending the soup to the table. This soup is delicious.

SHAD BAKED ON A BOARD.

Take a fat, fresh shad that has been nicely cleaned and opened down the back as for boiling. Have ready a piece of *oaken* board that has been heated thoroughly.

Salt and pepper the fish, and with small nails tack it to the board. Set the board before a bright fire and turn it frequently upside down. Mop it with flour and butter as it roasts. When done, lay the board with the fish on it on a dish and send it to the table hot. Serve with drawn butter and chopped eggs. The middle piece of a flour barrel top makes a good board on which to cook a shad. It is of oak and will impart no unpleasant flavor to the fish.

ROASTED SIRLOIN OF BEEF.

When it is possible, beef should always hang at least forty-eight hours. It improves its flavor and makes it more tender. A sirloin

of beef that weighs ten pounds should roast for an hour and a half. Rub it with a little salt and pepper, dredge on a thin coating of flour, spit it and place it about two feet from a brisk fire.

Put a gill of water in the dripping pan, to prevent the drying up of the juice which drops from the meat. Turn the meat frequently and when it begins to make a frying sound, and the juice begins to fall more rapidly, turn it around oftener.

After three-quarters of an hour of such cooking, move it a little nearer to the fire. Baste it frequently with butter or lard. After basting, dredge on more flour. When that is brown baste again and dredge; continue this process until the meat is done. Prick the meat with a fork and if no bloody juice runs, set it closer to the fire for the final browning. Baste often to prevent burning and when it is brown all over, remove from the spit to a hot dish, and keep it *covered* until it is time to serve it. Skim off all of the fat from the drippings and let it boil until it is thick enough. The flour that has fallen from the meat in the process of basting will be enough to thicken the gravy. Serve in a gravy-boat, and not on the dish with the meat.

OMELET.

8 eggs.

1 teacupful of sweet cream.

1 teaspoonful of flour.

1 teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Salt and pepper to taste.

Break the eggs in a bowl and beat them very light. Mix a teaspoonful of flour in a teacupful of sweet cream. Add this to the eggs with the parsley, salt, and pepper. Beat all well together. Melt a large tablespoonful of butter in a frying-pan, pour in the omelet and let it fry a nice brown, but do not scorch it.

Do not turn it, but roll it up and serve in a hot dish immediately.

BONED BEEF ROLL.

5 pounds of rib beef.

1 pint of bread crumbs.

1 small onion minced.

1 tablespoonful of butter.

1 saltspoonful of ground mace.

1 teaspoonful of powdered thyme. Salt and pepper.

Select a rib piece of beef that is fat and nice. With a sharp knife remove the ribs and fill the cavities with a stuffing made of the above ingredients, moistened with a teacupful of cold gravy or cream. Roll the beef and tie it securely with strong, white linen thread. Put it in a pan with a little water, sprinkle with flour and set it in a quick oven. As it cooks, baste it. Do not let it remain in the oven to get over done, but remove as soon as no red juice flows out when pierced by a fork. Remove the strings before serving. This is a delicious dish.

ALMOND PUDDING.

$\frac{1}{2}$ a pound of blanched almonds.

1 pint of rich cream.

$\frac{1}{2}$ a pound of fresh butter.

$\frac{1}{2}$ a pound of white sugar.

2 large Naples biscuits grated.

5 egg yolks.

Pound the almonds to a paste with rose-water. Cream the butter. Beat together the sugar and egg yolks until very light, add the pounded almonds. Pour the cream over the grated biscuit and mix that thoroughly. Add the butter to the sugar, egg, and almonds, and stir in the cream and biscuit crumbs. Bake in puff paste to a pale brown.

BREAD PUDDING.

$\frac{1}{2}$ a pound of bread crumbs.

1 pint of fresh milk.

1 gill of rich cream.

$\frac{1}{2}$ pound of white sugar.

$\frac{1}{4}$ pound of butter.

$\frac{1}{2}$ pound of stoned raisins.

6 eggs.

$\frac{1}{2}$ of a nutmeg.

Soak the bread in the milk and cream. Beat the sugar and eggs together, and melt the butter. Mix all together and add the raisins. Grate into it half of a nutmeg. Pour in a mould and boil an hour and a half. To be eaten with wine sauce.

Anna Alexander Cameron.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SHOULD WOMEN VOTE ?

AN affirmative answer to this question is strongly urged by Lucy Stone, in the February *HOME-MAKER*. The facts brought forward in its favor, however, may be equally well used against it. We will admit—

That harsh and unjust laws regarding women have existed :

That most of these laws have been annulled, and others favorable to women enacted ; *women having no votes :*

Therefore, we claim, in the present enlightened state of public opinion, the power of voting is not needed to secure women their rights.

It is said, however, that these changes were caused by the persistent agitation of the "Woman's Rights Reformers."

If so, they possess a power, compared with which an individual ballot sinks into insignificance.

Thus far, it is only proven, that the votes of women are *non-essential* to the development of good laws, or of an enlightened public opinion.

Whether the ballot be a right or a privilege, all must acknowledge it a weapon. In what hands does Lucy Stone propose to place it ?

She speaks with indignation of illiterate miners being admitted to the polls ; but her own measure would admit their equally illiterate wives.

To borrow her alphabetical illustration—A. B. C. are intelligent, conscientious women-voters—D. E. F. are ignorant and degraded—if they all vote, the benefit to the body politic is *not* immense !

The time has come for every thinking woman to know her own mind on this matter. To help in a decision, let her get correct information as to the women of the place she lives in ; deduct from their number those unworthy of a vote ; from the number thus obtained, withdraw the proportion whose judgment she would not ask on any matter of importance ; the remainder left will be an indication of the desirability of woman's suf-

frage in her neighborhood, at least ; as regards large cities, universal suffrage is admittedly a failure.

To my mind, the first step toward extending the right of suffrage to women is to restrict it in men. Were every voter required to pass an examination on the map of the United States in the child's first geography, women might well be admitted to the polls. And then ? Why, then—the millenium, of course !

Jesting apart, there are still enactments regarding women which need instant and careful attention. They permit a man to forsake the guiltless wife of his youth. They permit a woman to go from one living "husband" to the next, in a fashion unlegalized in any civilized nation but our own, since the days of the Cæsars. Meantime, their hapless children are forsaken, or combined, as best suits convenience or temper ; to grow up with what respect for home or fraternal ties, their adult years will most surely show.

For change in the statutes—I will not apply to them the sacred name of Law—let every American woman work, and speak, and write, and—*vote if she can.*

S. H. L.

EDITOR OF *HOME-MAKER* :—

Dear Madam : The perplexities of the family described in "Emily's Lovers," in your March number, with regard to breakfast cereals are much like my own on the same subject. And now that doctors are disagreeing upon the oatmeal diet, what are we to do ? I have four children ; but one likes oatmeal, and it does not agree with *him*. Must we give up porridge entirely ? An article before me condemns oatmeal as "pasty, heavy and heating ;" another says it induces cutaneous diseases. Please advise.

MONTCLAIR, N. J. *A Faithful Reader.*

Answer.

To some people, oatmeal is unpalatable ; with others, it is almost as necessary as bread-and-butter at breakfast-time. The stomach needs preparation for solids in a majority of cases. Don't force children to eat even wholesome food which they do not like. The family of cereals is large and respectable.

Hominy, boiled in milk-and-water, then eaten with cream, cools, not heats the blood, and is relished by many. Others like mush well-cooked, and served with the same accompaniment.

Imperoyal vacuum cooked wheat is especially nutritious, and slightly laxative.

Graham flour boiled into soft hasty-pudding, is popular in some households. It is eaten with sugar and cream.

Rexwheat is a delicate and delicious preparation. It should be boiled fifteen minutes in water, then a cupful of milk should be added and the cereal cooked slowly for fifteen minutes longer. Children who do not like or digest oatmeal porridge, often eat this heartily.

Still another excellent cereal for Summer or Spring-time is rice, soaked several hours, then boiled slowly in plenty of water, slightly salted until very soft. Rub through a sieve and let it get cold in a mould. Eaten with cream only, or with sugar and cream, it corrects bowel-disorders and does not load the most tender stomach.

FLOORS AND TABLES.

WITH the spread of Anglo-mania, smooth, bare floors, in early English style, have grown more and more popular, and wealthy men pay more dollars per square foot than I care to specify, for rosewood, mahogany, West India cherry, and antique oak floors, solid, not veneered. And yet, with all this lavish expense, there are few of them more beautiful than some which might have been seen in old Virginia houses, floors of native oak or forest pine, conscientiously put together by a country carpenter, and polished, year after year, with the "dry-rubbin'-bresh," well waxed. Many were satisfied with the native beauty of the wood thus polished, but others used stains, and there was much friendly rivalry among neighboring housekeepers, as to the relative merits of their floors.

At one old homestead, the hall and parlor

floors were a dark-red color like old mahogany ; floors on which the visitor involuntarily hesitated to tread. The secret of their dye was known only to the stately negro major-domo and his mistress, nor was it until the latter lay on her death-bed that she divulged it. In one corner of the plantation was a peculiar red mud, and this, mixed in hickory lye, was applied to the floors, allowed to dry, then rubbed off and the boards polished. This process repeated again and again, year after year, gave the rare rich hue to the old floors. In another old homestead every floor in summer, except those of the bedrooms, which were covered with matting, was left bare, and even an expert would have been sure they were yellow oak, yet they were only pine. Here the mistress made no secret of her method. Strong lye leached from oak and hickory ashes, applied boiling hot, and followed by wax and rubbing.

I remember one especially beautiful floor which was the fruit of invention stimulated by dire necessity. The family moved during the war into a house, in which the parlor floor had become badly weather-stained.

A parlor carpet in those days was as unattainable as a roc's eggs, so there was naught left but to stain the floor, and the stain to be effective must be dark. A strong decoction of chestnut oak bark was applied three times, boiling hot, plank by plank, each time being well rubbed in and suffered to dry. Finally comes the wax and polishing with the brush, this last repeated three or four times every week. Each summer the bark dye was renewed in one application, and in a few years the floor looked like highly polished black walnut, and passing across it you might plainly see your shadow reflected in the wood.

Never French polish was brighter than that given to ancient mahogany tables, many of them brought from England, by the flannel rag and wax, vigorously plied half an hour or more, night and morning, by Betsy or Peter. The house-wife who used a cloth for breakfast and tea, was looked at askance. The ladies of the household vied with one another in fabricating pretty table mats to be displayed upon its surface, which mirrored back not only the dishes set thereon, but the faces of those who sat around the hospitable board.

Mrs. M. P. Handy.



HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS ON PIANO LESSONS AND PRACTICE.

PIANO-STUDENTS, adults as well as children, are prone to fall into very bad habits when practising. The fact that they may have thoroughly competent teachers does not always prevent them from doing so, because it is too often the case that while the teacher is striving to impart knowledge the mind of the pupil is anywhere or everywhere but on the lesson. As a result of such inattention, the teacher's directions are not followed, the lesson is not properly practised and learned, and the greater part of the next lesson-hour must be devoted by the teacher to re-imparting that which should have been thoroughly comprehended during the preceding lesson, and to correcting bad habits resulting from its not having been comprehended and applied during practice. Such being the state of affairs, it is obvious that two lesson-hours must be devoted to accomplishing what could easily have been achieved in one; also, that the teacher labors under great disadvantages, he too often being unjustly blamed by parents, because their children do not progress more rapidly. Parents who are capable of observing their children's lack of progress are not always capable, it would seem, of perceiving the true reason thereof.

In many instances, of course, the bad habits that prevail among amateur pianists are the result of poor instruction. While the quality of musical instruction is infinitely better in this country than it was fifteen or twenty years ago, it varies greatly in different parts, and many, especially those living in country places, do not yet possess the facilities for obtaining a good musical education. It is true that such facilities can always be had by sending children away from home,

but to do that is not in every case either practicable or proper. The only remedy for such a condition of things is for parents to inform themselves as to what are the essentials of a good musical education, and as to what qualifications teachers should possess in order to properly instruct their pupils. It is important for them to remember, also, that their own musical knowledge, if they possess any, must be of the right kind to enable them to do this. They may understand music after a fashion, and yet, having been badly taught themselves, and not having been brought into contact with really excellent pianists, be as ignorant of what constitutes good piano-playing as those who do not know a note.

Let those, then, who have knowledge, ascertain if it is of the right sort; and those who have not, when they are seeking information, make sure that they are applying to reliable sources for it. Let them read up on this subject as they would on any other. The suggestions and directions that accompany Plaidy's "Technical Studies for the Piano" are very explicit; also those contained in "Czerny's Letters to a Young Lady," and other similar works. While some of the points covered in these works might be unintelligible to persons having no knowledge of music, those concerning position at the piano, manner of holding and using the arms and wrists, hands and fingers, and many other essentials, could be readily understood by any person of average intelligence; and those possessing musical knowledge, however imperfect it might be, could not fail to obtain much valuable information. It is a fact, strange, but true, that not only piano-stu-

dents, but very often those who instruct them, never read or seek to apply the valuable notes that always accompany each lesson in all of the best instruction books, and also in the various series of technical studies, as Cramer's, Czerny's, Clementi's and many others.

Children, as a rule, are left too much to themselves during practice hours. Intelligent supervision of their piano practice by parents, or other members of their families, is essential to their rapid progress; and such supervision must depend largely upon the existence of a complete understanding and co-operation between the teacher and the one who supervises the practice. As it is possible for one having no knowledge of music to become informed to a considerable extent through consulting reliable authorities on the subject, it is just as possible for such an one, after gaining all the knowledge possible, in this way, to apply it to one's own piano-practice or to that of another. Experience has demonstrated to us that parents, wholly unable to read and perform music, can gain much theoretical knowledge of it which they can put to excellent use, and which enables them to render efficient aid to a teacher.

Such knowledge could, of course, be acquired from the teacher if one could be positive of his ability to impart it. If there can be no certainty of such ability, however, it is better to seek the information before engaging a teacher, as it renders one competent to a degree, at least, of judging of his ability as a pianist. His method of imparting instruction, and the character of the instruction only, can determine his qualifications as an instructor. A person may be a fine practical musician, and from lack of conscientiousness or faculty, be a poor teacher; while another who cannot, from want of practice or talent, perform even passably well, may make a most excellent instructor. One who plays well, however, all things being equal, is to be preferred, as the pupil can usually learn more quickly and acquire a better style by hearing music well performed than by any amount of verbal directions that a teacher can give.

To parents and amateur pianists who are anxious for information on this subject, a few points and suggestions briefly given may be of some value. Men are not, necessarily, better teachers than women. Because a man calls himself a professor, or is so dubbed by the uninitiated, it does not follow that he is a good instructor. He may be far from deserving the title. A conscientious, compe-

tent teacher will be very strict as regards all the essentials of good piano-playing—as position at the instrument, position and use of arms, wrists, hands, and fingers, touch, time, expression, phrasing, and use of the pedals. The best manner of using the last, it is true, is known, perhaps, to only the very best musicians; but every teacher who has sufficient knowledge to teach even beginners, can at least caution pupils against its excessive and indiscriminate use, and can instruct that the foot should always be raised from the pedal with every change of chord. Aside from these rules, the use of the pedal is largely a matter of judgment and taste.

When parents are satisfied that they have secured a capable music-teacher, they should see to it that his instructions are implicitly followed. If the pupil is too young to fully comprehend and appreciate his directions, the mother should be present during the lesson, and having informed herself in a general way according to the foregoing suggestions, try to comprehend the particular points covered by each lesson, and to see that, when practising, the pupil understands and attends to them. A conscientious teacher who appreciates the mother's motive will not object to her presence at the lesson. By pursuing the course that we have recommended, parents are not only enabled to materially aid both teacher and pupil, but are better prepared to enjoy and appreciate the musical performances of their children and others; and following our suggestions will take much less time than they may imagine. The reading can take the place of the desultory reading at which many hours are possibly spent; and while listening to the lesson and attending to the daily practice, the mother need not hold her hands in idleness.

Two important points to be remembered by parents are, that good pianos and good teachers are necessary at the very beginning of the musical education of their children. The idea is too common that any sort of a piano and any kind of a teacher are good enough for beginners. Consequently, the child's ear and touch are not properly developed, owing to the poor tone and irregular or too easy action of the piano; and he falls into more bad habits than can be corrected in months perhaps, if he has, later, a more competent teacher. Moreover, his knowledge of music will be so imperfect that much re-viewing must be done when he is taken in hand by the better qualified instructor, and a great deal of time and expense are thus needlessly wasted by the false economy prac-

tised at first, or through the ignorance and carelessness of the parents.

Persons selecting a new piano should be careful that the action is not too stiff, as undue resistance to the touch tends to weaken the muscles of the hand, rather than to strengthen them. They should select an instrument, the tone of which is clear, sweet, and sonorous, or having much of the singing quality. Many pianos are as wooden and unsympathetic as many people, while others seem filled with the sensitive, responsive, sympathetic element that dwells in the souls of some human beings; and it is sometimes difficult to believe that such instruments are not, indeed, possessed of souls. It is certain

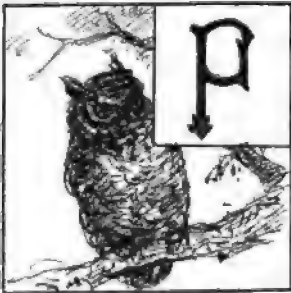
that to the true musician his instrument is a living creation, not merely an ingenious combination of wood and metal.

In conclusion, we would urge amateur teachers to examine into the amount and quality of their knowledge, and to guard against presumption. It is certainly presumptuous for them to attempt to instruct others, if their only qualification for teaching is the ability to rattle off a few pieces, without regard to time, expression, or execution. They are capable of instructing beginners, provided their knowledge, though limited, is thorough, so far as it goes; otherwise, let them seek other ways of making money.

Marie Merrick.



A TOPIC PARTY.



RETTY Linna Morgan's face expressed a mixture of sentiments—some few grains of satisfaction with a larger proportion of discontent and distress.

"Yes, Madeline," she was saying to a girl friend who had come from a distant State to visit her, "they're all coming. Every one, has accepted 'with pleasure.' Now, here it is Tuesday afternoon, and I haven't a single idea for entertaining them. The young people around here are so stiff! They take an age to get acquainted. But yet, they are so nice, I want you to know them. There's Edith Burrell! She loves music and interests every one in her thoughts about it,—she is so original. But, dear me! You might meet her a dozen times before you struck upon

that theme. And Rob Severn! He's well informed on almost every subject, but he's too shy to get started on any one. Oh, Madeline, I know they'll all sit around like mummies to-morrow night just for want of an idea from their forlorn hostess."

"Well," said Madeline, laying down her paint-brush and water-colors, "I've found out that the best way to entertain one's friends is to let them entertain themselves. That is, Linna, for an evening like this, why not have something we can all do together. We might make candy of confectioners' sugar, for instance."

"We did that last week at Ida Decker's, and we ate so much candy we've all been sick ever since."

"Or," continued Madeline, "we might all write quotations, then mix them up and guess the authors."

"I'm afraid we are not literary enough to enjoy any thing of that kind."

"Then why not play Hearts and have some pretty prizes."

"Some of the girls don't care for cards."

"Linna Morgan, you are the most discouraging girl! I'll give you one more suggestion. Now, listen. Make your evening into a Topic Party."

Linna took a deep breath. "What *are* you talking about, Maddy?" she asked.

"The question is, what shall we all talk about at the Topic Party," responded Madeline.

Then she gave in detail a description of an evening she had spent at a friend's the week before she had left her home to visit Linna Morgan.

The next night, as each guest was welcomed by Mrs. Morgan and introduced to Madeline Sargent, he was handed a square card. It was decorated at the top with a design in water-colors, with the date placed below in gilt letters. A list of subjects was printed in old English script down the left side of the card. The young men were instructed to secure a partner among the girls, for each topic. The topic was to furnish conversation for five minutes. It did not take very long to obtain a fair partner for each subject, and the blank spaces at the right of each topic were soon filled with names, as on a dance order.

Some of the topics most eagerly sought for were, "The Last Book I Read," "Give A Conundrum," "Salads" and "Songs." Some of the others on the list were, "The Best Quotation," "German or French," "Boulangier" and "The Indian Question."

Mrs. Morgan rang a bell as a signal to begin, and at intervals of five minutes the same warning created a general exchange among the company. It only lacked a phonograph to absorb all the eager conversation for future amusement and enlightenment. There was not a pause to think of something to talk about with this one and that, for there, down in black-and-white on each one's programme was the subject printed. The groups of two wandered through the parlors and big hall—the distinguishing feature in the Morgan house,—fulfilling Madeline's prediction that "the best way to entertain was to arrange for the guests to entertain themselves."

When the list of topics was finished, Mrs. Morgan led the way to the dining-room for supper. She declared that they must be all talked out, both young people and topics, but from the overabundant conversation at the table one would have imagined that some interesting points had merely been started and still remained to be considered.

Alice M. Kellogg.



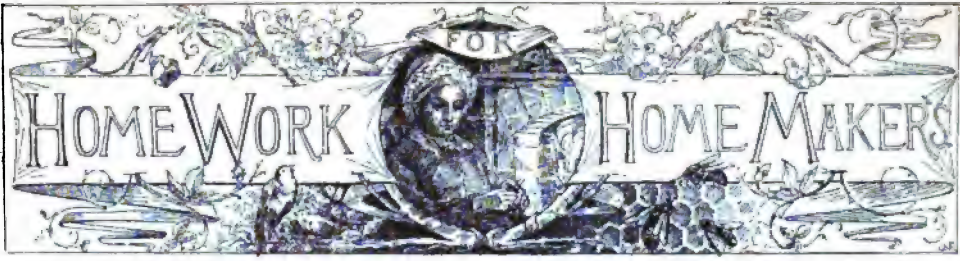
A PICTURE.

An evening sky aflame with sunset glow,
A fair, young moon whose crescent Venus
fills
A vale in shadow 'neath the Western hills,
And over all night's curtain falling slow.

THE MEADOW LARK'S SONG.

A weird, sweet melody rising on high
And filling all the air with pensive sound,
As though some heaven-born strain in its
rebound
From earth soared back into its native sky.

F. E. Snow.



EDITED BY MRS. MARY C. HUNGERFORD.

A MAT IN LEAF FORM—TABLE CENTRE PIECE—EGG COSIES—CROCHETED LACE—NARROW KNITTED LACE—ADVICE COLUMN.

MAT IN LEAF FORM.

WE have gone back, those of us who can afford it, to the sumptuous days of our courtly great-grandfathers, and with the table cloth removed, after the solids are eaten, we take our dessert and coffee on bare and polished tables whose lustre, although darker, is as bright as silver.

The rattle of plates, or the unsightly defacement the rough under ring of a plate may cause to the polished wood cannot be endured, so in front of each person the waiter lays a little mat which serves as protection and decoration. The little mats may be squares, circles or the pretty leaf form our artist has drawn. The large grape leaf should be drawn upon linen and cut out after working. It should be eight inches long, and seven and a half across the widest points. The edge should be finished in but-



GRAPE LEAF MAT.

ton-hole stitch, with a line of long and short stitch following the edge. The veining is done in outline stitch. The material should be thick white linen and the silk of the embroidery may be white or colored. A medium shade of green for the edge, with a lighter green for the veining makes a beautiful leaf.

TABLE CENTRE PIECE.

To accompany the dozen of plate mats in the form described, the mistress of the shining dinner table should possess herself of a central piece to correspond. The one in the drawing has a border of grape leaves which should be worked like the large single leaves with the outer edge cut out after button-holing. The form is oval and the size is a matter of taste. The same color of silk used for the mats should be chosen for the centre piece. The dark leaves which underlie the white ones are covered with a stitch which is shown more distinctly in the small cut.

If a dining table has not the smooth and polished service which warrants its appearance without a cover, the centre piece will find a use, and the leaf mats may be converted into doyleys to put under finger-bowls.

EGG COSIES.

A dish of eggs disguised each in its individual hood or cosy, is a pleasant sight to a breakfaster who abhors cold or lukewarm eggs.

To make a cosy, crochet a chain of six and join in a ring. Work into the ring twelve double crochets. Then work four trebles into the space between two double

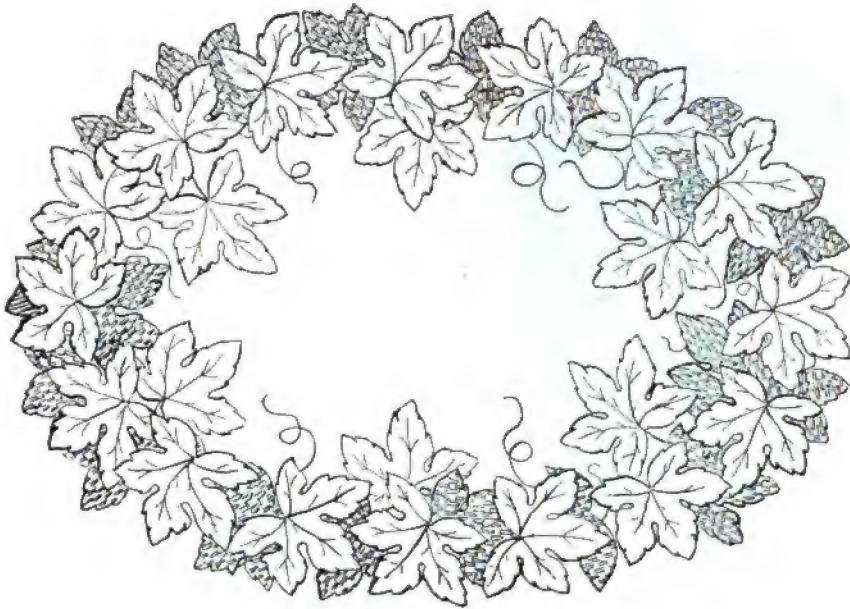


TABLE CENTRE PIECE.

crochets, keeping the one loop on the hook all through till the fourth treble is made, then pull the thread through the loop kept on the needle and the treble will be drawn up into a little puff. Chain one and repeat the four trebles in next space between double crochets of first row. Do this all around, and then make the succeeding rows in the same way, always putting the cluster of trebles between the clusters of preceding row. Six rows of trebles, if single zephyr is used, will make the cosy large enough to just cover the egg. The leaves at the top are made by making a chain with dark green worsted and working double crochet over it, and either sewing or crocheting it together in the form of a leaf. The stem is made of two rows of single crochet. The effect is good if some of the cosies are yellow or red and some white, with the same green leaves or calyx on both kinds.



EGG COSIES.

CROCHETED LACE.

When worked, this lace is even prettier

than the drawing shows it to be. Spool cotton may be used for it, if it is intended as a trimming for cotton or linen articles.

Chain of 27, 6 d. c. with chain of 1 between 3 in 4th stitch of chain, chain 8 and fasten in 8th stitch of chain, counting from scallop just made, chain 8 and fasten 8 stitches farther down chain by 6 d. c. with chain of 1 between 3, chain 2 and fasten 2 stitches farther down chain, 6 d. c. with chain of 1 between 3, chain 3 and turn.

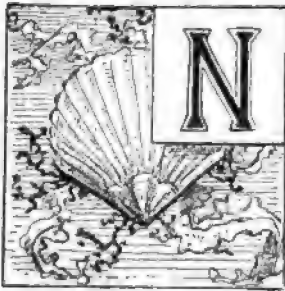
6 d. c. with chain of 1 between 3, chain 2, 1 d. c. and fasten in chain 2 below, chain 2 and 6 d. c. with chain 1 between 3 fastened in middle stitch of 6 d. c. below chain 8, fasten in middle of first chain, passing thread over both previous chains, chain 8, 6 d. c. with chain 1 between 3 fastened in 6 d. c. below 1 d. c. fastened chain 3 at end of last scallop, chain 3 and turn.

6 d. c. chain 1 between 3 chain 8 and fasten as before. Chain 8, 6 d. c. chain 1 between 3, chain 2, 1 d. c. fastened in 1st opening below, chain 2, 1 d. c. and fasten in 2d opening below, chain 2, 6 d. c. with chain 1 between 3, fastened in 6 d. c. below, 1 d. c. fastened in chain 3 of scallop below, chain 3, and turn.

6 d. c. as before, chain 2, 1 d. c. and fasten in opening below, chain 2, 1 d. c. in opening below, chain 2, 1 d. c. in open-



CRUEL CAPS.



NOT for one, but for the sake of *all* "Our Babies," I should like to enter an earnest plea against one of the most popular fashions of the season,—that of close-fitting white caps

for babies and young children.

I confess the fashion is a pretty one. The little round head is more "cunning" than ever in its dainty white hood, particularly if four or five little curls peep out at the back of the neck; and a sweeter frame for a chubby baby face could not be found than the prim little white frill that almost meets under the dimpled chin. Besides this, these little articles can be made most beautiful by exquisite material and workmanship.

Yet, how any mother can, for the sake of the daintiness or beauty of a garment, subject her darling to what must be at times a cruel discomfort I cannot understand.

First—the thin material of the cap drawn tightly over the top of the head is no protection whatever. Let a mother who has just sent her two-year old toddler out for an hour in the Park with nothing on his head but a lawn cap, tie a handkerchief over her own head and sit half an hour in the sun; if she returns to the house without a head-ache she will be a great exception to the rule.

Yet the thought does not occur to her that the baby, whose head is much more sensitive than her own, will suffer the same discomfort as long as he is in the sun. Of course, a child in a carriage, protected by shade or parasol is saved from *this* disadvantage of the close cap, and I am glad to say that some caps are made with fancy puffed crowns that obviate the difficulty, but I am inclined to think this is done more for ornament than comfort.

Second—is it not cruel, in warm weather, when every breath of wind is precious, to so cover the back of a baby's head and neck, his ears, and part of his face that the air cannot touch him? And there is not only the cap, but the hair, the warmest kind of a covering, is pressed tight against the neck so that on removing the cap there is a profuse perspiration all over head and neck and ears. And yet many people think that because the airy-looking little things are so thin and light they must be cool.

Third—and most important, there is not the slightest shade afforded by this perfectly brimless head-gear. The little ruffle of lace or lawn is never put far enough over the face to hide the "bangs;" so the tender eyes are utterly unprotected from the glare of the sunlight. Any *woman* would think it perfectly barbarous if she had to walk in the summer sun with only a small bonnet on and no parasol. Even in winter, when the sun is not nearly so warm and parasols are not carried, every woman knows the extreme discomfort of having the sun in her face if

her hat is small or if she wears a bonnet. I have actually seen a baby in a carriage, driven towards the sun, with only one of these caps on, and it made me think of stories I have read of an Indian torture too horrible to describe here. The parasol had been removed, it was winter time. That was well enough. Sunshine is precious then, but even in cold weather, sunlight would injure the eyes, if they were exposed directly to it.

It is a common sight to see a woman now, wearing a light, airy bonnet, without strings, (they are so warm) and carrying by her side a little child toddling along with the sun on its poor little head, whose only covering is an exquisite piece of lace or needle-work,—its only use to keep neck and face hot, and no protection against light or heat.

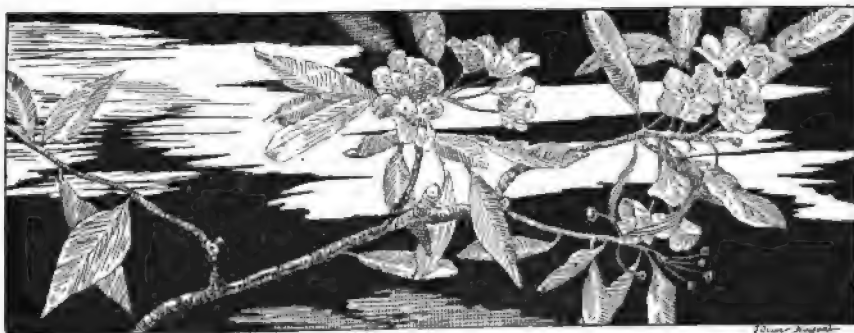
Of course, like all fashions, the close cap is not actually universal. It is refreshing to see now and then a child with a big, white lawn sun-hat on. These are sometimes very

pretty with big fluted brims, and fancy puffed crowns; and in their suggestion of coolness and comfort are far prettier than the caps.

It is a pity that the old-fashioned baby's sun-hat that was made in two pieces, brim and crown, that buttoned on to one another, has quite disappeared. In a hat of this sort there was a fullness formed by the crown being larger than the inner edge of the brim, that caused openings through which the air could pass over the head. They could be made of piqué or even embroidery, and were easily laundered.

Surely in this age of dress reform, we should reject a fashion that so sacrifices comfort; and if *any* member of the family should be exempt from duty to "the style," it is the little innocent who cannot describe his sufferings, and, not knowing their cause, cannot ask for their removal.

Alice Stead Binney.





UNKISSED.

"Quick! The car is waiting, Dolly,"—
"Can't you hold up there a minute?"
"Going? There's no time for folly!"
He's aboard the car and in it.

And, upon the stairway landing—
All her words of love unspoken—
Tearfully, a child is standing
With her little heart half broken.

Charles Henry Lüders.

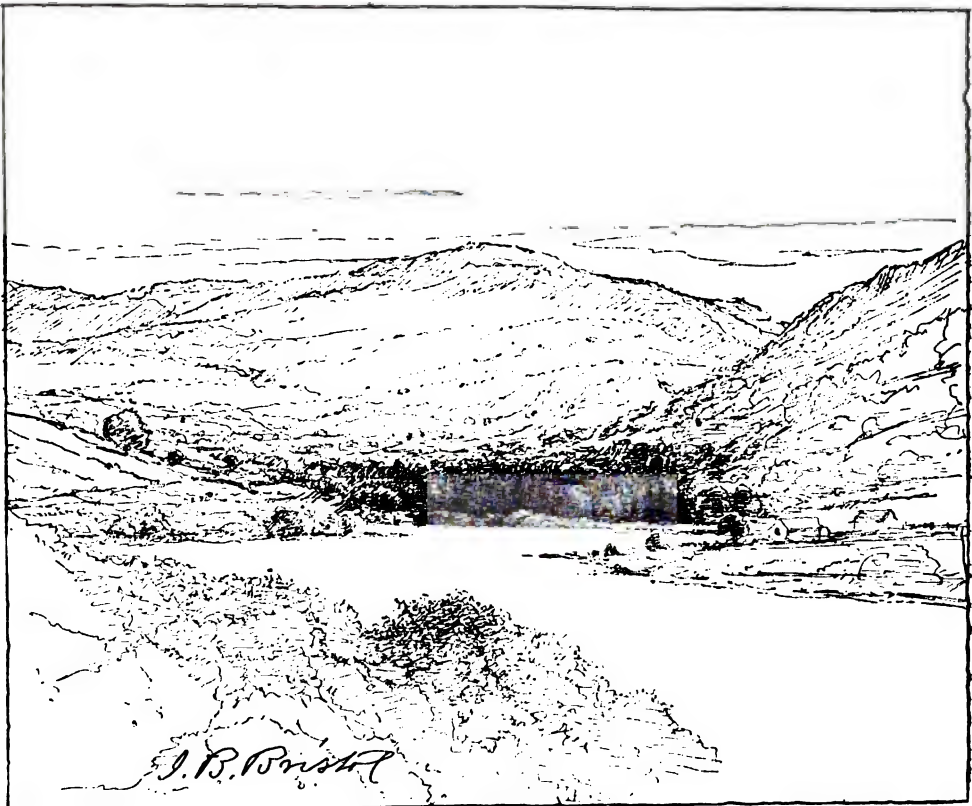


OUT-DOOR STUDIES.

AS the heart is the home-maker, so is it the picture-maker too. It will hardly be possible to give to the art-student a written recipe, which by following out would make him or her a great and distinguished artist,

but there may be a few words by way of direction that might be well to consider.

In the first place be sure that you are in earnest and serious in the matter. Don't paint idly and for fun; for if you do, that





will be about all it will amount to. Don't sketch or work carelessly or with indifference, but be honest and faithful and let whatever you do be yours, the impress of your hand and heart, and tell us what you see and how you see it, and what you feel and how much delight and peace it has given you. The value alone must rest upon its representing your individuality—not what somebody else sees or feels,—but what the trees say to you, how the mountains seem, and how the bright skies look,—to tell with

the hand trembling with delight the simple truth, your little simple story, with no aim but the voicing of your own joy. Starting with this as your purpose, the wayside and field will be filled with glory, and the days shall seem to be let down from Heaven, and as you pack up your traps and go tramping homeward after a sojourn in the fields or the woods, your pulse will beat with gladness and your heart will be full of light.

J. B. Bristol.



GRANDPAPA'S WAYS.

WHAT more attractive picture can be presented to the mind than that of the gentleman of the Old School, courtly, grave, lacking in none of the gallantry of his youth and abounding still in the small, sweet courtesies of life with which he wooed Grandmamma fifty years ago? But it is sad to remark that this portrait is more of an imagination, a "fancy of the mind's eye," than a matter of reality.

Bunner tells us of the dear old lady who "was a beauty in the days when Madison was President" that—

"Grandpapa, on his right knee bent,
Wooed her in stiff, old-fashioned phrase."

She, in spite of time, has lost none of the dainty manners and graces she possessed at eighteen. But what must be her feelings in comparing grandpapa's present actions with those which, she remembers, made him the beau *par excellence* in those far-off days when she gave him her heart and hand!

Once, while visiting in the South, it fell to my lot to be placed opposite a brilliant, elderly professional man. I had been told that he was an F. F. V., a rare scholar, and that, when young, he was the model for all the youths in the neighborhood. He had been "a regular ladies' man," and renowned for his exquisite manners and graceful *savoir faire*.

Although he was now seventy-five years of age, I supposed that—

"E'en in his ashes lived their wonted fires,"—and I was delighted to find that he was my *vis à vis*. I was soon disenchanted. After the first course was well under way he gave himself up to the business of the hour, only breaking his *verbal* silence to grunt "Eh!" or

"What Say!" to some query from his hostess. His napkin was tucked into his collar and he ate fast and noisily—in other words—gulped! He thickened his clear soup with bread crumbs, mixed vegetables and meat together on his plate into a brownish mass with which, assisted by his knife, he loaded his fork to the handle. This performance was accompanied by a series of sounds more forcible than elegant. Three times during the meal he coughed and, turning his chair, expectorated into the open fire-place behind him. These are disgusting details, but far more disgusting in reality than on paper.

Another aged patriarch whose sweet, white-haired wife looks as if she had stepped out of a Watteau-fan picture, always cleans and sometimes pares his nails after taking his seat at table, and before leaving the board tips his chair back on two legs and picks his teeth. It is also one of his "ways" to occupy the most comfortable chairs in the room and let his wife look out for herself.

Still another remarkable man is so confirmed in the vile, beastly American habit of expectoration that even in church he makes himself sickeningly offensive to everyone within forty feet of him. And yet he is a Christian! It is difficult to believe it!

Some one has said that the reason women, as they advance in years, observe *les convenances* more than do their brothers is because of their inherent vanity. Then let them thank the Creator that they are vain if in so being they preserve the equilibrium of their fellow creatures' stomachs. This being the case, we would not lament as did Solomon at "vanity of vanities." Perhaps the preacher

She does not need us, of course; she knows (or *imagines* she does) just what will suit her, and going into "A-s" at once falls in love with "the sweetest, neatest thing!" Now, it happens, that the good things of this life, and a placid enjoyment of the same, have given mother this goodly presence: as she fits on, with evident satisfaction, this bonnet of her choice, let us gaze upon her. O mother how can you be so blind! the red to give (as the milliners tell you) "a bit of

do. She sees mother No. 1 so well suited, she orders one exactly like it.

This is the effect! O, tired and weary one! while we live in the world let us use our eyes, let us consider our angles, rub them off or cover them up, not hold them up to ridicule. If your forehead, young madam, is a receding one, do not hang your bonnet on a small twist of hair at the back of your head and accentuate your angularities thus. Study the line of beauty and give your bon-



style" to the quiet of the black velvet, wars in a truly terrific fashion with the pink of your complexion; the narrow strings are lost in the amplitude of your chin, the shape is simply "no where."

Away with it! Let us try another with my assistance. A subdued tone (a tirtury) of velvet, covers a crown the size of your head; some soft tips nod above your forehead, mixed with loops or folds of velvet, handsome ties hold the bonnet in place and give dignity to the whole structure.

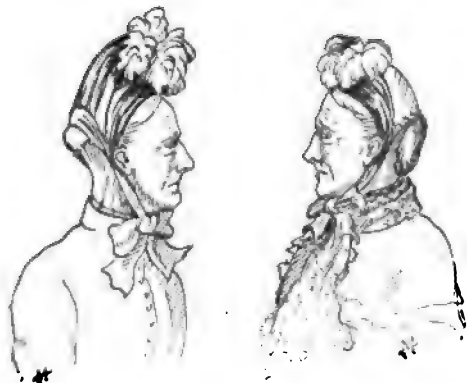
We admire now where we stared before.

A care-worn, time-lined mother comes wearily upon the scene. With *her*, life is too serious a matter for trifles like this; anything as long as it is fresh and good will

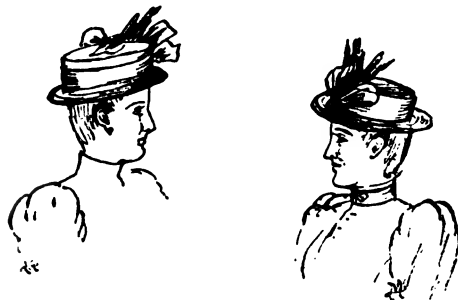
net or hat a curve forward above the forehead, to meet or touch the imaginary line.

The majority of women have noses that require serious consideration; their noses are either obtrusive, or retroussé.

No one with a retroussé nose should wear a hat with a brim drooping, as it were, to meet it, like this, in a most unlovely angle, but once more bear in mind the lines of



THIS IS THE EFFECT!



too large crown

in proportion

beauty, and look for curved brims to make the nose less noticeable and no girl with a good generous nose should indulge in that acme of neatness, the turban, but look out for hats with brims wider than the prominence of that feature. Proportions should be studied in reference to the size of the *crown* of a hat, as even the "Beauty of the Family" may deform herself, if not careful in this respect, *especially* when she chooses one

of "those dear little sailors," which are so appropriate for young girls. For of course youth and beauty are out choosing hats and bonnets, too, and quite endorse Tennyson, when he speaks through "Enid's mother"—

"Let never maiden think, however fair,
She is not *fairer* in new clothes than old."

Mazeen.



ONE DOLLAR'S WORTH OF PLANTS.

IT is not too early to begin to plan for next summer's flowers. And before you begin to make your selections, decide just what amount you can afford to spend in this way, else you will surely be tempted into making too long a list.

Suppose you can afford to spend just one dollar for plants next spring, and want to get as much pleasure as you can out of the investment. What will you buy? The answer in any given case will, of course, depend on what you have or can get from your neighbors.

But suppose you are just beginning in a

new home and it is your own. If you can plant for the future, then let half of your dollar be spent for something hardy; either shrubs or perennial plants. Then if sickness or other hindrance sometimes keeps you from sowing seed, you will still have some flowers.

With that half dollar I would get a *Hydrangea paniculata grandiflora*, a *pyrus japonica*, a rose, and a *hakiana* honeysuckle. This will probably take fifty-five cents; fifteen cents a piece for each except the rose, which you can get for ten. Of course, plants at these prices, with the postage prepaid, will be

small, but they will be well rooted and you will have the pleasure of watching them grow.

The hydrangea is illustrated in most catalogues and pronounced the best hardy white shrub in cultivation. I have had it but two years, as I belong to the class of persons who cannot afford to buy high priced novelties. The first summer mine had three heads of flowers; last summer it had fifteen. Be sure to cut it back every spring, as directed in the catalogues.

The manynamed pyrus, cydonia, or Japan quince is very hardy, but it will probably be two or three years before it will give you any flowers. After it does begin to bloom, it never fails to be a thing of beauty every spring. Buds are often formed in December, but they seldom open; never unless the winter is unusually mild, as the past one has been. Plant in a sunny situation, for the greatest brilliancy.

For the out door rose I would choose La France, though there are many other beautiful kinds. It is described as being a soft silvery rose color. The color of mine varies with the varying degree of heat, but is always beautiful. If you are very far north it might be better to get something hardier, though it is claimed that La France is hardy everywhere. The honeysuckle *haliana* has foliage that is almost evergreen. It is a constant bloomer from the last of May until after heavy frosts in autumn. The flowers are white, changing to creamy yellow. It is usually just coming into bloom at Decoration Day, and is one of the best flowers to use in making wreaths. Do not plant it on the south side of the house; the alternate freezing and thawing would probably injure it.

So much for our hardy shrubs. What shall we do with the remaining forty-five cents? I would get two geraniums, a double pink and a semi-double scarlet. For the latter, try Madame Bruanti which sold last year at fifteen cents. Any double pink described in the catalogue you are choosing from will probably prove satisfactory. I have never seen a pink geranium, either double or single, that is not desirable.

Next; a fuchsia, one that is described as a vigorous grower and free bloomer. If you have not had much experience with fuchsias, you will probably be tempted to get the Storm King, but it does not give nearly as much satisfaction as some others. It is not a vigorous grower and there is not much beauty in a sickly specimen of this plant or of any other.

For our last ten cents we will have either another house plant, a begonia, or a chrysanthemum to plant beside the door. If the begonia is chosen the *rubra* is said to be the best. I have had the best success with some of the common kinds which I cannot name. If you choose the chrysanthemum to plant out of doors, take an early white one. James Vick once said that if he was allowed to cultivate but one flower he would choose the phlox. I have never been able to decide which would be my choice, but sometimes in the late autumn when the chrysanthemums linger after all other flowers have been killed by the frost, *then* I almost think I love a white chrysanthemum better than any other flower.

If it were not that most florists make an extra charge of ten cents for packing less than a dollar's worth, I should certainly have chosen a ten cent scarlet geranium and have had a five cent paper of pansy seed. By all means manage some way to have a paper. A box of pansies in a shady corner of the porch will give you flowers all summer, if you keep the blossoms picked off and do not let the seed ripen.

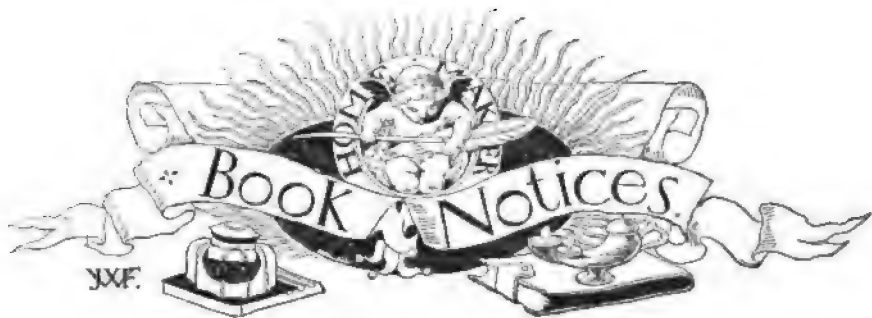
If you do not own your home, you will probably not care to spend anything for hardy shrubs, and will perhaps get more for your dollar by sending for one of the collections advertised by florists; one made up largely of roses, geraniums, and fuchsias will be good. If you have some favorite flower, get a collection which includes it.

If the catalogues you have at hand do not offer plants at the prices I have named, send for others; there are reliable florists who do sell at these prices.

One dollar judiciously spent for flowers every spring will soon give one a good variety. But to spend judiciously one must pass resolutely by the colored plate novelties, however beautiful they may be and however glowing may be the descriptions. Leave them for people who have more money to spend than you have. If they are really valuable they will be cheaper by and by. I waited and watched the price of the hydrangea mentioned for several years before I bought. At last it came down so that I thought I could afford to include it in my dollar's worth.

My list is usually headed with something that I very much wanted the previous spring but did not get because of the necessity for keeping my order within the dollar limit. You see I know by experience one dollar's possibilities in this line.

Sara Clare.



(*The Lily Among Thorns.* By William Elliott Griffis, D. D., Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston).

A brief review of this sacred drama can scarcely do justice to the volume which the scholarly author, the Pastor of the Shawmut Congregational Church of Boston, presents to the public. He has opened the gates for us into a garden of spices, and our introduction to its delights assures us how lovingly he has himself lingered there. The preface justly indicates that "No book of the Bible has been so inaccessible to the ordinary reader, none so walled about, matted over and hidden by tradition, as the Song of Songs." The spiritually-minded of the preachers, as McCheyne, the poetical-tempered students of the literary beauties of the Scriptures, as Hamilton, have gathered here and there a few fragrant clusters, but to the general mind its apparently mystical character has forbidden a free excursion along its fruitful and flowery paths. As an allegory, it has seemed somewhat obscure, rich indeed in its imagery, but Oriental and sensuous in its forms beyond the appreciation of the ordinary taste. The theories of its design and of its appropriate interpretation have also been diverse, while the division of its chapters, and the italicized headings, which latter the author rightly styles "impertinent," yet by some perhaps accepted as included in its inspiration, have beclouded, rather than aided its comprehension.

Whatever may be said by theologians as to the dramatic form in which the author now presents the book, it has the advantage

of a decided scheme and is thoroughly comprehensive. We have in the first chapter the author's theory of the Song and of its interpretation. Following this, we have a rapid sketch of the events preceding the time of Solomon, and certain features of his reign, from which latter and the silence of the Scriptures on the point, the conclusion is stated—"It is almost certain that Solomon did not write either Ecclesiastes or the Song of Songs." Indeed, "he is set before us by the author of that book as a tempter." The "Historic characters in the poem" and "The Poetic Background of the Canticle" precede the chapter upon the "Dramatic Structure of the Song," in which, on page 105, we have the plan in five acts comprising fourteen scenes, which, after a subsequent chapter upon the "History of the Book itself," introduces us to the drama with the actors in their several parts, their recitations and the intervening choruses. The remainder of the volume the author has devoted to "Studies and Comments" chiefly by way of explanation, the drapery of the play. The entire purpose of the Song is to represent the triumph of a pure and true love, over any of its misnamed forms.

As a novel treatment of the sacred theme, as an explanation of an exquisite imagery, and as a book worthy in style of all commendation, "*The Lily Among Thorns*" challenges thoughtful perusal, both by the ordinary reader and the student of the Bible. We shall miss the typical character of reference to Christ and to the church as his Bride, but the more intelligent rendering will make it none the less valuable.

(*Two Voices*. By Henry Harland, (Sidney Lusk). Cassell & Co. New York).

Heredity and environment run mad! Doomed by heredity and then passed over to environment as the executioner. Does it ever strike the apostles of fatalism that heredity and environment are conditions that do not always pull together in harness, that, if they are powers equal in force to one another, there will necessarily be at times, a dual Deity, the one in conflict with the other? It is given to men who are truly great to resist heredity and to declare themselves independent of environment. Indeed, this is the discipline to manhood, part of the experience to moral and spiritual development.

One may look to the author of "*As it was Written*" for that which is weird and creepy. But it would be difficult to find a more uncanny suggestion than is presented under the titles of the two divisions of this booklet, "*Dies Iræ*" and "*De Profundis*." It would be unfair to say more of the distinctive utterances of the "*Two Voices*" that is, to tell any of the features of the brief story; for the incidents are few and employed only to play about the fatalism which it illustrates. One can hardly deem the arguments dangerous, because of their exceeding thinness. The philosophy that wisely makes human law, in the main, indifferent to the influence both of heredity and environment—if these are so unhappy as to presume upon its dominion—evinces that the common sense of mankind may be trusted to define the just bounds of these modern deities, and to hold them to account for their results.

(*The Poetry of Tennyson*, by Henry Van Dyke. Chas. Scribner's Sons).

The author presents us in this volume the tribute of a careful student and admirer of the great poet. In style his workmanship is worthy of the theme, and to say this is to ascribe to the method and manner of it no stinted praise. One who so wisely and justly criticises, becomes the instructor of his time; for where the work has been done with conscientious fairness, as in this instance, true merit is only enhanced to fuller appreciation.

"One thing," says the author in his preface, "that will not be found here is a biography of the poet, or a collection of anecdotes in regard to his private affairs." Yet the opening essays are, in substance, a

biography of the *poetry* of Tennyson. They mark the successive eminences in his poetical career, from the uplands of his earlier attempts to the summit of his later attainment. In so far, the volume might have been aptly entitled "*A Poet's Growth*," so suggestive is it of the gradual and subtle development which adds strength to beauty, and roundness and perfection of form to strength. For Tennyson, perhaps beyond any of our other poets, has learned the value of intervals in his work for mental digestion and assimilation. Consequently, we are familiar with those comparatively long pauses—at one time for ten years, and, later, for briefer periods—in which the great singer has appeared to the public to have lost his voice; only, however, to come before us again with more vigorous and purer tone, to receive the welcome of a heartier applause. These intervals of silent thought and of hiding from the world are but the ripening of powers, generally a profitable process in one who can, for a time, afford to hold his peace.

Of Tennyson it may be said that he is distinctively the Poet. Whatever national characteristics he may possess, whatever his sphere in the social world, they are not made secondary, they are merged in the personality of the *author*. In this form alone he speaks to us, and almost singly in this capacity is he known of us. Of scarcely another can this be so fully asserted. Scott was recognized not merely as the romancist, but as the conserver of the traditions of his land; the weird magician who wove history into the meshes of fancy. Moore was the patriot and parlor balladist. Thackeray and Dickens, matchless in their department, had also a life and association outside of their favorite sphere. Tennyson, however, enthralls us and leads us captive by a single thread. We succumb to the dreamy measures of his "*Lotus Eaters*," linger beside him in silent sympathy in his "*In Memoriam*," melt with his moods of tenderness, or thrill at the courage of his utterance when his country's fame or prowess is his theme.

The comparison of Milton and Tennyson, in style and spirit, which the author has so worthily treated, sometimes in the terse epigram of a single sentence, giving both similarity and distinction, is striking. For instance, in placing "*Paradise Lost*" and "*In Memoriam*" beside one another in illustration, both of which the author says "deal directly with the mysteries of faith and reason, the doctrine of God and immortality," he adds

—in statement of their divergence the one from the other—" 'Paradise Lost' is a theological poem, 'In Memoriam' is a religious poem. The distinction is narrow, but deep. For religion differs from theology as life differs from biology."

And again—"Tennyson *feels* after God, and leads us by the paths of faith and emotion to the same goal which Milton reaches by the road of reason and logic." And, as characteristic of the style of the two poets, similar in certain features, he remarks the difference in saying,—“We might say that Milton is the greater draughtsman, as Michael Angelo; Tennyson, the better colorist, as Raphael.”

Successive chapters treat in whole of several of the longer poems of Tennyson, the influence of the Bible in his writings, in which the author finds nearly three hundred direct references, the book being rendered the more complete by a list of these scriptural allusions, and by a chronology of the prominent dates in the life of the poet, and of the productions of his genius. One could wish that so careful a study might present the literary public and the lovers of Tennyson with a second volume, conveying as charming and appreciative an analysis of remaining poems scarcely referred to in that now before us.

(*Memoirs of a Millionaire.* By Lucia True Ames. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston).

One would scarcely like to say that the "Memoirs of a Millionaire" had its suggestion in Mr. Bellamy's "Looking Backward." It is possible that the same conditions that gave birth to the latter were the brooding impulse of the former book also, for these are days rife with the consideration of social problems. They are alike, however, of the stuff that dreams are made of, and give little intimation of practical relief for present ills. The "Memoir" is a fancy sketch that attempts to answer the question as to the appropriate disposition to be made of the unused millions of the rich, now hoarded, or employed merely to swell the personal importance of the possessors.

The heroine, a young woman of decided opinions, finds herself suddenly the heiress of \$25,000,000, the entire fortune, by his bequest, of a rejected suitor, who, subsequent to his rejection had accumulated this sum in South American ventures. The lady, who to some extent had been a student of social

problems, and had sympathized with the griefs of the laboring classes, accepts this large sum with a true sense of stewardship, and at once seeks counsel from men and women of experience as to a wise disposition of her means. The story of bogus applicants and of impecunious letter-writers by whom she is besieged is humorously told. The extravagant feature is the superior wisdom of her own convictions to that of her counsellors who seem to have been summoned for the purpose of being impressed, rather than to furnish light to this already highly illuminated mind. In these interviews the heiress uniformly poses, at unnecessary length and tediousness, as the patron and instructor of older heads. She has magnificent plans of tenements for the working people, of co-operative housekeeping, cooking, washing, etc. She is so generous as to furnish us with elaborate sketches drawn by her architect, probably for adoption by others, for she is not permitted to remain long enough on the earth to complete and make trial of these remarkable constructions and systems. In this respect the book grows wearisome, and is only redeemed from inexcusable dryness by a love episode, in which the lady appears decidedly more to advantage than in the masculine part she has, to this point, assumed. We would do the author no injustice, by surmising that she has used this method, through her book, of airing her own views upon the several subjects, religious and social, of which she treats.

SPECIAL TO YOUNG HOUSE-KEEPERS.

So many letters are received at THE HOME-MAKER office expressive of interest in the KITCHEN IN MINIATURE mentioned in the March No., that arrangements have been made with the manufacturers to furnish it as a special premium to subscribers.

The Kitchen is a chafing-dish and lamp and five other utensils; viz.—frying-pan, sauce-pan, bake-dish, measuring-cup and large tray. They are made of AGATE-IRON WARE which is not only pretty and durable, but is as easily kept clean as crockery, requiring no scouring or burnishing. The outfit is really all a young couple need in cooking simple meals in the summer season.

It is invaluable to camping-parties and, it may be added, to boarders in farm-houses, who at times, sorely need the comfort of a savory omelette, a broiled bird or chop, and

a cup of tea, surreptitiously prepared in one's own room.



(RETAIL PRICE, \$5.00).

Any one sending FIVE NEW SUBSCRIBERS to THE HOME-MAKER will receive the MINATURE KITCHEN, carefully packed and boxed, and, if within one hundred miles of New York, express-charges paid.

THE GREAT NORTHWEST

Has attractions for everybody. Within its territory are comprised the great States of North and South Dakota, Montana, Oregon and Washington, and the Territories of Wyoming and Idaho. Famous as have become the scenes found within the boundaries of these great divisions, yet there are thousands of people who have never beheld them, and thousands who are not aware of

the wonderful resources awaiting development. Rugged mountains, fertile plains and valleys, a wealth of timber and minerals, splendid stock ranges, pure water, healthy and invigorating climate, good markets, churches and schools, and convenient railroads, are all to be found. If you contemplate a visit to this region, either for business or for pleasure, do not forget that the best route is via the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, whose splendidly equipped trains connect at St. Paul and Minneapolis with through trains of the Northern Pacific and Great North Roads for all points in the far Northwest, including, also, Manitoba, British Columbia and the Pacific Coast. Information concerning rates, etc., furnished on application to W. R. Busenbark, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had children, she gave them Castoria.





MRS. WASHINGTON AND GENERAL LAFAYETTE.—*See page 135.*

THE HOME-MAKER.

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MAY, 1890.

No. 2.

EDITORIAL.

CONVENTION OF WORKING-GIRLS' SOCIETIES.



WORKING-Girls' Society is an organization formed among busy women and girls to secure, by co-operative means of self-improvement, opportu-

nities for social intercourse, and the development of higher, nobler aims. It is governed *by* the members, *for* the members, and strives to be self-supporting."

These words are taken from the programme of a convention recently held in New York. The gathering was unique in character, women and girls from all departments of life meeting on equal grounds to discuss and study problems that closely affect their interests. It was called by the New York Association of Working-Girls' Societies, and the Associations of Boston, Brooklyn and Philadelphia united in making the meetings a success. The object was to discuss more fully than has heretofore been possible the various interests of Working-Girls' Clubs, the promotion of a stronger bond of sympathy among existing clubs, the instruction of those who are starting societies, and the development of new schemes and ideas for the benefit of working girls.

Women prominent in the different depart-

ments of the movement for the uplifting of working-girls prepared valuable papers upon such subjects as these :

What is a Working-Girls' Society, and how to start one ?

Summer vacations. Holiday House.

How can a society become self-supporting ?
The collection of dues.

Practical talks—their function.

Practical classes—which are most useful ?

The relation the societies hold to the Home.

What do working girls owe one another ?

Co-operation and organization. What are they ?

Towards what are we tending ?

The most interesting feature was the reading by the members of short, three-minute papers prepared by themselves. These contained rich thoughts, and showed the true inner life and possibilities of busy girls. The paper upon "Practical Talks," by a silk weaver, was beautiful, almost pathetic in its strength. Miss de Graffenried who read the paper, "What do Working Girls owe one Another?" knew well what to say, for during the past four years she has met and talked with over 11,000 girls, collecting from them statistics for the Department of Labor at Washington. Miss Clara L. Potter has had the privilege of acting as the housekeeper of some holiday houses, where she has had hundreds of wage-earning girls as lodgers and guests. The closing paper, presented by

Mrs. Turner, the mother of Philadelphia Women's Clubs, gave noble thoughts, and made all realize the possibilities of womanhood: that all young girls who are worth anything have it in themselves to be worth more: that they have capacities which may be cultivated, undisciplined forces which may be trained to become a part of the world's rising powers.

This convention marked an era in the history of wage-earners. It was the first time that they, with their more cultured sisters who co-operate with them, had met in a large convention to consider questions which affect them morally, intellectually and physically. Six years ago a small group of thirteen met to discuss what could be done, and last month several hundred, representing thousands of busy girls, met to hear what has been done, and to talk of plans for the future.

The possibility and the fact of such a convention as that held in mid-April, in the greatest city of this continent, are a significant and encouraging sign of the times. While socialists of both sexes plan the overthrow of the existing government, as the only

redress for fancied or real wrongs, this noble body of working-women, each standing fast in her lot, join hands to resist the undertow of debasing influences, make common cause for the help of their sisters and for the world's redemption. The much undervalued churchly injunction, "to do one's duty in the station to which God hath called her," becomes sublime in view of the combined work for good represented by these toiling thousands. Millions of tracts and speeches upon the "dignity of labor" cannot demonstrate the truth with the power and pertinence with which it was brought to the candid mind by the *personelle* of this wonderful convocation. A sea of earnest faces and thoughtful eyes; the stimulus of high purpose and intelligent endeavor; the determination to lift a class, not to desert it; grave, respectful attention to the matters in hand that bespoke consciousness of their weight,—these were the impressions left by the convention upon those who had the privilege of visiting it, while, underlying and ruling all, was a thorough *womanliness* that augurs well for the generation which will follow these pioneers.

THE MARY WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

It is the intention of THE HOME-MAKER to publish—when the whole amount necessary to complete the monument has been received—supplementary pages, containing a history of the enterprise from the beginning, together with the names of all contributors and subscribers who have aided in the noble work.

Now and then, however, interesting notes will be given of incidents which encourage those whose hearts are bound up in the undertaking, and which may incite others to like good deeds. Want of space prevents a full recital of what emboldens THE HOME-MAKER to promise that a fitting memorial will be raised, and before long to her of whom

Washington said: "All that I am I owe to my mother!"

A NOBLE GIFT.

MR. JOHN H. JACK, of Lafayette, Indiana, and Mr. W. R. WOODARD, of Chicago, offer, unsolicited, to "make a donation of an oölite limestone base, consisting of one solid piece cut ready for shaft, and to ship it to Fredericksburg!" The high character of both of these generous men proves satisfactorily to what class of Americans the pious task appeals most strongly.

"*In memory of all good mothers!*" says the letter conveying the offer of the monolithic base—a sentiment worthy of the gift.

Who will respond to it in spirit and in deed?

WHAT ONE LITTLE GIRL THINKS OF GEORGE
WASHINGTON.

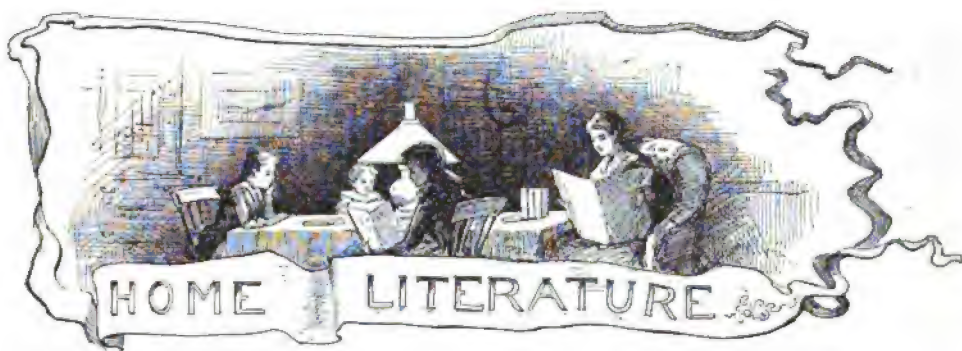
From an inland Western town, a little girl writes: "I have been reading the 'Child's History of the United States' and think George Washington was a very great man indeed, so send this for his mother's monument. It is my own money."

The coin, fastened between two slips of paper, came safely to hand, and will pay for several "hodfuls of mortar."

HOW OLDER GIRLS FEEL AND ACT.

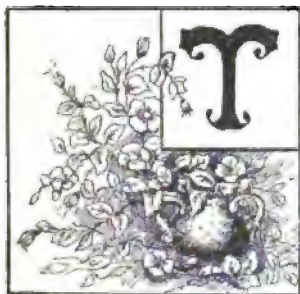
A registered letter from the senior class of the JOHN S. HART School, Philadelphia, containing a handsome donation, suggested the plan, at once communicated to other senior classes, of allowing the school-girls of America to crown the monument with a statue,—the cap-sheaf, as it were, of the grateful offerings of heart and hand.

Girls' schools all over the country are cordially invited to join in this beautiful testimonial, sending their contributions to this office.



ANOTHER OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

"CHAUMIÈRE DU PRAIRIE."



HERE is nothing startling or exciting, or gaudy or ostentatious, or ambitious or abrupt in the beauty of the Blue-grass Country. There are no rushing rivers or rugged mountains. Nature is everywhere here restful, refreshing, graceful, and green, yet grand and glorious in her

simple beauty. It seems a land where God and man should dwell in peace together. To the early pioneers of Kentucky it appeared a land of promise. It was the many glowing accounts of the beauty and possibility for plenty in this lovely land, brought to Colonel David Meade by the early settlers, that determined him to leave one of the most beautiful country-seats in Virginia for a home in this new country. He removed here with his numerous family in the summer of 1796.

Col. Meade belonged to one of the most distinguished families in Virginia and was

the uncle of Bishop William Meade. He was educated in England, and during his early manhood, he was thrown into the gay and busy world of London. Possessing an ample fortune, a highly cultivated intellect, and a pedigree that ran back through the family of the great reformer, Oliver Cromwell, to the ancient O'Conner kings of Ireland, he was enabled to enjoy all the advantages of social position to which these entitled him, and was honored with the friendship of some of the most distinguished men and women in England. But none of these could allure him from the country of his birth and his American home.

Soon after his return from England he married Sarah Waters, daughter of Mr. Wil-

liam Waters of Williamsburg, Virginia, and purchased 600 acres of land on the James River in Prince George County, where he devoted twenty-two years of his life to the improvement and embellishment of his estate. "Maycox," as his place was called, was nearly opposite "Westover," the princely estate of the Byds, who were allied by marriage with the Meades. Above and below on either side of the river were the noted homesteads of the Harrisons, the Carters, the Blands, the Randolphs, and the Mayos—"Brandon" and "Berkeley," "Shirley," "Jordans," "Wilton" and "Powhatan."

Col. Meade exhausted all the resources of art at hand in the embellishment of his estate, but this did not satisfy the cravings of his pure and elevated nature. He longed for the freshness and fragrance, the calm and holiness of Nature untouched by Art. He found what he wanted in the heart of the Bluegrass region of Kentucky. He bought a large tract of land nine miles from Lexington, in the county then called Fayette but now Jessamine, being a portion of the former county taken from it in 1797 and called Jessamine in compliment to the daughter of a Scotchman named Douglas, who owned a tract of land in the county. Jessamine Douglas committed suicide in consequence of an unfortunate love affair.

Col. Meade was attracted to the place he selected as his home by its rare natural beauties, the chief of which were several magnificent groves of sugar-maple. After building a picturesque cottage in the midst of a wide-spreading lawn carpeted in living green and watered by rivulets as clear as crystal, he named the place "Chau-mière du Prairie."

One hundred acres of the tract were devoted to pleasure grounds that were enclosed with a rustic stone fence, over which clam-



DAVID MEADE. (FROM AN OLD PAINTING.)

bered honeysuckles and roses in such luxuriant profusion as to entirely conceal it. At the entrance to the grounds stood a porter's lodge and over the gate was cut in solid stone, "Chaumière du Prairie."

Writes one who often visited the place: "The grounds were extensive and beautiful, and, winding through them, were handsome and carefully cut drives and walks among copses and shrubbery, rich in sylvan statuary and fountains. An artificial lake, with an island in its centre was formed, connected with the main-land by a white arched stone bridge, and on this island workmen were employed first to build and then to throw down a miniature castle, that a view of picturesque ruins might not be wanting. Nature supplied in another place a grotto or a cave within whose recesses there was abundance of sparkling stalactites—and where it is said were found gigantic human bones that must have belonged to people at least nine feet high."

The entrance gate to the park swung between two massive columns, the capitals to which were unique and beautiful, being formed by the roots of trees carved by Nature. Four men were kept constantly occupied in mowing the grass, and not under forest or fruit tree was a leaf or twig allowed to remain on the velvet turf. "Once, tradition says, on the site where the old house now stands arose castellated walls whose turrets and battlements, constructed after the old Norman plan, seemed strangely out of place in a country where few men of those who were best off in worldly possessions aspired to anything beyond a dwelling of hewn logs." But this very quaint house was really built at different times in different styles and of different materials.

One of Col. Meade's granddaughters, Mrs. Susan C. Williams of Fort Wayne, Indiana, writes in 1879, when she was past seventy: "The house was what might be called a villa, covering a good deal of ground, built in an irregular style of various materials—wood, stone, brick, and one mud room which was quite a pretty and tasteful spare bedroom. The part composed of brick was a large octagon drawing-room. The dining-hall was a large square room wainscoted with black walnut, with very deep window-seats where we children used to hide ourselves behind the heavy curtains. There was one large square hall, and numerous passageways, lobbies, areas, etc."

In a letter received from Mrs. Anna Meade-Letcher, great-granddaughter of Col. Meade,

who lives at present about ten miles from "Chaumière," she writes: "Most of the house was but one-story, but it contained a great number of rooms, which were richly and beautifully furnished. In the drawing-room hung four handsome mirrors which were draped, as were the windows and eight sides of the room, with brocaded satin hangings.

"The large square hall was called the 'stone passage,' where in summer the tea was served. A very singular incident occurred one lovely summer evening, when the family with a large number of guests were assembled for tea. A beautiful bird of paradise flew into the hall and, perching upon a bracket, seemed to watch with interest the tea-drinking. After a while it flew out into the grounds, where it stayed during the summer, apparently as much at home as if it had always been there. It was discovered afterwards that this rare bird had escaped from a menagerie."

At that early day "Chaumière" was said to be the most highly and tastefully improved country-seat in the United States. Dr. Craik, late rector of Christ's Church in Louisville, describes "Chaumière" as he saw it in 1825: "To see such a place at that time—1825—was a pleasure which could not be given by anything of the like sort in America. Every one who went to Lexington, or to any part of the Blue-grass country, visited 'Chaumière' as a matter of course, to enjoy the wondrous beauty which the taste and genius of one man had created. The result was that for a time every day it was like a levee at 'Chaumière.' This made it necessary to appoint two days in the week for the reception of visitors."

In a letter written in 1818 by Dr. Holley of Boston, then the distinguished President of Transylvania University, he says: "I went with a party of ladies and gentlemen nine miles in the country to the seat of Col. Meade, where we dined and passed the day. This gentleman, who is near seventy, is a Virginian of the old school. He has been a good deal in England in his youth, and brought home with him English notions of a country-seat, though he is a great republican in politics. Mrs. Meade is very mild and lady-like, and, though between sixty and seventy, plays upon the piano-forte with the facility and cheerfulness of a young lady.

"Col. Meade is entirely a man of leisure, never having followed any business, and never using his fortune but in adorning his place and entertaining friends and strangers. No word is ever sent to him that company is

coming. To do so offends him. But a dinner at the hour of four is always ready for visitors, and servants are always in waiting. Twenty of us went one day without warning, and were entertained luxuriously on the viands of the country. Our drinks consisted of beer and wine. He does not allow cigars to be smoked on his premises."

In another letter written in the same year by Col. Simeon H. Anderson, a prominent citizen of Kentucky at that time, we have an interesting account of a Christmas dinner: "The entertainment given by Col. Meade at 'Chaumière' on the 25th to about one hundred guests, I think, in management, in order, in simplicity of style, and without the least ostentation though all the surroundings were profusely rich, surpassed anything of the kind I have ever witnessed.

"The art of entertaining guests has been fully mastered by Col. Meade and his interesting family.

"The Colonel has greatly improved his residence since I saw it five years ago. His house is large, and the magnificent rooms are furnished with taste and consummate art, and there is an exhibition of surpassing brilliancy produced without any apparent attempt. The dinner and refreshments distributed among the guests were in keeping with all the other surroundings and all were made merry, not with metheglin, or with wine or brandy, or anything intoxicating."

Among the many distinguished guests entertained at "Chaumière" were five Presidents—Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Monroe and Gen. Jackson, Gen. Scott, and Gen. Taylor. The two last were unknown to fame during the time of their visits.

The Blairs, Browns, Breckinridges, Marshalls, Floyds, and Leighs were visitors there. Congressmen, Senators, Governors, and distinguished strangers from abroad were entertained in that hospitable home.

But Col. Meade's hospitality was not confined to the rich and great. He only demanded that his guests should be refined and reputable. He could not tolerate coarseness and vulgarity. He extended charity and hospitality to all who were in need of either or both. Henry Clay, then a young man, was a frequent visitor and a great favorite at "Chaumière."

Col. Meade was a Christian, but he was a patrician. It is said that a stone-mason who was asked in to dinner declined and threw up his job of work because the men employed by him were not included in the

invitation. "That man will be Governor yet," said Col. Meade, and his words proved true.

Mrs. Anna Meade-Letcher writes me: "Of all the distinguished persons who visited 'Chaumière,' I have heard my grandmother talk most of Aaron Burr and Blennerhassett. At one time they made a visit of several weeks together at 'Chaumière,' and were present at the marriage of Col. Meade's youngest daughter, Elizabeth, to Judge Creighton, of Chillicothe, Ohio, and also at the baptism of all the grandchildren of Col. Meade, as well as all the little negroes then born. They were baptised by the first rector of Christ's Church, Lexington.

"After Burr's arrest he was, through the influence of his schoolmate and friend, David Meade, eldest son of Col. Meade, permitted to remain three weeks at 'Chaumière,' under guard of his friend.

"Although Aaron Burr was polished and courtly in his manners, it is remembered in the Meade family that he had the habit of always smelling the bread before eating it, and on observing the consternation of his accomplished hostess, apologized by saying he had a 'very peculiar stomach, and could not eat a morsel of bread that was in the least sour.'

"There is still in the Meade family, in a good state of preservation, the tablecloth upon which Mrs. Creighton's wedding breakfast was served, at which Burr and Blennerhassett were present. There is also in the family a very antique mirror, before which Aaron Burr sat and had his hair powdered and queue arranged to suit his vain and fastidious taste, before entering the drawing-room, to use all his artful fascinations upon the ladies, whether handsome or homely, young or old, bright and entertaining or dull. He never forgot his policy to charm and beguile all who came in his presence." Mrs. Letcher continues: "Next to Burr and Blennerhassett, my grandmother considered Andrew Jackson the most remarkable man she ever knew. She has often described to me how he looked on his war horse as he came through the gates of the porter's lodge and rode up to the house.

"Only a few weeks after the death of Col. Meade, Edward Everett visited 'Chaumière.' My mother had the pleasure of showing him all the objects of interest in and out of the house. Being an expert with the oars, she took him a row on the lake in her boat, 'Ellen Douglass.' Mr. Everett laughingly called her the 'Lady of the Lake,' and as



CHAUMIÈRE—FRONT AND END VIEW.

long as she was a girl she was known by that name. Mr. Everett had just returned from a long stay abroad, where he had become quite a connoisseur in art, and he pronounced the art collection of 'Chaumière,' although small, equal in merit to any he had seen abroad."

It is said Col. and Mrs. Meade never changed their style of dress. He wore a square coat and knee breeches, the fashion of English gentlemen when he was living in London. The color of his clothes was always the same—a peculiar shade of drab with court vest and great cuffs. His silk stockings were gartered with jewelled buckles, and the buttons of his coat and vest were of silver, with the crest of the Meades on them.

Mrs. Meade's dress was always of satin, with handsome laces or embroideries, and she wore always the ruff and cap of a century ago. On wedding occasions, or large entertainments, she added handsome jewelry to her toilette.

There were at least twenty servants em-

ployed about the house, besides old Dean, the butler, and the housekeeper, Betsy Miller, two of the most interesting members of the "Chaumière" household. There were cooks, dining-room servants, coachmen, footmen, outriders, valets and serving-maids. Old Dean, the faithful and accomplished butler, deserves special mention. He was a slave, but was made free at his master's death, and well provided for.

Mrs. Letcher writes: "I remember him well. I have heard numbers of persons who visited 'Chaumière' say they had seen but few men who could equal Dean in grace and polish of manner, that even Mr. Clay, upon his frequent visits, had to be careful not to allow Dean to surpass him in his elegant and graceful reception, as he met him at the door with silver salver in hand to receive his card. Not only valuable property, but the persons of the establishment were committed to his faithful care, and confidential correspondence was given into his hands for safe delivery. The plate and jewelry were in his keeping, and he was responsible for the



"THEY GAZED ANXIOUSLY AFTER THE DEPARTING CARRIAGE."

Then Mrs. Daniel raised her head a little way.

"Never mind, Lucy, I know it is selfish of me, when you don't care to go. I will go alone. It is not far and I shall get along very nicely." Mrs. Daniel rose from her knees with a great assumption of cheerfulness.

"O Cora dear! I was only teasing you. Of course I'll go with you, there—I really believe you were about to cry. I'm a wretch. Aren't you well, Cora? Your hands are so hot. When do you want to go?"

"I don't know—I must find out about the trains first. Ask Jennie to send William

up-stairs, please dear; we'll not start till after luncheon."

"She is very much excited over something," thought Lucy, as she left the room: "It will be strange if I don't find out all about it before we get down there."

In ten minutes the footman returned from the Brunswick with a schedule of the Long Island Railway. Cora ran her eye down the column.

"Twelve-thirty, one-thirty, two-thirty. We will have luncheon early and make that one-thirty train. Now, William, call a messenger-boy and send this telegram down to Mr. Daniel's office."

At luncheon the lady had a message from her husband:

"Called out of town on business—don't wait dinner for me.

"J. D."

In the middle of the afternoon two young women alighted at the Cedarhurst railway station. One was fair, with bronze-colored hair; the other was shorter and dark: both were pretty and handsomely dressed.

"Have you any idea where she lives, Cora?" asked the younger of the two.

"No, let us go to the hotel and get a carriage; I suppose they will know there."

A man driving a somewhat rickety looking conveyance coming along at this moment,

was hailed by the ladies, and replied to Mrs. Daniel's inquiry about the Wheatleigh cottage, that he knew it very well.

"Not more than a mile from here, ma'am."

Cora was silent during the ride through the village and over the country road. The beauties of Nature which she had so longed for, according to her talk with Lucy, interested her now not at all, for she hardly looked to left or right.

"What am I going to do after I see Nettie?" she was asking herself: "shall I question her?—oh no!"

"I almost wish I had not brought Lucy—I wish I had not come myself!" Her sister-in-law looked at her from the corner of her eye now and then, but asked no more questions.

"Here you are, ladies," called the driver as he drew up before a little white house.

"Is this Nettie's cottage?" said Lucy. "Well, I don't think it is anything so remarkable. They are at home, Cora, I see somebody at the window."

Mrs. Daniel paid and dismissed the man. Five minutes later, the two ladies hurried back to the gate and gazed anxiously down the road after the departing carriage. The house belonged to a Mr. Wheeler, and he knew nothing of their friends.

"Oh, what shall we do?" cried Mrs. Daniel in dismay.

"We can only walk back to the hotel," replied Lucy, "perhaps we will meet another carriage. But my! isn't it hot? and so close."

They had walked perhaps ten minutes along the lonely highway when Mrs. Daniel said, "Lucy, it is going to rain—see that bank of clouds—and, oh, look at these trees down the road, how they are bending!"

"What shall we do?—we must run for that big house across the fields."

"We can never make it, Lucy!"

"Run, run!" replied her sister.

Five minutes more and the storm was upon them. Mrs. Daniel had brought a light silk umbrella, but the wind struck them with such force that it was wrecked immediately. Lucy espied a little wooden shed a few rods away.

"We must go in there, Cora," she panted, "or we'll be drowned."

They rushed into the little ram-shackle structure just as the storm burst in its fury. Lucy's hat was hanging by the strings from her neck and her hair was blown in every direction. Both ladies had received enough

of a wetting to cause them to feel very dispirited and unhappy.

"Oh, Cora, isn't it awful? but I'm thankful—"

"Keep movin', ladies!" called a queer, cracked voice.

"Mercy, Lucy—look there!" cried Mrs. Daniel.

An old horse with marvellously attenuated frame was bearing down upon them: his glassy, unseeing eyes were but a few feet away. The two women sped along in front of the animal, and looking about them found they were in a little round hut, open on all sides; indeed, it was nothing but a roof supported by upright poles. A grizzled old man was driving the horse around a circular track. The animal, hitched to a horizontal pole, connecting with a mill in the centre of the ring, was, in his slow march, grinding out some bark which the old man, from time to time, put in the hopper. In order for the ladies to remain under shelter from the rain, now pouring in torrents, and out of the horse's way, it was necessary for them to keep in constant motion.

"It's a bad sort o' day, leddies," said the old man; and without waiting for an answer he began crooning a song in his thin, quavering voice.

"We have lost our way and were caught in the storm," said Cora, as the young women followed behind him. "May we stay here until it is over?"

The veteran continued his song, paying not the slightest attention to the question.

"May we rest here?" repeated Mrs. Daniel.

"This is a tan-mill, leddies," replied their host, cocking one eye at them over his shoulder.

"Lucy, I believe he is deaf."

"Heavens, Cora! Will we have to keep on following this old horse all the time we are here? Why, it may rain all day! How long before you stop?" she called.

"When you and I were young, Maggie"—a tremendous crash of thunder drowned the next line of the song.

"Oh, Cora, this is simply horrible! Why did you bring me down here? I am ready to drop with fatigue, and here we are caught in a—a—treadmill." Lucy began laughing an hysterical laugh which might end in tears.

Mrs. Daniel stepped forward until she was immediately behind the old fellow.

"My sister and I are very tired," she

shouted—"won't you please stop your horse awhile?"

"Can't do it, leddies—must make hay while the sun shines." Then with a twinkle under his shaggy eyebrows he added, "'Tain't shinin' much, though, just now."

"What an old wretch!" said Lucy as she caught up with her sister. "Cora, I mean to walk just as slow as I can: I suppose, though, he'd go right over us. Just listen to that song! Do you believe he ever could have been young, or had a Maggie?"

For ten minutes or more the ladies trudged wearily around the ring. Their skirts were wet and heavy. Lucy had just avowed her intention of sitting on the shaft which turned the mill and riding around with it, if she must keep in motion, when they heard a sound of running feet, and a young man plunged into the hut.

"Halloa, Uncle Amos," he cried, "you're not washed away, eh? Have you seen anything of a—Oh, I beg pardon," politely removing his hat as he caught sight of the two ladies, "I did not know there was anyone here."

Mrs. Damiel and Lucy halted a moment, evidently intending to be the last of the procession. With a bow he stepped forward and joined the old driver.

"Thank heaven for a man!" whispered Lucy, "I hope he'll strangle that old ogre."

The newcomer was slight and not at all ill-looking. He had a smooth, boyish face, wore eye-glasses, and had on a mackintosh and rubber hat.

"Have you seen a run-away, Uncle Amos?" he cried, "I've lost my horse."

"Ain't seen him," replied the old man stolidly. "Get up, Ned!"

There was silence. "Cora," whispered Lucy once more, "do you suppose he will let this go on? It's outrageous."

"Hush!" said her sister.

"When will you be through here, Amos?" called the young man.

"Six o'clock," was the mumbled reply. "G'lang!"

"Six o'clock?"

"Yes. Must make hay while the sun shines, you know, he—he! That's what I told them leddies, he, he, he!"

"But I say, this can't go on," shouted the other.

"Can't, eh? Why not? Poor people have to work."

"But it's raining!"

"Yes—I know it."

"And there are two ladies here."

"Yes, I know that, too; I told them they could stay," chuckled Uncle Amos.

"But you don't expect these ladies to walk around the track after you and old Ned till it stops raining, do you?" bawled the young fellow.

"No—not if they don't want to." Old Amos stumped to the centre of the ring and poured a shovelful of bark into the hopper.

The young man glanced anxiously over his shoulder. Cora was about to speak, but Lucy squeezed her arm.

"Ladies," he said, "if you will allow me to suggest that if you step nearer the centre you will not have so far to walk."

Cora bowed slightly in acknowledgment and came near to the hopper, Lucy followed a step or two only, and they continued to describe circles, but smaller ones.

"I think I can persuade him to stop in a few moments," continued the newcomer.

"Uncle Amos, how much is the rest of this day worth to you?"

"About three dollars, I reckon," replied the old man, unblushingly.

The other hastily unbuttoned his mackintosh and began going through his pockets.

"Lucy, I can't allow him to pay that man for us," said Mrs. Damiel in a low voice. "I must speak now."

The result of the investigation did not seem to be very satisfactory, for the young man's face was very red as Mrs. Damiel stepped forward.

"You are very kind, sir, to take so much trouble for our comfort. As it seems to be necessary to pay the old man to stop his horse, will you please take my purse?" And she extended it to him.

The young man flushed anew. "The price he asks is outrageous," he said. "I have unfortunately left my pocket-book behind me; I will try again, but please let this be my affair. I assure you I do not feel like walking any more myself."

Lucy had dropped as far in the rear as possible during this conversation, and while watching the two did not notice her proximity to the horse. A wild shriek suddenly rent the air. Blind old Ned had overtaken Lucy, the first intimation she had of the fact being the clammy contact of his nose with the back of her neck.

"Oh, gracious heaven!—Oh, Cora!—I cannot stand this another minute," she cried. "Give me the umbrella, and I will go outside."

Mrs. Damiel silently handed her the um-

rella. As Lucy attempted to raise it, it collapsed into a melancholy mass of twisted ribs and torn silk.

The unknown sprang forward at this, and seized the horse by the halter. His eyes flashed behind his glasses, and his whole being breathed defiance.

"This has got to stop !!!" he roared.

Old Ned seemed nothing loath, and came to a dead stand. Lucy's eyes were eloquent with gratitude. "He is really handsome," she thought as he stood facing Uncle Amos, heroic and determined in his wrath as though he were another Theseus, and old Ned a Minotaur.

"It has, eh?" said Amos, in bewilderment.

"Yes, not another step does this horse take until the rain is over and these ladies can leave."

"And who's going to pay me?"

"Come to the house this afternoon, or in the morning—whenever you want to."

Mrs. Daniel once more came forward with her purse, this time going direct to old Amos, and putting the money in his hand. The young man raised his hat and came gracefully down from his lofty character of deliverer.

"I am your debtor, Madam," he said.

"Thank'ee, ma'am. I'll take Ned and put him up now, leddies, so that ye may be quite comfortable." And in a minute more the horse was unfastened, and old Amos shuffled behind him out into the rain. "Good day, leddies," he said grinning over his shoulder, "good day, Mr. De Forrest."

"DeForrest!" Mrs. Daniel almost spoke the name aloud in her surprise. The young gentleman was laying his mackintosh, dry side up, on the earthen floor with the galantry of a Sir Walter Raleigh.

"You must be tired, ladies. Will you sit down here?"

This then was Bennie De Forrest—her husband's friend—who had sent the telegram she read in the morning!

Lucy with a murmured "thank you," was about to accept the proffered resting place when Mrs. Daniel said, brusquely:

"I think we may start now, Lucy—the rain has slackened somewhat."

As though in mockery of her words there came a loud crash of thunder, and the rain began pouring harder than ever. Lucy gave a little scream, then laughed while Mr. De Forrest stared.

"Perhaps we can reach that house over there and they will give us shelter," continued Mrs. Daniel.

"That is the house of my uncle, Colonel DeForrest," said the young man. "I have only waited an opportunity to offer you its hospitality. I will go for a carriage at once."

And he would have darted out in the rain without offering to take his mackintosh, on which Lucy had just comfortably settled herself.

"No, indeed, I beg you will do nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Daniel hastily. "I much prefer to remain here."

Lucy thought her sister-in-law was behaving in a most unaccountable manner and tried to atone for her ungraciousness.

"It was very kind of you to come to our rescue," she said smiling, "I don't know what we would have done otherwise."

"Oh, it was nothing," replied Mr. De Forrest, who felt very little like a hero, remembering Mrs. Daniel's three dollars. "Old Amos only wanted a man to take hold of him."

The young girl very much wished Mrs. Daniel would sit beside her, but that lady had retired to the other side of the hopper and seemed to be drying her wet skirts with her handkerchief, in a very elaborate manner.

Mr. DeForrest dropped on the tan bark near Lucy.

"With your permission," he said.

Gradually, and before the girl was aware of it, they were off into an animated conversation; Lucy was hearing how Mr. DeForrest was just starting to the station to meet a friend when his horse broke loose and ran away. "He'll come back to the stable all right, but he's made kindling-wood of my uncle's Brewster long before this. Do you know, when you laugh you're just like a cousin of mine,—an awfully jolly girl from Albany, Genevieve Ralston; she was here last week but—"

"Genevieve Ralston your cousin!" exclaimed Lucy.

"Yes—did you ever meet her?"

"Why I went to school with her,—and she is here?"

"No, she's gone home. How awfully jolly that you know her, though!"

Mrs. Daniel was looking from behind the hopper with wide open eyes. Lucy knew this woman!

"Oh, what a charming girl she used to be—and so bright! to hear Genevieve laugh was a privilege. Has she as many admirers as ever? She used to have dozens of them at school."

"Oh, yes indeed, and she'll be down here again in September. I know she'd be delighted to see you, and if I might tell her that—" Bennie looked appealingly into the young girl's face.

"Ask Genevieve if she remembers—"

"Lucy!" called Mrs. Damiel sharply, "come here, please—I want you. Do you know who that man is?" she whispered as she drew the girl to the other side of the shed. "He may be a gambler, or an adventurer—I don't like his face at all. I am surprised at you to talk in so familiar a manner to a strange man!"

"But Cora, I think it is necessary to show him some politeness—think what he has done for us! besides he is not like a perfect stranger; I know his cousin Genevieve—didn't you hear?—a lovely girl!"

"A brazen piece! I have heard of her, too. He told a falsehood when he said she had gone away, she is here—a girl who receives calls from—," Mrs. Damiel bit her lip.

"Cora, what do you mean?"

"Ladies?" said Mr. DeForrest somewhat stiffly, "I think I can place a carriage at your disposal in a few moments. I am expecting a friend from New York, and should this be he, you can return to the station in his conveyance in time to catch the five o'clock train."

The two women saw a cab driving rapidly along the highway. It stopped and turned into the carriage drive of the big house.

"Yes, it's Jimmie," cried Mr. DeForrest excitedly, and placing his hands to his mouth he shouted, "Oh driver—driver! I say, Jimmie!"

"This way! All right, he sees me. An awfully nice fellow," he said turning to Lucy, "came down this afternoon to see my uncle's mare; we were going to put her through her paces on the track this afternoon, but the rain has spoiled all that. She is a beauty—I wish you could see her; do you like horses? And, by the way, she's named 'Genevieve R.,' after Cousin Genevieve. Gen took such a fancy to her that uncle promised to make her a present of the mare, and she's to be shipped to Albany tomorrow. I wanted Damiel to have her, though—it's a shame to take such a horse off the track. She'll trot in two-twelve in another year. I've no doubt my friend can have her if we both get at Uncle Joseph. I suppose Gen won't like it, but think of a girl owning Genevieve R.—there's a fortune in her! Here's Damiel,—excuse me

a moment, I'll run and meet him." And he dashed out into the drizzling rain.

"Cora, did you hear what he said? Damiel—Jimmie Damiel! can it be brother James?"

"Very possibly," replied her sister-in-law, quietly.

"Then if he is brother James's friend, he's not a blackleg," said Lucy stoutly.

"Lucy, I can't meet James here," said Mrs. Damiel, suddenly. "Come quickly, if we reach that clump of trees there we can make the road unseen—come!"

And catching Lucy by the wrist, Mrs. Damiel started to run. Lucy, bewildered, suffered herself to be drawn along, hardly realizing what they were doing.

"Damiel, here's a couple of jolly handsome girls caught in the rain in this old shanty," said Mr. DeForrest, breathlessly, thrusting his head in at the window of the cab. "I want you to offer them your hansom back to the station. It would be a great lark to get them to stay till after dinner so long as we can't speed the mare. I get along first rate with the little brunette, but the other one is a high and mighty creature with bronze hair and gray eyes, who treats me as though I were the dirt under her feet. Maybe she'll like your looks better."

Mr. Damiel descended from the cab, and picked his way through the wet grass with his dainty patent-leathers.

"By Jove, Damiel, they've cut and run—look at that! Shall we give chase? Come!"

Mr. Damiel stopped and put up his glass.

"Bless my soul, that's my wife! What does this mean, DeForrest?"

"Your *what*! ! !"

"My wife, sir," said Mr. Damiel, very red in the face, "and the other lady is my sister. Now will you explain why I find my wife here with you, and why she is running away from me?"

"For heaven's sake, Damiel, be calm! Those ladies came in here for shelter from the rain. I don't know either of their names, but upon my soul, I think you are mistaken."

"Mistaken, sir? Don't you suppose I know my own wife?" roared Mr. Damiel. "I'll hear what she has to say about this." And he took a step toward the spot where the two women were concealed behind the trees.

"Damiel, you shan't go under a mistaken impression—don't make a scene, Jimmie—

listen to me a minute. Of course your wife doesn't know it is you—she didn't like my company a bit, and has been anxious to go for a long time, now——"

"Out of the way, sir, let go my arm, or——"

"Goodness me, Cora!" said Lucy peeping out, "look at that! James is going to knock that little fellow down. O Cora, what a foolish thing it was to run! We must go back at once. You wouldn't tell me, but I know all about it now—leave everything to me," she said hurriedly; "come quickly, Cora, don't let it look as though I were pulling you, and smile, it is a joke, do you hear? laugh!"

"O brother James, is it really you, and are you alone? Ha, ha, ha! I knew you'd be surprised. You know, Cora and I came down to see Nettie Wheatleigh, and got lost, and the storm came up, and oh James, if you could have seen us run! ha, ha, ha! Then we came in here, and there was an old horse and an old man, and we had to walk around this ring till we were ready to drop, and this gentleman was so kind and he sent the man away after the horse had almost run over me and scared me so, and just now we found that he was your friend and that you were coming—that you were here; it was all so sudden, and I thought you'd be so surprised, and then I thought as you were coming to the races you'd have a lot of gentlemen with you, and Cora was afraid to see anybody because we were so wet and looked so horrid, and we thought you'd be angry, so we just made up our minds we'd run away before you saw us and get home. Isn't it funny, James?"

"Very," said Mr. Daniel, solemnly.

Lucy continued laughing, and was relieved when her sister-in-law joined in with great apparent heartiness. She was horrified, however, when Mrs. Daniel's merriment took the form of a burst of tears. Mr. Daniel was at her side instantly.

"Why, Cora, why, little woman—what is the matter? Did I frighten you, Cora? There—don't, don't cry!"

"O, James,—I—I didn't know—it was a horse."

"No," interrupted Lucy, quickly, "of course she didn't know there was a horse in here; neither did I. But it was the only place, and we had to stay."

"And—and—when this gentleman came," continued Mrs. Daniel through her sobs,

"I found he knew you—and he spoke of your coming down to see his cousin—and—and then he said his cousin was only a horse, and Lucy knew her, and I—I would have gone right away, James, but I couldn't go out in the rain."

Although the lucidity of this explanation served only to mystify Mr. Daniel the more, he turned to Mr. DeForrest, who had stood aloof with an injured air during the family reunion.

"DeForrest, you will overlook my cholereric remarks of a few minutes ago, I hope. I was naturally somewhat surprised, but from what I can make out, you seem to have been of service to my wife and sister. Permit me to thank you."

Bennie took the extended hand somewhat stiffly. Mrs. Daniel here recovered herself with remarkable alacrity.

"Indeed, James, I don't know what we should have done without Mr. DeForrest; he rescued us from a very unpleasant predicament."

"You have done your best to get us into another," whispered Lucy; "don't say another word now."

"By the way, Daniel," said Mr. DeForrest, striving to lighten the conversation, "did you see anything of my horse as you came up the road—the bay three-year-old, you know? He broke loose——"

"Another horse!" ejaculated Mr. Daniel. "Excuse me, DeForrest, but I must get back with these ladies now as quickly as possible."

The two women bowed and stepped into the hansom. As Mr. Daniel was endeavoring to find an edge of the seat between them, Lucy whispered something in his ear.

"DeForrest," he called, "Mrs. Daniel and I will be glad to have you call whenever it is convenient."

Mr. DeForrest bowed.

The horse started. He had not taken ten steps when Mr. Daniel's head again appeared at the window.

"I say, Bennie, come to dinner Friday evening, will you?"

"Thanks, I shall be delighted."

Although his words were addressed to Mr. Daniel, Bennie, in speaking, looked straight into a pair of dark eyes which appeared over that gentleman's shoulder, and which said, as plainly as Mr. Daniel had spoken, "Will you?"

Francis Livingston.



UNREST.

I.

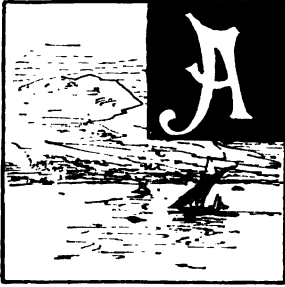
"I stood to-day within my lowly door,
And heard my blue sea breaking on
the shore;
A lady, rich and beautiful, whirled by
In her low, velvet carriage, and a sigh
Leaped upward from my aching
heart: 'Ah, me!
That I as rich and beautiful might be!'—
And then my husband's smile broke
my unrest,
My child's red lips, were pressed
against my breast,
And their dear love my home, and
my blue sea
Are quite enough for my true heart
—and me."

II.

"I saw a woman in her doorway stand
Beside her husband: while his toil-
rough hand
Upon her shoulder he had kindly laid;
I am not selfish—yet I am afraid,
As I whirled by in costly silk and lace;
I envied her that glad, contented face;
Yea, envied her, with burning, fierce
unrest,
That husband's love, those babe-lips
at her breast!
Then, I looked out across the glad,
blue sea,
And smiled—so none might
dare to pity me."

Ella Higginson.

A DAY IN SCIO.



DAY in Scio! Let it be a long day in summer, for there is much to attract in that Paradise of the Ægean. Levantines call it *Fior di Levante*—the flower of the Levant. By-

ron, in turn, sings of the "Blind old man of Scio's rocky isle"; but if Homer's tight little island is somewhat rocky, then forests and gardens conceal those rocks pretty effectually, for verdure is on every hand, and enchantment lades every breeze that blows over that magical spot.

Passing along the narrow strait between Asia Minor and the island, our steamer came to a stop at Port Kastro, which is opposite to Teos, "where Anacreon loved and sung." There also occurred the great naval battle of Tchesmé in which the Russian fleet, under Count Orloff, destroyed the Turkish fleet towards the end of the last century. Indeed, in every direction the eye falls on some point storied in legend and history.

But as we glided towards the shore in a large barge and passed the narrow entrance to the harbor of Port Kastro it was with the present that I was most occupied. A strange languid delight stole over the senses as I saw before me the dreamy, picturesque town reflected in the still water, and the quays fringed with groups of gaily painted coasting craft. The grey old Genoese castle on the right, over which drooped the red flag of the Ottoman, and the rusty pepper-box turrets, portcullis and drawbridge were indescribably picturesque. On the left a row of windmills along a hill-top turned their slow sails in the soft sea-wind. Beyond all was the landscape covered with orange groves, of a tender grey in the golden haze, and the rocky central ridge of the isle, melting into the immortal azure which Homer looked on before the fervor of his imagination burned away his sight. There is a softness in the atmosphere of those Greek isles insphered in the gleaming turquoise of the Mediterranean, which no other clime possesses, a poetic light that perhaps, more than any other of her

charms, gave to the poets and artists of Greece the inspiration of their incomparable genius.

A day in Scio! Perish the thought! Better a year, better a life-time amid those magical scenes where the hours and the days are but as so many beads on the necklace of her maidens, by which to mark the return of the season of the roses, the return of the harvest, the return of the vintage, and the return of the summer moons, when the voice of the dancers is merry under the vines, and the tinkle of the guitar and the timbrel chime with the roll of the surf, flashing evermore on the shore.

Thus I thought as the swarthy Greek boatmen, in flowing white sleeves and scarlet caps, rested on their oars, and I stepped on shore to find a friendly face and a warm hand to grasp mine and a hearty voice to bid me welcome to Scio. I half regretted that I was to remain only a few hours, and when he said that this was out of the question, that I must tarry some days or weeks I yielded with little urging and sent a boat off to bring my portmanteau, not caring much how long I was to linger there.

My friend, a genial, cultivated Greek gentleman, at once took me to his town house in Port Kastro and presented me to the ladies of his household, his mother, his wife and his two charming daughters. The old lady still retained traces of remarkable beauty and the manners of all were marked by a stately grace and dignity. Like most of the women of Scio, the special charm of their features was the mobile expression and the large eyes, intensely black and yet lustrous as diamonds, literally "windows of the soul." Their pronunciation of the rich Hellenic tongue was full of eloquent modulations, rendered piquant by a dash of the island dialect that differentiates the Sciote Greek from that of Attica.

Seated on the divan near my hostess, in a cool, spacious apartment of the large stone mansion, I had scarcely exchanged the compliments of the occasion when a pretty handmaiden appeared, bearing refreshments on a silver salver. They were exactly what one might consider appropriate on such a day and in Scio,—preserves of mastic, rose and vishna or wild cherry, and glasses of cool well water. Each of us in turn took a

bonne bouche of the sweetmeats and a drink of water. In half an hour black Turkish coffee was served in tiny cups, called flingans.

My host then proposed a ride over the Campo or rural part of Scio, lying between the mountains and the sea. The Campo is covered with gardens and villas, where the well-to-do gentry of Scio pass the greater part of the year. We soon heard the clatter of hoofs in the court below, and on descending found mules waiting for us. The mule is the favorite animal of all classes in Scio and seems to be there unusually gentle and easy of riding. My friend preferred to bestride his donkey, a sleek, genteel specimen from Cyprus. A sorrel mule was assigned to me, but the palang or saddle was almost as broad as a table, and indeed, it is quite the custom for men as well as women to ride sidewise on the palang. A servant followed us on another mule with my baggage.

As we clattered slowly through the dusky, narrow streets of Port Kastro, I had leisure to observe the massive elegance of its buildings, designed after the style of Genoa the Superb. For several centuries the Genoese held sway in Scio, and in the architecture of the island as well as in the names of some of her families, such as the Justiniani, one still beholds traces of their power and splendor.

Passing beyond the walls of the city between rows of booths, resplendent with a gay display of fruits and vegetables forming a wonderful mass of rich colors, we proceeded to enjoy the beautiful prospects which greeted our eyes at every turn.

Now we rode beside some stately gateway, its brow engraved with the armorial bearings of a family that has gone to decay; through the open portal we could see the deserted villa which it guarded, rising in melancholy grandeur. Again we filed by a little chapel embowered among flowering acacias and lindens; or we halted by a Saracene wayside fountain, to allow the mules to drink. In every direction we beheld luxuriant orange groves, whose fragrant fruitage hung on the boughs "like golden lamps in a green night." Through the vistas between the foliage we caught glimpses of the blue sea beyond, and heard the songs of the harvest and the vintage borne to our ears from afar.

In the course of our ride we passed by the country residence of the former Latin bishops of Scio, which was erected during the rule of the Justiniani. It is now stripped of most of the carvings which once adorned

it, yet even in its ruins it is stately indeed; although roofless, and with weeds growing out from the crevices of the walls, it speaks more for the glory of its founders than folios of musty vellum.

Soon we turned away from the road among the gardens, and ambled along the sands of the sea. In an hour we entered the garden road again, and for a time followed the dry bed of a torrent, which raves down the ravines in Winter, but at all times serves as a road. Along one side high blocks of hewn stone were fixed for stepping-stones when the torrent is running full to the sea.

At last, we reached the mansion of my friend. A groom came out, and led away the mules, and then we passed under the great arched gateway surmounted by a porter's lodge, and my friend conducted me up one of the noble stairways, found nowhere in the Levant except in Scio. The Genoese introduced the style into the island. The balustrade was of wrought stone, the steps were of various colored marbles, and the spacious airy portico to which they led was paved with the same elegant material. If I grow somewhat enthusiastic over these features of Sciote architecture, it is because never have I seen within so small an area so many majestic villas combining beauty with solidity, and in entire harmony with the scenery and the climate. At the same time dignity was gained by simplicity of outline, the decorations being never overloaded, and imperishable beauty was secured by the use of stone of different colors agreeably combined, either in strata or by alternating hues over the arched windows.

In the absence of my host's family, the villa was in charge of a gardener and his wife. The latter, a comely young woman, wearing a bright silk handkerchief interwoven with the massy wreaths of raven hair, opened the door at the head of the portico, and brought chairs for us. We sat there for some time while refreshments were served, and gazed enchanted over a landscape so beautiful that I could easily understand why Scio is called the Queen of the Isles. The soft air was laden with the perfume of oranges, jasmines, syringas and roses. The cicada hummed its drowsy tune in the neighboring mulberries, and from time to time a nightingale poured its eloquent strains in the shade of the lindens. This feathered improvisatore sings by day as well as by night. Amid these sounds one could distinguish from all parts of the island the creak of the water-wheel called mangano, which is used in the

plantations to draw water for irrigation. It is an immense wheel fixed over a large, deep well, with buckets attached to an endless chain, and is turned by a patient, blind-folded mule. The plashing of the water softened the monotonous creak of the rude machine, while to the eye it was rendered highly picturesque by the overspreading trellice supported by stone pillars, and covered with the dense drapery of grape-vines.

As the sun drew near the horizon, bathing the shores of Asia-Minor with a roseate hue, illuminating the nearer peaks of Scio's mountains, gilding the white sails of the idle coasters drifting on the amethystine sea, and causing long purple shadows to creep over the plain, a new sound suddenly smote the ear: it was not musical—far from it; but its harsh cadence had a certain rhythm that was most peculiar and produced a singular effect on the senses, especially when one heard it repeated from every quarter, modulated by varying distance. This was the *Sémandro*, used before every chapel as a summons to vespers. Lest one should imagine it to be a sort of bell, I hasten to explain that it is simply a board suspended at the chapel door and struck by a mallet with a regular tattoo that quickens towards the close. Bells being forbidden to all except foreigners in Mahometan countries, the Greek subjects of the Sultan have devised this simple method of announcing the hour of worship.

The Sciotes are of the Greek race. There is a small Turkish population and a garrison who live in the citadel at Port Kastro, and a few families still remain who are descended from the Genoese. Otherwise, the population of some 80,000 are Greeks, and of the Greek Church. They are a handsome, intelligent people, and many of the leading Greek mercantile houses at Constantinople, Smyrna, Marseilles, London, and even New York were founded by Sciotes. Before the revolution a very important university and library, together with a museum and printing-presses, existed at Port Kastro, and the celebrated Koray, the greatest Greek scholar of that period, was a native of Scio and lived there.

The people were well treated by the Turks, the island being an appanage of the Sultana Validé, or mother of the Sultan; and they have no cause for discontent, even now, with the Turkish rule. But during the Greek revolution which gave freedom to Greece, the people of Scio suffered the most appalling horrors. They might have escaped, as their

position was such as to make it useless for the island to revolt. But an army of Samians and other patriots took it on themselves to land on the island; they sacked the Turkish quarter, burned the mosques, and massacred some of the Turkish population. The Samians induced some of the Sciotes to revolt, and then took to squabbling among themselves. Exasperated to the last degree by the insurrection of an island they had always treated well, the Turks, burning with rage and fanaticism, immediately sent a fleet and army to Scio, and in a short time almost depopulated it; the men were slain and most of the women and children were sold into slavery. The annals of war furnish no more terrible record than this, and no more useful lesson concerning the criminal foolishness of instigating revolt when the conditions are unfavorable to its success. Scio has not yet fully recovered from that fearful catastrophe.

On the following day, my genial host took me on a most charming ride to the southern district of Scio, called *Sclavia*, which is celebrated for its mastic-groves. The lentisk or mastic is a small tree the size of a pear-tree. The gum exudes from the bark, and is dried after it is scraped off. The greater part of the gum mastic of which such large consumption is made, not only for chewing but also for varnishes, for preserves, and for liqueurs, is exported from Scio.

In the course of our ride we stopped at a nunnery nestling in a valley, surrounded by olive groves. The lady prioress received us with much courtesy. We were invited to a common reception-room, and a demure nun—not too demure, however, to conceal her Hellenic beauty—served us with mastic preserves, water, and coffee; cigars we reserved until we left the convent. The nuns were dressed in simple black, wearing a black kerchief over the head; but otherwise there was nothing ascetic either in their garb or manner.

The conventual system of the Greek Church is much less severe than that of the Romish Church, much greater freedom being permitted beyond the main principle of celibacy. It is well known that the priests are allowed and expected to marry, although only once.

Such was the nature of what I saw and the life I led during the days I passed in Scio. There was no monotony, for "every prospect pleased," and each day offered some new spot to visit, some new attraction, simple, perhaps, but instructive and ever charming.

S. G. W. Benjamin.

"ACROSS THE WALNUTS AND THE WINE."



THE dinner was almost over, and Mrs. Thorne heaved a sigh of satisfaction, as she looked around at her guests, with delighted eyes. They had undoubtedly enjoyed every phase of the *menu*, and each had contributed largely to the brilliancy of the conversation; not a stupid subject had

been broad-
d i n e r s-
ched! If that "prince of out," Sydney Smith, could have been present in the richly appointed dining-room that January evening, he would have found himself in a congenial atmosphere. Even to the critical hostess there was no flaw apparent in her surroundings. In making her little dinner she had borne in mind some one's wise counsel that there should never be less than three and never more than eight guests for a perfect success, and, as a result, there were six bright faces, including her own, grouped about the table. The conversation was for the most part general, it is true, though it had lapsed at times into duos and trios, and an occasional "one-versation," to quote Dicky Doyle.

The servants brought in the coffee and placed a dainty cup beside each guest, and then, after trimming the candles, withdrew noiselessly. This was the time of all others that most pleased Mrs. Geoffrey Thorne; the responsibilities of the dinner were over, and the true enjoyment now began. It was like the peaceful afterglow of a gorgeous sunset, she told herself; there was something restful in the very atmosphere, as they lingered over their coffee and nuts, chatting in a friendly fashion. The men might smoke, if they chose, she was too clever to forbid them that pleasure, but if it be true that "he who smokes thinks like a philosopher," there was no logical reason, to her mind, why she and her women guests should withdraw at the approach of philosophy.

"You may have your cigars, and we will stay and listen to your wisdom," she laughingly declared to her husband. "We shall

thus be saved that dreary waiting in the drawing-room where we are generally bored to death, though we are too polite to admit it."

It was a custom of hers, therefore, when her guests were few, to remain at table while the men smoked and the women trifled with their coffee and their sweets.

"I am so glad to see your beautiful spoons, Nell," Bessy Endicott exclaimed, as the door closed on the retreating butler. "I think the sight of them is the greatest treat you can give one."

Mrs. Thorne laughed complacently. "It is only when I know that my guests will appreciate them that I use them nowadays," she admitted, "There is no sense in displaying one's pearls to the vulgar herd."

"We must take it for granted then, that you consider us worthy," John Kennedy said, picking up the little spoon that rested on his saucer, and turning it gravely about between his fingers. "This is very beautiful, I must own, but I know there is something back of its mere beauty, else it would not be held in such esteem. Won't you tell a poor fellow who has spent the last century away from civilization, what the charm is, Mrs. Thorne?"

"Why! Jack Kennedy!" Mrs. Thorne cried, "Is it possible that you have never seen my spoons before? I thought you were here the Christmas Geoff gave them to me, let me see! it was four, no, five years ago."

"And I was in Arizona then. No! this is the first time I have seen them. Is yours like mine?"

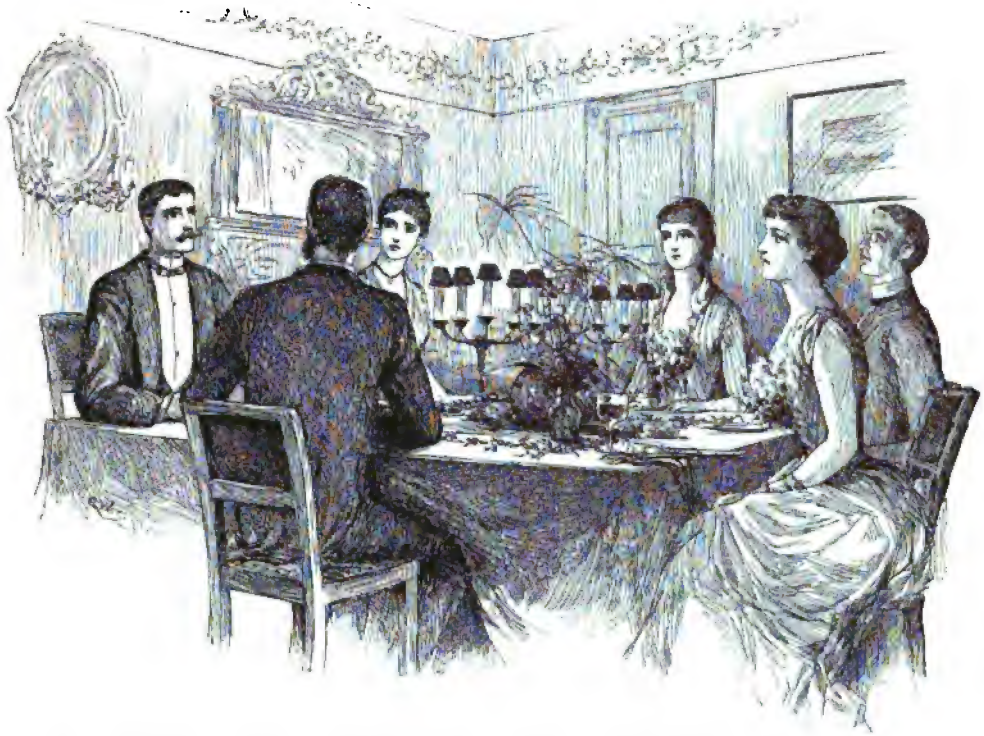
"Oh! no, there is quite a difference. See! There are six patterns in the dozen, so only two are alike. Bessy, you have the prettiest, let me show it to Mr. Kennedy."

The girl gave her spoon to her hostess, who passed it on.

"This is very lovely," Kennedy said, with hearty admiration. "Is it your favorite, Miss Endicott?"

"Yes, indeed, and Nelly always spoils me to the extent of letting me use it when I am here, though in so doing she encourages me to break the Tenth Commandment."

The spoon under discussion was of gold, small and dainty in shape, with an odd, shallow bowl. The handle was exquisitely



WHILE THE MEN SMOKED AND THE WOMEN TRIFLED WITH THEIR COFFEE AND SWEETS.

See page 112.

enamelled and chased, and at the top there was a tiny winged figure with floating drapery. The back of the handle was less ornate and bore, amidst a wreath of roses, the letters, "M. A."

John Kennedy looked over at the pretty girl in white, inquiringly.

"M. A." he said slowly, "Now what does that combination mean?"

"Marie Antoinette!" Miss Endicott returned, with a dramatic wave of her hand.

"Ah! that accounts for much," he laughed; "even for the breaking of a certain commandment, though one would almost think that some less well-balanced mortals might be led into breaking the eighth as well as the tenth. Are you sure the spoons are authentic?"

"Positive, my dear boy," Geoffrey Thorne interposed. "I bought them at the celebrated 'M——' sale in Paris, and ample proof was then given that they had once been in the possession of the beautiful and unfortunate Queen. I believe they were made for her. Quite a little history came with them, and I had the word of several noted experts, besides, that they are what they were represented to be. The workmanship is wonder-

ful, as you see, and, aside from their historic interest, the spoons are extremely valuable in themselves, though of course their value is enhanced by the fact that they at one time belonged to that especial line of Royalty. Doesn't your coffee taste better, Miss Bessy, because you fancy Marie Antoinette often stirred hers with that little spoon?"

"Indeed it does! She must have made a lovely picture, at Trianon, say, sitting beneath the trees with her coffee on a small table at her side."

John Kennedy thought that the fair Queen could not have made as lovely a picture as this pretty girl, in the last quarter of the 19th Century, with the pink roses on her heart, but he wisely kept that reflection to himself and she chatted on gaily.

"I suppose she drank coffee. History doesn't say, that is, that I remember, but Queen Anne used to take chocolate—seven and eight cups at a sitting."

"Oh! you are thinking of Dr. Johnson and his tea."

"No, I am not. Queen Anne did take chocolate, and that is why she grew so very stout!"

"I thought her reign was in the days of

'teacup times,' and that she was devoted to Bohea."

"No, it was chocolate! Don't laugh, Mr. Dacre, I am really in earnest. She and her friend Sarah—the great Sarah, you know—used to gossip over their chocolate-cups, and I am very sure that Marie Antoinette was fond of coffee."

"I haven't a doubt of it, Miss Bessy," Thorne declared, "and that is why I bought the spoons. I knew they would delight Nelly's heart too. I was in Paris on business and Vaughan—you remember Vaughan, Jack—dragged me off to the 'M——' sale. He was wild about it and was especially taken with the spoons—fairly talked me into getting them—that is, at first. The bidding worked me up to a great state of excitement; the opposition made me determined to bring them home to my little woman—and I did."

He looked at the spoon he was balancing on his cup, with a merry twinkle in his eyes. He had no vulgar ostentation about his wealth, but the recollection of the exciting scene at the "M——" sale always filled him with a certain pride in his possessions.

"I suppose you paid a fabulous sum?"

"Hm! we won't talk of that."

"I wish somebody could find out how much he did pay," wailed Mrs. Thorne; "he never will tell me."

"Then I am sure he never will tell us," laughed Kennedy. "But are you not afraid to use such valuable things? They are so small they could easily be stolen, and it is a great temptation."

"We have never lost them," Mrs. Thorne said pensively. "Hodges is very trustworthy and takes even more pride in the 'Marier Anternette' spoons than we do, but to tell you the truth, we almost lost one once."

"Why! Nelly, you never told me!"

"No, dear, I have never spoken about it to any one."

"But tell us now? Oh! Do tell us? When was it, and where, and how?"

"Ask Geoffrey."

"Mr. Thorne! Now please don't shake your head; why should you refuse to tell us the story? We will never breathe it. Please be obliging, and begin."

Thorne looked at the eager, pretty face turned towards him, his own, which had grown grave, relaxing into a smile.

"Where is the man who could refuse you anything, Miss Bessy?" he asked. "I certainly am not he, and you are quite welcome to the story, though I have never told it be-

fore. I brought the spoons back from Paris with me for Nelly's Christmas, as you already know. She was delighted with them, as were countless of her feminine friends—you doubtless among the number, although I fancy your doll engrossed you more at that time."

"Oh! Mr. Thorne, that is too bad of you! I was almost grown up then."

"Were you really? At any rate, you were not 'grown up' enough to be here the night of the 31st of December, when we saw the old year out and the new year in, and it was then that what I am about to relate took place. There were, perhaps, twenty-five or thirty of us in the library, sitting or standing about, waiting for the midnight chimes, when it suddenly occurred to me to show my wonderful purchase to some friends who would appreciate it, I knew. I sent for the box and, when it was brought, passed it around from one group to the other. Every one said some pleasant word, which delighted Nelly and me heartily. After a little the box was put on a table and I thought no more of it. There was a great tumult without just then, the air was full of shrill whistles and clanging bells. The old year slipped away and the new one came in like a conqueror, with a noisy blare of trumpets. Good wishes were heard on every side. Old Judge Van Stinart came up to me and put his hand on my shoulder.

"'A happy New Year, my boy,' he said gayly, and then in a lower tone, 'I want to speak a word to you, Geoff.' He looked so worried that I turned in real anxiety.

"'What is it,' I asked.

"'Hush!' he replied, 'don't speak so loud and don't look as if anything unusual had happened. I am sorry to tell you that one of your guests has taken a "Marie Antoinette" spoon.'

"I uttered a quick exclamation.

"'Now, don't say impossible,' the old Judge went on rather excitedly. 'I tell you I saw the fellow take it myself. Don't look now, but it is that nice-looking boy standing by the pretty girl in red in front of the mantel. What will you do, Geoff.?'"

"'What can I do?' I asked hopelessly, and then we stood staring at each other in dismay. There really seemed nothing for me to do. I did not like to go to the fellow and ask him in so many words to return my property; it seemed almost as great an insult on my part to suspect him, as for him to steal it from me. I wheeled around then and looked at the thief who had come into



“MY SPOON IS IN YOUR POCKET.”—See page 116.

my house in the guise of a guest, and I saw a handsome young fellow of five and twenty or thereabouts, with a certain reckless air about him. I knew him as an older man knows a younger one at the club when their tastes are utterly dissimilar. He had the reputation of being a trifle fast, but he was very entertaining, and was engaged to the girl in red—and as she was a great friend of ours, it was on her account that he had been invited that evening. I could not so far in-

sult her as to ask him for the spoon, and yet the longer I thought of it and the greater the impossibility of regaining it seemed, the more fully determined I became not to let it go out of the house.

“Suddenly a thought occurred to me. I went to the table where the spoons were; they were lying in a disorderly fashion in the case, and at first sight I thought the Judge had been mistaken, that he had been led away by his fancy. But after a moment I

saw that there were only eleven where there should have been twelve spoons. One like yours, Miss Bessy, had been taken. I picked up the other carelessly and moved away, joining a small group standing in front of the mantel; the young fellow was amongst the number and the Judge was there, too.

"'O Morse,' I said, addressing a friend, 'do you remember the talk we had the other day about tricks, and that French fellow I mentioned? He certainly did some remarkably clever things! I was awfully interested in him, and went to his place a number of times and what's more, I brought away a good many of his tricks. If I could find some cards I would show you one now.'

"I went back to the table, and rummaged about, ostensibly for the cards; there were none there, so I made a feint of picking up the spoon and returned to the group.

"'I couldn't find the cards,' I said, 'but this will do as well, it is small and easily managed. It's a sleight-of-hand trick, you know,' I explained. 'Move back a little, please, and give me more room. Yes, that will do. You all see this spoon?'

"I twirled it around conspicuously, and made two or three passes, talking a lot of nonsense all the time, though I was growing horribly excited, for if this little ruse failed, the possibilities it involved were too serious to bear much thinking on. I stole a glance at the handsome face opposite me, it wore a reckless expression, but its pallof was frightful. I could see that the fellow knew he was suspected. With a quick movement I slipped the spoon up my sleeve. I was rather skilful at those things then—and in this instance, I fortunately escaped detection. The spoon had vanished. A little exclamation of surprise ran about the group. I took a step forward.

"'It is gone!' I said, with a shrug imitated from the Frenchman. 'Now, to bring it back again, Mr.—' and I mentioned the young fellow's name. 'My spoon is in your pocket.'

"A shout of merriment went up from the group, which was increased as the man stepped forward and handed me my property.

"'You are very clever,' he said with a little laugh. His hand was like ice as it touched mine—it chilled me to the very bone. He gave me one look that was full of despair, and then rejoined his companion and I—I wished heartily that I had never tried my miserable trick."

"Is that all?" Bessy Endicott demanded.

"All—and not all," her host returned. "After our guests left us, I told Nelly, and we were in a great quandary. We both liked the girl who was engaged to this rascal, and did not know what to do. I did not like to tell her what he had done, but it was horrible to think of her marrying him.

"'Better for her to know his thieving propensities now,' I argued, 'even if it is a blow to her, than to let her find out when it is too late—when his shame will be hers.'

"I had half made up my mind to go to her the next morning, but she came here instead and asked to see me. I greeted her with a little well-acted show of its being an everyday occurrence, but she stopped me directly.

"'I think you know why I have come,' she said sadly, 'though I hope I am mistaken. Mr. Thorne, will you answer one question honestly? Didn't you put *two* spoons back in the box after you had shown us the trick last night?'

"She looked me straight in the eyes, and I was forced to meet her gaze, though I would rather have faced a cannon's gaping mouth. She was as pale as death, and all her bright spirits seemed crushed within her, but though I knew I was adding to her burden I could only answer 'Yes.'

"'I thought so,' she said simply, and then she went away.

"That is all!"

"But what became of her? what became of him?"

"He disappeared entirely after a few days. He may be dead for aught I know, or he may be leading a life of dishonor. She—well! I suppose it's the way of womankind—she married not long after, and is very happy now."

"Mr. Thorne, that isn't nice of you to say, 'the way of womankind;' it implies that you think we all forget easily! I suppose in her case it was right that she should marry, for she didn't love that poor fellow deeply. Oh! not very deeply, else she would have made more allowances for him——"

"Allowances! Bessy!" shrieked Mrs. Thorne, "my dear girl, you don't know what you are talking about."

"I know you think so," the girl returned gravely, "but it seems to me that if she had loved him—really loved him, you know—she would have been willing to make some allowances for him, for he might have been in debt and half beside himself, and don't you see, when she turned from him with

scorn and reproaches, that she drove him away from her—down—down?

"Oh! it is horrible to think what his life became, cast adrift in that way, reproached by one whom he loved! He had no place to go; he suspected every one. Just think how terrible it must be to feel that everybody's hand is raised against you! If that woman had been patient with him, and had tried to show him how his wrong hurt her, not because it was discovered, but because it was a sin, she might have helped him, instead of which, she drew herself away and proved to him that her love meant nothing—that her faith meant nothing! Mr. Thorne, you can hardly blame him for leading a life of dishonor after that, can you? What did he have to struggle for, what did he care for? Ah! I wish I knew what became of him!"

"I can tell you," Jack Kennedy said simply. His words were like a shell cast into the midst of the little company. They all gazed at him in astonishment.

"You!" Thorne ejaculated, recovering himself after a moment. "You know him?"

"I knew him," Kennedy answered; "he is dead now."

There was a little pause, then Kennedy turned and addressed the girl opposite him.

"I am interested in a mine in Arizona, and have been superintending the work there for some years, and this man came to us in the autumn of the year which opened so disastrously for him. His name was Dick. I remember he told me that for a time he had been known as 'Dick the devil.' He kept nothing back from me, but we only knew him as 'Dick.' There was something about him that interested me strongly in his favor; I think it was his frankness. He came asking for work, he told me that he had no references, that he was a city man, and had been very dissipated, that he had been dishonest, that he wanted a chance to begin over again. He felt that no one would trust him, and yet he asked me to help him to be a man. Well! I gave him the chance!"

The gray eyes opposite flashed their approbation. Kennedy colored a little, but he went on steadily:

"Dick never failed me! I think from the first I knew he wouldn't. He was very sad and reticent, but he speedily became a great favorite with all the men. There is not much virtue among miners; they are a rough, hard lot, and yet they are very sensible of true worth, and ready to appreciate

it when they see it. The men gamble and get drunk and have their quarrels, but when a man leads a good stainless life in their midst, without any show of being better than his mates, with no attempt at preaching save by his quiet every-day actions, and always has a kind word and is ready to help a comrade at any time, that man is respected and loved. That was the life Dick led out in Arizona. I didn't care what his past had been when I saw what his present was. I asked him no questions; he had started fair and clear, and I was willing to help him. I saw but little of him, however; he was only a common miner, wielding the pick, and I was part owner of the mine and 'gentleman overseer,' but he always had a respectful word for me when we met. I used to let him have my newspapers after I had finished with them, and when I found out the manner of man he was, I made him welcome to my library. He availed himself of my offer shyly at first, but after a time it was a common occurrence for him to drop in at night to change his book. Sometimes he would stay for a little chat, though oftener he would go away in silence. He had been with us almost a year when a fever broke out amongst the men. He did not take it himself, but he was unwearying in his attentions to those who were ill, tending them as gently as a woman, helping them in every way."

"But you said he was dead."

"Yes, I know. I am coming to that. He escaped the fever, but the life he had been willing to give for others he gave to save mine. I was obliged to discharge one of the men that spring. He was a lazy, inefficient wretch, almost constantly under the influence of liquor. I had tried to get along with him, but his example was so demoralizing to the others that I finally sent him off. He was very vindictive in his threats and curses, but I treated them lightly; they did not affect me in the least. He disappeared for about a week, and then one night he came back. Dick was in my room; he had come for a book, and as he was in a brighter mood, he had stayed to talk. He was standing by the table facing the window toward which I had my back turned; the shutters were open, for it was a warm night in May, and suddenly he darted forward between me and the window. There was the sound of the report of a pistol, a heavy thud—and Dick lay on the floor. I ran to his side, and some others, alarmed by the report, hurried into the room. Be-

tween us we got him up on the sofa, and some one went for the doctor. He opened his eyes and looked at me with a faint smile.

"'It was Wilkins,' he managed to say; 'don't let him escape!'" then he went off into a dead faint.

"When the doctor came, he pronounced the wound fatal, but Dick did not die immediately. He lingered for two or three days, and I was with him constantly. During part of the time he was rational and told me his story. It was not an unusual one; that perhaps, is the pity of it. It is sad to think that such things are happening daily about us. He had been going with rather a wild set of fellows and had been led into temptation; he had lost much money at cards and he did not have the courage to stop playing. That New Year's eve when he was here things were at a very low ebb with him; he had lost every cent he had and had pawned most of his belongings. He told me that when he saw those spoons passed around for inspection, some fiend whispered to him to take one. He knew at a glance that its value was great and though he could not expect to realize a very large sum on it, he hoped to get enough to tide him over for a few days, when he knew his luck would turn. He had the regular gambler's fever upon him.

"He did not mention your name, Geoff, but he said that it was almost intolerable to him to look around at the evidences of luxury and wealth displayed in your room and to see the careless way in which you passed your wife's gift about. He tried to overcome the temptation, but he was not strong enough. 'The spoon will not be missed for awhile,' he told himself, 'and no one will suspect me.' He knew an old Jew who would advance some money on it and after his good luck came, he would redeem it and send it back. He listened to the voice of the tempter, and you all know what ensued. He told me he never suffered so much in his life as when you showed that little trick and called upon him for the spoon. He felt that every one must see his guilt—that he was branded forever; ten thousand furies seemed to be beating and buffeting him about.

"That night he went home ready to commit suicide, but something kept him from it,—his love for the girl who had promised to be his wife. He determined to go to her and tell his story, but at noon that day—the first of the New Year!—she sent him a little note and his ring. She did not wish to see him again! She would try to forget that she had

ever known him! Perhaps it is a hazardous thing for a woman to sacrifice her life to reform a man, to try to reclaim him from evil. Nine times out of ten she fails, but a good woman is a great power, greater than she can know, and the force of her lovely example has saved many a man. I think if Dick's Nina had been faithful to him he would have been a respected man in New York to-day. But she let him go! Then followed months of despair and degradation; he was tempted many times to take his life, but something kept him back—what it was he never knew. He drifted away from New York to Chicago and led a wild life there, but it had lost its charm for him; it was only the excitement that kept him going.

"One night, or rather early one morning, as he was returning to the miserable place he called his home with his pockets full of his winnings, the white face of his opponent at cards haunted him persistently. He stopped in his walk and looked about him; the sleeping city was wrapped in darkness, but away off in the east there was a faint light where the dawn was struggling up. On a sudden, some remembrance of his mother, who had died long before, touched and thrilled him. Her sweet face rose in his memory, she had been a good, noble woman and he had profited so little by her teaching! As he stood gazing at the sky, a shaft of light broke through the gray in the east and lay like a path along which the sun was soon to pass. He drew a deep breath and went back the way he had come, back into that gambling hell and up to the table where he had sat a short time before. A man with a white, hopeless face was sitting there; he did not look up as Dick came and stood beside him. Dick put something down on the table—it was the money he had won.

"'That is yours!' he said quietly. Then he turned and went out again into the street. The day had broken and all about there were signs and sounds of awakening life. Dick said it seemed almost as if he had been born again. Shortly after that he came to us, and you know the rest of his story. He died very peacefully, with Nina's name upon his lips. He loved her to the last! He had no word of blame for her, however, because she had failed him; he was very self-depreciative and humble, but I think that whatever wrong he committed was amply atoned for by his life and death in Arizona."

There was a short pause after Kennedy finished speaking. The faces all around him wore grave expressions; a little cloud

had settled down on the table where the roses were dying.

Then the girl opposite leaned forward, and the light shone full upon her fair, sweet face.

"Do you remember that poem of Leigh Hunt's?" she asked, looking at Kennedy with eyes that were full of tears. "I cannot quote it exactly, but don't you know how Abou Ben Adhem awoke one night and saw an angel in his room writing in a book of gold, and he asked what he was writing, and the angel answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord?' Abou's name was not there, but he begged the angel to write him as one

who loved his fellow-men, and after the angel wrote that he vanished. Oh, you know the rest—how he came again the next night with great glory,

"And showed the names whom love of God had blessed—

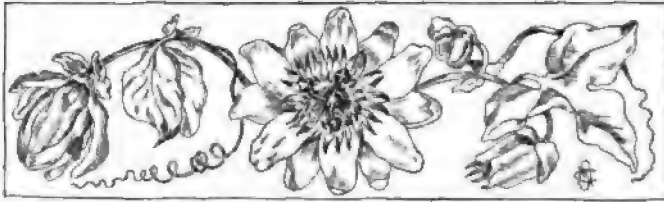
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

Mrs. Thorne pushed her chair back and gave the signal to rise.

"Let's have some music," she said, half petulantly.

To her mind the success of her dinner was doubtful.

Gertrude Clarke.



LOVE'S ALCHEMY.

(A wife who sees a remarkable proof of her husband's goodness in his least and most natural action.—*Mary Hallock Foote.*)

Is not our life made up of little things,
Simple as breathing in our native air?
Doth not each trifling act of love and care
Make stronger still the blessed bond that brings
Fond hearts yet nearer as the years go on;
With thought of burdens borne we else must bear,
And cheering words when few had power to cheer—
A thousand memories of look and tone—
Past, not forgotten. Then, as pulses swell
With sudden joy at balmy breath of spring,
So may some loving deed—a little thing—
Unbidden thrill her heart, who knows full well
How he, who did that deed, and careless smiled,
Would, smiling, lay down life for wife or child.

S. H. L.

SHOULD WOMEN VOTE?

IT is not very long since this question was hardly taken seriously by the public, interest in it being confined to a few strenuous and eager souls who saw in the suffrage a remedy for every wrong under which women suffered. By slow degrees the persistence of these advocates, whom we honor, though we differ from their view, has brought this particular aspect of the "woman's movement" into conspicuous prominence, though, at this writing, the partisans of suffrage for women have a far easier task in conquering the antagonism of men than in overcoming the indifference of women to the whole matter.

Briefly, let us epitomize some of the obvious objections to woman's suffrage.

First, wherein is its occasion?

Not from lack of suffrage, but from an almost universal conception of her inferiority, the condition of woman, in its upward progress, has been necessarily slow. In the ruder ages, woman's education was limited; her sphere a very narrow one. Much of the hardship which still accrues to woman, to alleviate or remove which the ballot is supposed to possess a charm, is the heritage from an ignorant and therefore unjust age. Laws which discriminate unfavorably against women, especially against wives, enactments opposed to the spirit of the period, with reference either to the holding of property or the custody of children, are survivals of an age when might was right, and the only law recognized was that of the mailed hand. These, in the nature of things would gradually be repealed or so modified that their worst features would disappear. The world's progress is everywhere toward a fuller justice, a wider freedom, the loosening of bonds; and the impartial observer must admit that, if not always rapid or always without interruption, yet on the whole the advance along the line of improvement is sure and steady. This is consequent, not upon complaint, but on the advance of the kingdom of heaven among men.

That already a great improvement in the legal status of woman is evident, is perhaps among the strongest arguments against the demand for woman's suffrage. While there has been an emendation of certain laws, an effect undoubtedly to be ascribed to later agitation, the *general result* in the way of woman's freedom cannot be wholly or in

any large measure attributed to agitation. It belongs rather to the inherent appreciation of justice, the sense of right, which has grown and will continue to grow with true views of the equality of man.

The same force that changed absolute despotism to monarchy, limited by wise restraints; that is now at work weakening the bonds of monarchy into respect for every man's right, and the consummation of which will at last bring justice to all classes and all individuals, is surely permeating public opinion and tending toward the emancipation of woman from every form of injustice.

This tendency acknowledged, the occasion for woman's suffrage is of course very much limited, and the question arises, Will the tendency, conceded to be in the direction of improvement, be advanced or retarded by making woman an opponent in the arena, instead of casting her interests upon the chivalry and loyalty of man? Will her cause be helped or hindered by making it a gage of battle? Can she not trust herself to the sentiment working in the world toward the elevation of the lowly everywhere, the opening of hitherto closely locked doors, and the breaking of every yoke?

Observe that this question of woman's suffrage is not a question, not even a phase of human *rights*, but only a question of results, a question of convenient or inconvenient arrangements with results in view. If there exist reasons for woman's suffrage, it is only that features in the law may be secured which cannot possibly be secured without it. Else, why impose so great a burden on our already burdened sex? Why bring about an innovation on the established order, in the nature of things, revolutionary and confusing?

No one can imagine that, with all the earth open before her, woman requires for her fuller development the especial sphere of political life. This is a sea with bars and shoals that she may happily escape, and while the highest education of our schools and colleges invites her to the most liberal culture, while professions formerly exclusively in the occupation of man now freely admit and welcome woman, while she may engage unchecked and compete on favorable terms with men in mercantile pursuits if these allure her. Nor has he a monopoly of mechanical pursuits. A woman may

work in a machine-shop, or pilot a steam-boat, or do any honest work she chooses, and receive her equal payment therefor, *provided* she can be relied on for good work, diligence and punctuality. Her sole disability here, is in her physical nature, the demands of which are sometimes for rest, for consideration, for seclusion; so that apparently her creation itself pleads that this Pandora's box shall not be heedlessly thrust into her hands.

Passing from the occasion to the propriety of woman's suffrage, we are again confronted with difficulties. The intelligent exercise of the ballot presupposes an amount and a kind of knowledge which she does not usually possess. It avails nothing to observe that the majority of women are, in this regard, as well fitted for suffrage as the majority of men. An additional wrong can never be an argument for the correction of its predecessor in evil.

The kind of training, too, that would be required on the part of women, neither by tradition nor by education fitted for the holding of official position, nor for the discussion of such topics as the tariff and free trade, and other great international issues, would call for strifes in discussion, assaults and reprisals, the tendency of which, if not to unsex women, would be to destroy or impair the beautiful delicacy of nature which now holds man in its gentle grasp; the source of the deference paid not so much by the stronger to the weaker, as by the more aggressive to the more conservative portion of the race. It would inevitably make the home—do not jeer at this as at a projectile which has spent its force—the sphere of endless differences of opinion; differences such as in our Civil War arrayed husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, in bitter antagonism, so that a man's foes were of his own household, and no feuds were so irreconcilable as those which sprang from alienations born of pronounced and firmly held opinions with regard to the Union, or the disintegration of the Union. To us who can recall those days, and that condition, the thought of experiments along such lines is fraught with fears of dire consequences.

Politics seldom allow of amiable discussion in the home, unless happily all are on one side, and this could not invariably be the case. I have seen otherwise amiably disposed families where a difference of political beliefs now existing, while the matter is of opinion only and not of such practical

issue as the ballot would afford, brings about such clash of arms, such recrimination, and wounded feeling, that the topic is tabooed by common consent. Surely home happiness is too precious to be imperiled by those whose proud distinction it is to be homemakers. The battle set in array, husbands on one side, wives on another, as might easily happen out of Arcadia, and many a peaceful home would become a scene of unseemly contention, where words would fly to and fro, like poisoned arrows. Not improbably the very "rights" so eagerly desired now would be secured with more difficulty than under the present arrangement.

Still another aspect of the question presents itself. The mass of voters in our great cities is unwieldy, unmanageable, easily influenced by demagogues, bought in some cases by the most unblushing bribery. But for the strong, pure heart-beat of freedom in the vast agricultural districts, in the thousands of little villages and hamlets, the Ship of State would often be in danger of wreck. The women in our great towns are numerically a stronger force than the men, and the women of the lower orders, the weak, the wicked, the ill-educated and the uneducated, would probably out-vote the others, on whom we are told that the purification of the polls would depend. Always the assumption is that when women shall vote, a better day will dawn; that woman's suffrage means the downfall of the saloon, the uplifting of home and altar. But, while men of the class predominant in culture and refinement are more and more repelled by politics, we cannot anticipate that women of their order will be attracted thereto. The situation would receive a new complication. An aggregation of ignorant women, armed with the ballot, would mean disaster and calamity to the republic, whatever were the issues at stake.

Unless our life-long beliefs have been altogether in error, the dependence of woman has been largely upon her intuitions, her divine dower of insight, by which she disdains the slower and clumsier processes of logic. This has been conceded, and constitutes, does it not, one of the grounds, in moral points at least, of woman's alleged superiority to man? But whatever advantage this swift intuitive faculty may give to woman elsewhere, in the domain of politics it would be a distinct disadvantage. Nothing is more to be dreaded than the yielding to a first impression where great issues are involved,

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where prejudice must be laid aside, and the rights of others considered as well as our own, where there must be concession as certainly as demand.

The trouble now is to repress that impulsive socialistic spirit which sees only an end without taking into account the difficult steps which lead to that end. The sex which is impulsive, emotional, which glories in its capacity for feeling, and has no need to struggle on through mazes of dull argument, when the child's "Because" suffices it, should it send its voters by thousands to swell the majority of whatever cause or candidate had captivated its fancy, would add embarrassment to the general government.

After all, "Should Women Vote?" will not become a serious question until women generally become more interested in the theme. As I said in the beginning of this paper, the indifference of women, rather than the antagonism of men, stands in the way of women, brave, true and unselfish, who lose no opportunity of pressing the claims of their

cause on public attention. I think, with them, that our homes demand every safeguard that Christian civilization can guarantee, but I am willing for all substantial good in legislation to trust the wisdom and discretion of men. I cannot regard the human race as divided into hostile camps, with separate interests, and a battle ground over which its legions must fight, while boys and girls grow up to glare into each other's faces like predestined foes. Men are our sons, our brothers, our fathers; husbands of good women, champions of the defenceless, loyal and loving, and bearing every one of them, faint, or deeply stamped, the characters moulded in homes over which women have presided. Mothers of men, why should you sue for the ballot, when yours is the task to train every law-maker in the nation, every voter in his first decade? It may be old-fashioned and primitive, but I belong to those who hold that the hand which rocks the cradle, rules the world.

Margaret E. Sangster.

"DECLINED WITH THANKS."

I would approach with reverent face,
And all I own of native grace,
To thank the editors to-day,—
A line won't tell what I've to say.

And up through youth, until to-day,
I stand (with hair that must be gray,)
By post and mail, by steam and train,
By man, horse, donkey, barrow, wain,

For long, long years, from youth's fair hour,
When I first, 'neath its gushing power,
Dared sue the Muse that is divine,
To crown these simple thoughts of mine,

I've freighted forth the work of years,
In hope, in toil, in smiles, in tears,
From gushing youth to blooming age,
Line after line of rhythmic page.

And now I stand with reverent face,
And my supply of native grace,
To thank the hearts I once dreamed flint,
For—all of mine THEY DID NOT PRINT.

Maria Batterham Lindsay.

WITH THE BEST INTENTIONS.

CHAPTER XIII.



WOMAN who had seen more of the seamy side of life, whose sympathies were ready and perceptions acute, would not have jumped to the conclusion adopted by Clara as soon as she

rallied from the shock of what she had seen and overheard. It may be noted as proof of the unsettlement of her reason and conscience that she suffered no qualms in recollecting her deliberate eavesdropping. To hear something and to surmise much was perhaps inevitable. In the abstract, her mother, like herself, disapproved of spying and listening, as of picking and stealing, but had Mrs. Cameron been in her daughter's place, she would have crouched as low, and hearkened as eagerly.

Clara crept back to her chair and sat, sick and trembling, under the horrors encompassing her. She was thankful, now, for Mrs. Manly's stertorous slumber and for the emptiness of the rain-swept piazza. She must think and plan in solitude. A throb of thankfulness for the "wonderful Providence" that had put the coveted clue into her hand somewhat cleared her wits. She blessed her own astuteness that had divined, so long ago, the wrongness of what everybody else thought right, but even she had not thought to unseal this fuming pit of iniquity. With the prompt violation of probabilities typified by the blind running of a panic-stricken draught-horse, she saw, at once, that Major Kane was this *creature's* wronged and deserted husband! Her name was not, and never had been, Dumaesque. She recalled Emmett's interrogative pause before naming her, on the first evening of their meeting, and Mrs. Gillette's distinct and officious enunciation of the false title. Major Kane, also, had waited for the arch-hypocrite to give him the cue when she greeted him upon the tower as a former acquaintance. Clara had not forgotten, either, the officer's search for the names of mother

and daughter in the hotel-register, and his emotion upon reading them.

Was this the confession poured into Emmett's ears during the sail to St. Ignace?

"Yet you wear your wedding-ring?" he had observed, and she had answered, "And always shall! Once married, always married!"

With what tissue of lies; with what chicanery of seductive deceit had she wrought upon an upright man who was a pure woman's husband, to condone her guilt—nay, worse! to force upon his wife intimacy with this disgrace to her sex? Chiefest among the thinker's novel sensations was the consciousness of personal degradation. She, the Christian child of Christian parents, guarded against pollution at every point and in every way, had been thrown *publicly* into hourly association with an "abandoned character!" Her innocence and her social standing, the very honor of her unblemished wifedom, were of purpose used to whitewash a damaged reputation.

"As bad as bold! as bold as bad!"

The caustic alliteration said itself over and over to her chafing soul. This—creature—had taunted to his teeth, the chivalric and wronged man who entreated her to consent to a divorce that might, by allowing her to marry her lover, measurably rehabilitate her in the eyes of the world. She evidently "had scruples on the subject of divorce." Perhaps she was secretly and positively a Romanist, probably a Jesuit! Like a flash of light recurred the talk upon the piazza the evening of the Morgans' arrival and the story of Father Marquette told tenderly over his grave. Such looseness of leniency toward a false faith argued no good, as Mrs. Cameron's pupil-daughter should have known and acted upon long ere this.

Another loathsome thought crawled from the horrible pool of suspicion and conjecture, to goggle mockingly in her face. The wealthy "eligible" bachelor, whose dignified courtesy and unblemished character set him high above the wash of scandal—was he the partaker of the guilty flight of eight years ago? Were his reverential admiration and Karen's seeming insensibility to it blinds for a relation the heaven-appointed detective blushed in the darkness to name to herself? If so, *what* was Mrs. Gillette—

putative saint and embryo angel? To what extent was Bertie Gates, with his guileless face and naïve talk, in their confidence?

Restraining the frantic impulse to awaken the invalid and communicate the awful discovery that so nearly affected her young daughter, Clara Morgan calmed down; little by little, to her normal judicial frame. There were, she perceived, upon dispassionate weight of evidence, what would in other eyes be defects in the tenuity of the same.

She might be positive of the identity of Major Kane with the betrayed and magnanimous husband of Karen Gillette. Would the mosaic of proof she had fitted together convince Emmett, beguiled by syren arts, or Mrs. Manly, whose imprudence in trusting her child to the unprincipled chaperone had committed her to battle for her own reputation and Gem's in defending that of Mrs. Dumaresque-Kane?

The web was wrought with diabolical deftness, and they were all in it.

At ten o'clock Gem ran in, Mrs. Manly's maid at her heels. The girl was profuse in apologies and thanks. There had been dancing in the Casino and time had sped unnoticed.

"And here is Mr. Morgan, haunting parlors and halls, like a wandering spirit who has lost his other half!" she said, looking toward the half-open door.

Emmett entered, gratefully, meeting his wife as if they had been parted for a month.

"Captain and Mrs. Dale came down just before the shower to call upon some friends who arrived to-day," he said. "I promised to find you and bring you to them." In the corridor he drew her hand within his arm caressingly. "You are pale, dear. You found it tedious sitting so long in the dark, I am afraid."

"I did not mind it," Clara nerved herself to say. "I was glad to rest a little while. Mrs. Manly slept all the time. *Why!*"

The ejaculation was elicited by the sight of Mrs. Gillette, enthroned in an arm-chair, her feet upon a cushion, and surrounded by congratulatory friends, the Dales among them.

"Delightful, isn't it, to have her with us again?" said Emmett, blithely.

"Has she been here all the evening?"

"No. She came down about nine o'clock and took everybody by surprise."

Clara's cheeks tingled. The mother then had been cognizant of the *fête-à-fête* granted to the estranged husband—had waited to receive the report of it.

She could not be cordial to the fair old sinner, and turning away as shortly as was consonant with bare civility, caught a gleam of surprised disapproval and inquiry from Emmett. This was suffering for righteousness' sake. Spiritual complacency sustained her voice and tempered the heat of the honest Cameron blood. In raising her cool green eyes to Captain Dale's face, she looked and felt mistress of herself, and her husband's superior in *savoir faire*, as in moral instinct.

"It must be flattering to have anyone so dependent upon you for happiness as Mr. Morgan seems to be," remarked the gallant officer after a few minor observations. "He was not himself until you appeared. Isn't that true, Mr. Gates?"

"Super-gospelic truth," assented the cherub. "He has pro-owled about the rooms like the deserted Pleiad, don't you know? If Mrs. Dumaresque hadn't taken him in ha-and, he would have made a spec-ta-a-cle of himself, don't you know?"

"Mrs. Dumaresque!" echoed Clara, involuntarily. "Is she here?"

Following the eyes of the two men, she beheld the incomparable dissembler, flushed, animated, superbly handsome—the cynosure of a coterie of admirers of both sexes. She had exchanged the black gown worn upon the piazza for a soft woollen robe, pale gray in color. The trained skirt was panelled, and the sleeves slashed with black velvet; the pointed vest was of the same material, and the V-shaped opening below the throat was filled with rare old lace. Deep lace ruffles fell to her beautiful wrists; the sweeping train, the slope and points of the corsage enhanced her stature and liteness. Her lips were carmine; her complexion was rich and warm.

Presbyterian Clara thought of the Scarlet Woman, and mentally applied, without scruple or charity, the most strongly flavored epithets her Biblical memory supplied at the call of indignant virtue. So, to her apprehension, might Jezebel have looked to rude Jehu with her "tired" head and painted face, and the audacious radiance of her mocking smile. Had her life depended upon absolute discretion, the wife must have uttered her next sentence.

"My eyes have surely played me tricks! I thought I saw Mrs. Dumaresque deep in talk with Major Kane upon the western piazza, just now, and she was dressed in black."

"An optical illusion!" smiled the Cap-



"SHE PUT HER HAND FRANKLY INTO THE EXTENDED PALM."—See Page 126.

tain. "She has been in this room ever since we entered."

"And the Major and Romeyn have been offering up burnt sacrifices in the smoking-room for the better part of the evening, don't you know?" put in Bertie, lazily.

Clara's hand went up to her throat. The hysterical grip there was suffocating, and her temples were beating like a drum. The demoniacal wiles of her rival and enemy passed belief. An *alibi* could be proved by fifty witnesses, should accusation be brought. Had the creature seen Clara, or suspected a listener in glancing into the darkened room? Or was this but another proof that she was never off guard, and ever-swift with expedients for defence?"

"Well?" said Bertie, his mischievous blue eyes seeking Mrs. Morgan's. Because they were as blue and ingenuous as a baby's, they always looked straight and full into other people's—especially into a pretty woman's. "Is it a case of hallucination, a vision, or a mistake in identity?"

The malachite eyes stared back steadily.

"Hallucination, probably. I never dream

with my eyes open, and Mrs. Dumaresque could not be easily mistaken for anybody else, even in a confidential nook upon a cloudy night. Nor, for that matter, is Major Kane likely to be confounded with another man. Is he stationed at the Fort?"

With an off-hand air of leaving an unimportant topic for one a trifle more interesting, she accosted the Captain.

"O, no! He leaves Mackinac to-morrow, much to our regret. He had malarial fever in Florida last spring, and is off on sick leave still. Most men of his means would resign, and try the benefit of a year or two of travel and rest," was the ready answer.

"He dropped into something ne-eat awhile ago—didn't he?" inquired Bertie, who had a knack of picking up and never forgetting scraps of news.

"Six or seven years back, I think. A childless uncle left him his heir upon condition that he should take his name."

"Kane is not his real name, then!" demanded Clara, with uncalled-for eagerness. "What was?"

"I don't recollect. I never knew him

A CALIFORNIA MISSION.

Great massive piles of old adobe walls,
A columned porch that fronts on ancient
wing.
Time's finger-traces over everything ;
The yellow tint of age in silent halls,
Where our strange tread with hollow echo
falls ;
High winding steps that lead to crumbling
towers,
Whence rang the Bells the early matin
hours,
And soft at eve their mellow vesper-calls.

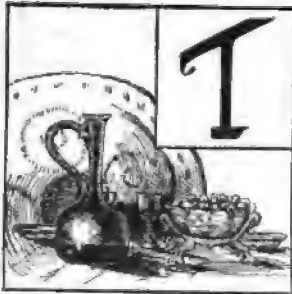
Before us lie the stately modern street,
Far off, the mist hung hills, and, stretching
wide
From the long beach, the breaker-troubled
tide ;
But still as in a dream I hear the beat
Up the worn aisles, of faint, long-silenced
feet ;
Shadows and phantoms through the old
church glide.

Virna Woods.

ELIZABETH DEFUNC.

A SKETCH IN CRAYON.

CHAPTER I.



TWO unprotected females ! That brief sentence fraught with awful meaning described them accurately. When Dick and I first arrived at St. Moritz, it rained incessantly for two weeks. If it

did not rain, it hailed, or snowed, as a pleasing variation in the programme. It was never safe to venture out without being armed "*cap-à-pie*" with mackintosh, galoshes, and umbrella. The St. Moritz Kulm, a huge caravansary perched six hundred feet up in the air, on top of a barren hill, was not exactly an ideal ark. Still we managed to amuse ourselves, by poring over the hotel register for about twenty years back, and watching the arrivals.

One evening among the new comers, I noticed the two women I have mentioned, evidently mother and daughter. The former, a short, energetic little person, was the master-spirit ; she bustled about inquiring for rooms, looking after trunks, while the girl sat listlessly in one corner of the waiting-room. Her appearance, (they both wore mourning of rich material, but atrociously made) bordered on the grotesque, and yet, after a second glance at the face beneath the hideous crape bonnet, I forgot to smile. The expression was so pitifully, defiantly sad. A pair of deep-set gray eyes and masses of dark brown hair softened the rugged features, and redeemed the face from plainness. But her incongruous raiment, wretchedly draped and hung, made the tall, well-developed figure look uncouth and clumsy, though in a plain print gown, happy, content, this weary looking woman might have been handsome.

"Elizy," her mother's sharp, nasal tones echoed across the big hall.

"Yes, Maw," patiently, rising.

"I guess I'll register now,—and put you down, teu."

"I presume you'd better," the girl responded; her gaze fixed drearily on vacancy, she seemed utterly unconscious of the curious, amused glances of the hall loungers.

"Yes, ov' corse, I hev ter dew every think, while's you sit catchin' flies," snapped her amiable parent, as she commenced the laborious operation. This completed, she proceeded to haggle about the price of rooms. Finding the clerk polite, but obdurate, she presently desisted, and summoning her daughter, departed up-stairs.

My husband, who had been an amused listener to the dialogue, followed me over to the desk, where I found some pretext to examine the register. "Mary Ann Defunc, and daughter," (she spelt it, dater) "Toledo, Ohio."

"Jove! what a name!" ejaculated Dick, under his breath.

"It suits them exactly," I observed, walking away. "Dick, I must know the pair. I am sure they would prove, well—*affording*."

"As a study for your next great work, eh!" rejoined that provoking individual. (Have I mentioned that Dick was my husband?)

"Nothing of the sort; I am interested in the daughter. There are great possibilities in her face."

"There need to be, with such clothes," interrupted the male critic, pitilessly.

"I want to bring them out, and make the girl happier," I continued, disregarding the flippant interruption.

"Perhaps her 'Maw' will object; she struck me as a person of strong character, who rather enjoyed 'bossing' her off-spring."

"My dear boy" (reproachfully) "since our marriage, you have become so distressingly 'American' in your expressions, that any one would imagine you were as full-fledged a Yankee as your wife, instead of a proud Britisher."

"The result of your example, 'As the wife, so is the husband,'" returned Dick, wickedly misquoting Tennyson.

And, still exchanging this fire of brilliant repartee, we departed up-stairs.

CHAPTER II.

Several days passed, yet I had not made the acquaintance of Mrs. Defunc or her daughter. They used to come in to the *table d'hôte* very early, and simply scurry

through their meals, retiring immediately afterwards to their own room. I wondered sometimes how they passed the long rainy days. It was evident they had no mental resources. I never saw the girl with a book, while her mother's difficulty in writing her own name showed her bent did not lie in that direction. At length, one morning as I left the dining-room, I found they were just in front of me: A black rubber locket which the girl wore was slipping from the loosened ribbon which held it round her throat. Here was the excuse I wanted.

"You are losing something," I began, touching her lightly on the shoulder. She turned instantly, seeming half-bewildered.

"How?" she queried.

"Your locket, it is falling off," I repeated. Her eyes following my finger, she clutched the ribbon with both hands.

"I'm much obliged ter yer," she observed earnestly, her listlessness vanishing.

"Elizy," demanded her mother, turning, "What er yer loiterin' about?"

"Your daughter came very near dropping her locket," I explained, inwardly quaking as to how my interference would be received.

Mrs. Defunc eyed me keenly. She had evidently been accustomed to deal with people who, to use her own phraseology, tried to "dew her." But my appearance, (probably its insignificance) seemed to be satisfactory.

"She's for ever droppin' them fooleries," she observed, briefly. "I've bought her heaps of decent trinkets, but it's time wasted, gitten her ter war 'em."

A little more conversation of a like interesting nature, and I managed to persuade them to come for a few moments into one of the drawing rooms. Seated there, bolt upright, their misery was almost pathetic, and if the mother had not presently departed, much to my delight, I think I should have released them both. However, I now had the girl all to myself; she had made a hasty motion to follow her parent, but at my request sat down again.

"How do you like St. Moritz?" I asked after a pause.

"It seems er likely place," her eyes glued to the floor.

"Have you done any climbing?" I pursued, determined to make her talk.

"No, Maw's 'fraid ter have me."

Silence again, while I grew desperate, and decided on a bold stroke. Trusting to her ignorance of the conventionalities of life I said smiling,

"You seemed to value that locket very

much. Were its contents so——" I broke off hastily.

A convulsive quiver of pain passed suddenly over my companion's face. Without a word, she buried her face in her hands, while great tearless sobs shook the strong frame. Fortunately everyone had left the room. Shocked, almost terrified, at this fierce, silent grief, I tried to soothe her, inwardly bewailing my own rashness. Presently she raised her head and by an effort regained her self-control. But she looked utterly, desperately miserable, this strong handsome creature, meant it seemed, to be the happy, healthy wife of some good yeoman. Swayed by a remorseful impulse, I seized one of the shapely brown hands, hanging listlessly down at her side.

"I am sorry I asked you, I had no right to speak about it." (Evading a more direct mention of the locket).

"You didn't mean ter hurt me," she returned, instantly. "But," drawing a quick panting breath, "It hurts me, it aches so, here."

Poor child! the tears rushed to my own eyes, (not prone to do this easily), at her tone. And then it all came out. I cannot tell the story as she did. Hearing it from those eager, trembling lips, told in her own rough, yet eloquent language, it was full of a certain rude pathos. She had always lived in the country outside of Toledo, until her father, dying, had left "money." This sudden accession of wealth was the cause of all Elizabeth's misery; her mother, ambitious, aspiring, had decided that the girl must make a better match than her second cousin, Nathan Jenks. Unfortunately, Elizabeth was deeply in love with the latter, whose picture, of course, the locket contained. Before the girl left Toledo, they had met and promised to be faithful to each other. But to both, writing was an achievement of such difficulty that they decided not to try to correspond. Nate had tried to make her marry him without waiting for Mrs. Defunc's consent, but failed. Two years had now elapsed, Elizabeth having been dragged from one part of Europe to another, by her energetic parent, who seemed to have no idea of ever returning home. Since the day when Mrs. Defunc first repulsed with scorn the idea of having Nate Jenks as a son-in-law, the subject had never been broached between mother and daughter. The latter, lonely, miserable, with the characteristic reserve of her nature, suffered in silence.

This is a brief outline of the story Eliza-

beth Defunc told me as we sat in the bare hotel parlor. I fancy it was her utter loneliness, and the intense relief of having some one to confide in, which made her show me her lover's picture. Of course the sleek, oily hair, and turned down collar of a workingman's best "get up," were apparent. Yet even these drawbacks could not take away a certain winning, almost boyish beauty, from the face. What it lacked in strength, it made up in a kind of mischievous good-nature. Whether he would prove worthy of gray-eyed Elizabeth, I felt a little doubtful, but keeping these misgivings to myself, she went away comforted.

CHAPTER III.

After the incident of the locket and her confession, the girl seemed to really like, and what was more important, to feel at ease in my society. Nearly every evening she used to slip into our little salon. Dick would be reading or writing while I worked, and both of us always went on with our several occupations, having found by experience that she liked to be left alone. Sometimes she would sit all the evening in some dark corner, her big eyes fixed on the fire, dreaming over the past; but she used to go away looking less weary and depressed. Mrs. Defunc I saw little of; she always bowed grimly when we met, and evidently regarded me in the light of a necessary evil. In her own way, I think, the elder woman was nearly as miserable. Accustomed all her life to constant hard work, this forced inaction, now that the novelty was over, had become distasteful and irksome. I used to see her taste, and then shake her head mournfully over certain of the dishes, doubtless recalling her own superior manner of preparing them. As the weather began to be fine, Dick and I used to be out climbing all day, returning at night, weary and ravenous, too tired to sit up. Naturally I saw less of Elizabeth, whose "Maw" had forbidden her to indulge in the only amusement the place afforded. While tramping along by Dick, I often used to think how a long climb in this fresh keen air would bring the rich accustomed color to the girl's pale cheeks. One day, in my eagerness to get some Edelweiss, I walked too far, and the next morning, aching and weary, I decided not to leave my room. Elizabeth spent all the long sunny hours with me, only leaving when towards evening, Dick entered, in a state of some excitement.

"News," he said briefly, seating himself.

"The Whartons have arrived?" I queried, without opening my eyes.

"Wrong. Something more thrilling; Mrs. Defunc has fallen down stairs."

"Dick!" I ejaculated, starting up. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say," (smiling). "She must have tripped, fortunately, near the bottom."

"Is she much hurt?" I asked, anxiously.

"They cannot tell; she made a tremendous fuss, of course, and luckily there was a doctor in the hotel."

"I think I had better go and see if I can do anything," I said presently, having exchanged my wrapper for a gown.

"You are sure you feel well enough?" demanded this big, careful husband of mine.

"Quite sure; from a day's rest I have arisen like a giant refreshed."

We found a crowd of people outside the room, where moans of pain from the sufferer were plainly audible. Leaving Dick, I knocked lightly, and presently the door was opened by Elizabeth, whose face brightened on seeing me. She looked very pale, but calm and self-possessed; the old, bewildered awkwardness had vanished.

"Its-dreadful good of yer ter come. Maw, she's purty bad, but the doctor's just gone, and that kinder worried her."

"I'll run in again," I returned, backing gracefully towards the door. "I only came to see if there was anything I could do."

A shrill call from the bed interrupted me. Approaching, I was shocked at the change a few hours had wrought in the bustling little woman. Huddled up among the pillows, her scanty loosened hair framing the livid pallor of her face, Mrs. Defunc rocked herself to and fro, seeming half unconscious of my presence.

"I donno what ter dew," she kept muttering drearily, "I declare ter God I donno what ter dew!"

There was something uncanny in the scene, in spite of its grotesque absurdity.

"Can I send any message to your friends, or do anything for you?" I inquired, feeling decidedly uncomfortable.

She stopped rocking, and gave a short harsh laugh, which ended in a kind of groan.

"Taint likely I've got enny this sider the water."

Then, as I turned away, she suddenly clutched my hand. "Elizy,—and she don't

take easy to strangers—says yer a good woman."

"I try to be," endeavoring to gain possession of the member, but Mrs. Defunc held it firmly, as she bade Elizabeth go out of the room, and a few moments later I found myself alone with the sick woman. She was sitting bolt upright now, looking more composed.

"Kin yer keep er secret?" she demanded presently.

"I hope so," curiosity getting the better of fear.

"Well, ef anythink happens to me, yer kin take charge of this," (lifting a small box from under her pillow). "And this," (taking a piece of paper from it.)

"Surely your daughter,"—I commenced, but she broke in impatiently.

"Lizy, she ain't no hand for 'memberin'. Yer may as well look over that," she added, handing me the paper.

With a thrill of anticipation, I opened the yellow, time-worn sheet, where something which looked like a physician's prescription met my eye.

"What does it mean?" I questioned.

"It's the original and only true recipe fur making Dr. Defunc's invaluable Throat Balm," responded my companion solemnly, unconscious of the mad desire to laugh which possessed me. "Folks said I was a fool ter marry old Defunc, but I kinder guessed there was money in that balm, only it needed advertisin'. Well, I had savings, and I advertised it. There wasn't a singer or an actress in the country that I didn't send sample bottles to, and five years afterwards the Doctor died, leavin' his hundred thousand dollars and a thrivin' business." She stopped suddenly, eying me suspiciously. Poor woman! she evidently lived in a chronic state of distrust of the people about her.

"Your confidence in me is very flattering," I remarked, handing back the paper.

"But I feel sure you will soon be well, and able to attend to this matter yourself."

As Elizabeth entered I turned to leave the room, only to be again defeated in my intention by Mrs. Defunc.

"I ain't told yer half," she cried, her shrill tones echoing through the room. "I want Elizy and yer ter come here."

Taking the girl's hand, I again approached the bed. Mrs. Defunc's hard face now wore an expression of almost abject humility.

"I ain't never ben a kind mother ter yer, Elizy," she whined.

"Law, Maw! don't take on so," put in the girl wonderingly.

"Yit I meant hit fur the best, I declare I did," her mother rambled on, the short thick fingers fumbling restlessly with the bed clothes.

"I kinder suspicioned he'd died of a fever, and ef I giv yer the thinks—"

She stopped, the words lost in a stifled shriek of terror, as with both hands raised she warded off her daughter's approach, a haggard picture of frightened treachery.

"Keep off, Elizy! I swear afore God I never meant to keep 'em."

"Quit yer foolin', Maw, and lemme know what's happened ter Nate."

Was the voice Elizabeth's? The girl's face now rivaled her parent's in its livid pallor, but her gray eyes, steely bright, never left the sick woman's face, who shrank away from that searching scrutiny.

"I'm dyin', Elizy," she moaned at length, "I'll not trouble yer long."

Then for the first time, Elizabeth turned to me.

"She'll not tell me," briefly pointing with a kind of dreary patience towards the bed. "I want ter know what's happened ter Nate."

Before I could respond, Mrs. Defunc, who had been furtively watching us, fumbled again underneath her pillow, and, producing the same box, took out of it a plain gold ring and a black rubber locket, similar to the one Elizabeth wore. This, and the ring she gingerly pushed in the girl's direction.

"Nathan Jenks died two months ago last Saturday," she said as if repeating a lesson. "He sent yer his best love and the trinkets."

Gifted with an almost dreadful sense of humor, I could not help seeing the grotesque side of the little comedy, into whose plot an element of tragedy was fast entering. With a sudden sharp cry, Elizabeth fell on her knees beside the bed, clutching the ring, while the locket, escaping, fell noisily on

the floor. She seemed unconscious of her mother's frightened scrutiny and my presence. It was at this moment the doctor knocked. It often happens that some commonplace presence demands attention at the critical periods in our lives. Evidently he thought the case needed attention, for he had brought the nurse, a black-robed, pleasant-faced Sister of Mercy, who at once assumed control of the sick room. Noticing the kneeling figure by the bed, she gently suggested that I should take the girl away, as nothing must excite her patient. So I drew Elizabeth's unresisting hand through my arm, and led her out into the hall. Having secured another room, I sat up most of that night with the poor girl. There were few tears or noisy signs of grief, only at times a wave of bitter remembrance made her bury her face on my shoulder, with a long shudder of pain.

Dick and I left St. Moritz a few days after the accident. He was anxious to return to England, while I was not sorry to leave a place which the sun so seldom visited. Elizabeth, sunken-eyed, pale, came down to see us off; her mother was improving rapidly, and hoped soon to be able to travel. As she stooped to kiss me (she was a very tall woman) her face worked convulsively.

"Yer've ben very kind ter me," she murmured under her breath. "I'll try ter dew as yer said, and take ker ov Maw, mebbe it won't hurt so—" she broke off suddenly.

I have seldom felt so intensely sorry for any human being as I did for Elizabeth Defunc. How I longed to throw my arms around her neck and comfort her, woman fashion! But Dick and the coachman were watching, though presently the former turned away. It was too late then. Elizabeth had retreated as the carriage-door was slammed. Looking back, I caught a last glimpse of her, standing in the same position, a misty figure blurred and indistinct in the falling rain.

Florence Clark.



MRS. WASHINGTON AND GENERAL LAFAYETTE.

(SEE FRONTISPIECE.)

IT was in 1784 that the Marquis Lafayette visited Mrs. Washington in her plain home in Fredericksburg, and, tradition tells, was received by her with dignity and grace, in her garden, with a garden tool in her hand, in homespun dress, with a broad straw hat over her face. From the garden she led him to her parlor, and then, without a change of

dress or any apology, she heard his words of unaffected admiration for her son, and his wishes for her health and happiness, and there, at his request, gave her blessing to the friend of her son and the ally of her country. —*James Power Smith, in THE HOME-MAKER for October, 1889.*



EDITED BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

SOME THOUGHTS FOR TIRED HOUSEKEEPERS.

EVERY Spring I am reminded of an old neighbor of mine who used to say: "I have no patience with all this bother of cleaning house twice a year. Why don't people keep their houses clean all the time, and then there would be no such trouble?"

And yet this very woman was always at work, and constantly nagging husband and boys about their carelessness in making dirt for her to sweep up. In short, I think the worst job of annual house-cleaning ever known could make no more trouble for all concerned than her everlasting fuss and

scrub throughout the year. So, as the time comes for the extra work of putting our dwellings in summer array, I wonder if there cannot be some plan devised by which this will be made easier.

All over our land comes up a cry from overworked women for advice as to how this can be done, and I wish every woman would make up her mind to be a law unto herself in the matter.

Many a delicate, fragile woman who has a conscience unduly developed, will bravely undertake to do just as much as her robust

neighbor, and not only that, she thinks she must finish it in just the same length of time—and then suffers for it all the rest of her life.

My dear sister, cannot you realize that *your work is for you?* No one else can do your part, and you cannot do the work of another. If you have strength enough without tiring yourself, to clean just one room in a week, then begin early, and scatter your work through five or six weeks if necessary. Cultivate a wholesome habit of negligence, and stop just the moment you find yourself getting tired. When only one pair of hands must do the work of the family, then there should be very careful planning to make the work as light as possible, and to secure enough time for rest of mind and body.

How many times have I seen thin, haggard women working on with backs aching, and with nerves at high tension just to finish some job that might as well be laid by until to-morrow!

Some dear, sensitive sisters have a fear of seeming lazy. No matter how it *seems*, so that you keep your health and strength. Are these of no account? I often think I will found a society for prevention of cruelty to housekeepers—but the worst of it is, I would have to punish the women themselves, for they do not know when nor how to save themselves. They think it seems lazy to lie down after dinner, to sit while they prepare vegetables, or iron, to use a mop for scrubbing, to cover the pantry shelves with paper to save scouring, to use a kind of washing fluid to make the clothes white without so much rubbing, and so on. They make themselves martyrs to the bugbear of “seeming lazy,” and “work on pure nerve,” as an English friend calls it, until by and by Nature takes a fearful revenge. One cannot go on forever getting overtired.

By degrees a nervous irritability comes over you like a shadow, and before you know it, you are a broken-down invalid, a shattered, pale, and sad wreck before middle life. I once heard a dear old lady say to a tired young mother, “My dear, it is your Christian duty to let your house be *dirty*. Just keep things ‘broom clean,’ and save your *life* for your husband and children.”

O, if women only realized that a little saving in care and labor, a little rest, a little

change would perhaps prevent mental or physical break-down! An easy chair, a quiet hour, a day's visit, a pleasant book, may save a brain or heart just on the point of exhaustion. If you feel yourself getting cross or upset, just close the door of the room in which you are working, no matter if the carpet is half tacked down, or if the windows are half-washed. Leave things just as they are, go off by yourself, or lie down for a short time, and keep perfectly quiet, or pick up a lively, chatty paper—anything that will completely change the current of your thoughts, and let the muscles lie idle. Then with what pleasure you will take up the task to-morrow, and finish it with perfect ease!

Of course these words are for the tired and over-burdened women—those who cannot afford to hire help, and who must do the best they can without.

An old writer says—“We can easily manage, if we will only take each day the burden appointed for it. But the burden will be too heavy for us if we add to it the weight of to-morrow before we are called to bear it.” We sometimes wear out mind and body by forecasting future labor—and “a day at a time” is a good motto for all of us. Do your work in the spirit of prayer, and it is wonderful how much easier it will be.

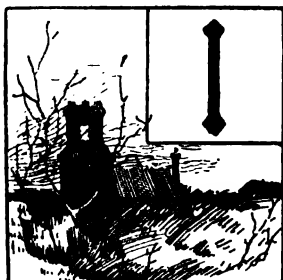
We hear now-a-days a great deal said about the reflex influence of one thing upon another, and this is but the modern fashion of uttering the old-time truths.

Our grandmothers prayed for strength to bear their burdens and do their daily duties, and when they felt a peace and comfort steal over their souls, they called it “the Holy Spirit in answer to prayer.” We, their nineteenth century daughters, utter the same requests, repeat the same verse of Scripture, or whisper in our hearts the same tender hymn, and when we are touched with a holy calm, and feel a wondrous lightening of our burdens, the philosophers call it the “reflex influence of our mental desires.” O, no matter what they call it! Call it any name, the fact remains, and we who have had such help in our own experience know how sure and comforting it always is.

“In quietness shall thy soul find its strength.”
E. A. Matthews.

BUSINESS SELF-RELIANCE. NO. 2.

PRACTICAL POINTS IN ACCOUNTING.



DOUBT not that there are among THE HOME-MAKER's readers many who feel the lack of practical knowledge of simple business forms and methods.

You may have received a liberal education, including, perhaps, a full collegiate course of study, but among the ologies or isms there was nothing regarding the simple process of keeping family accounts, nor, in the extended course in literature and rhetoric, was there any allusion to that important composition, a business letter.*

Let us suppose that with you, as in the majority of cases, marriage has first placed under your control a stated income that you are anxious to use to the best advantage. Husbands are growing to see the justice of placing the sum allowed for household expenses in the hands of the wife for disbursement, and whether it is twenty-five dollars a month, or ten times that sum, you desire the greatest return in comfort, health, and happiness.

Unless you have considered and classified your probable expenses, have allotted a certain portion of your monthly income to meet each class, and have kept a strict record of the actual outlay, you will find yourself at the end of the month bankrupt—perhaps in debt, and unable to account for your expenditures.

"Money is character," wrote Lord Lytton. "And the management of money is an art." If this is true the management must be systematic.

A book for your accounts may be purchased for a dime, and your expenditures may be classed under three general heads; household expenses, personal expenses, and rent or taxes. In large cities the latter is a most important item, and usually heads the list.

Household expenses may be subdivided into accounts with grocer, butcher, baker, fuel and lights, water and ice, servants and help, furnishing and repairs, with a small balance allowed for unexpected demands.

*Bardeen's *Rhetoric* now supplies this lack.

Personal expenses may cover clothing, doctor, dentist and medicine, books and papers, amusements, church, including pew rent and charity, tuition of children, insurance, etc. Clothing, again, may have spaces reserved for each member of the family, or for each class of apparel.

If this system is carefully followed, at the end of the month you will be able to balance your accounts in this way.

It may be wise to make weekly, instead of monthly settlements.

OCTOBER, 1889.

By HOUSEHOLD EXPENSES.

Meat and fish, - - -	\$15.00
Groceries and vegetables, - - -	15.50
Service, - - - - -	19.00
Repairs and furniture, - - -	10.00
Fuel and lights, - - - -	4.50
Water and ice, - - - -	1.75
	<hr/>
	\$65.75

PERSONAL EXPENSES.

Clothing, - - - -	\$35.25
Recreation, - - - -	11.00
Doctor and med., - - - -	3.50
Church, - - - - -	15.00
Insurance, - - - - -	3.50
Tuition, - - - - -	5.00
	<hr/>
	\$73.25
Rent, - - - - -	50.00
Balance, - - - - -	11.00
	<hr/>
	\$200.00
Amount Received, - - -	200.00

In managing a large monthly income it is more convenient to open an account with a bank and make all payments by check. These checks, when returned by the bank, are your receipt for the money paid. It is wise to let the balance remain in the bank against emergencies. But if your income is small and your payments have been made in cash, the balance, even though it be trifling, should be deposited in a savings bank, subject to your order. It is important to form the habit of so managing the funds submitted to your control that there shall be a surplus each month. It is here that money, or its possession, becomes an indication of character.

Before paying a bill, read it carefully and compare it with the pass-book or memorandum, that all good managers are faithful in

keeping. Have it properly receipted and file away. Never destroy a receipt until the account is outlawed, for mistakes may occur even in the most reliable firms, and a new bill may be presented. These receipted bills should be folded into narrow slips, and the name of the firm, the amount and the date should be written across one end, and the pile so arranged that in running through it these items can be easily read.

In book-keeping for a charitable institution or treasurership in an organization, much the same method should be pursued. All the receipts, the donations, the legacies, the interest from the sinking fund or investments, as well as the balance in bank, should be entered in the credit page, while all expenditures should be entered on the opposite or debt page.

In this case it is customary to appoint an auditor, whose duty it is to examine all bills and endorse them as correct before presentation to the treasurer; or, when the expenditures are very large, the bills are often required to be accompanied by a voucher, or sworn statement, that they are just demands. These vouchers relieve both the auditor and the treasurer of a measure of their responsibility, but no system can remove the necessity of exercising great care and discretion in managing the monetary affairs of others.

It sometimes happens that you are called upon to make out a bill, and as you are not in business, you have no printed form. A young teacher in sending the bills for the first quarter of her newly-opened school, placed herself debtor to each patron to the amount of the tuition, through ignorance of the proper position of her own name.

This is a simple form :

Mrs. Pauline Cary

To Mary Wilson, Dr.

Sept. 10th, 1889.

By Embroidering one Sofa Pillow, \$5.00

\$2.50

.75

" Materials and Stamping, - 3.25

\$8.25

Rec'd Payment,

Mary Wilson.

Never receipt a bill until it is actually paid, not even if it is sent to a relation or friend. Indeed, there should be no friendship in business.

The correct composition of a business letter may give you more perplexity than any other business form. But a few general rules cover its construction. An ideal business

letter is properly dated, accurately addressed, securely sealed, and stamped; it is legibly written, its statements are clear, concise, complete, and courteously expressed; and it is signed by the full name of the writer, with her post-office address appended. These points are not difficult to master, yet failure to observe even one form often produces confusion and annoyance.

This letter may serve as an example :

PLYMOUTH, CONN., Aug. 19th, 1889.

DANIELL & SONS,

Broadway, 8th and 9th Sts.,

New York City.

Gentlemen :

I received to-day per Adams Express the seven yards of white cashmere and six yards of white silk ordered Aug. 10th. Permit me to call your attention to my letter of that date, in which I carefully ordered white surah instead of the India silk that was received. Believing that the substitution was a clerical mistake that you will kindly rectify as soon as it is made known, I return the silk.

Yours truly,

ISABELLA HUNT POLLARD.

Mrs. John Pollard,

Plymouth,

Conn.

Send goods per Adams Express, via. Thomaston.

In this model the writer carefully dates and addresses her sheet, proceeds directly to the subject under consideration, and avoids all personal or unimportant matter. The date of the former letter to which attention is directed is given that it may be easily identified, also a simple statement of the point in question, and the whole tone of the letter is courteous. For polite phrases properly introduced in a letter may affect the whole tenor of the reply. This signature is good form for a married woman. The correct address is added, and also directions for sending the goods. This letter, although it alludes to a former one, makes no demand upon the memory of a firm whose daily mail numbers hundreds of letters, that are distributed among many clerks. It is complete in itself. Care on this point will save much valuable time to the person or firm addressed and will prevent mistakes and annoyance to yourself.

Were you addressing an individual instead of a firm, it would be proper to say "Dear Sir" or "Dear Madam."

A widow or maiden may place in brackets before her baptismal name Mrs. or Miss, as the case may require. But never sign a diminutive to a business communication. Where initials only are signed, the benefit of the doubt is given to the masculine sex, and the reply may fail to reach you.

If you are in doubt as to the correct address, add any particulars that may aid the postman in discovering the owner of the letter.

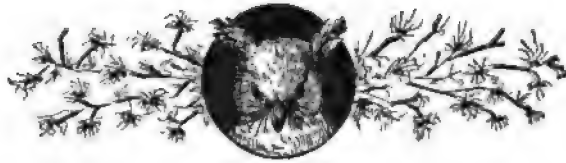
Were you writing to Marion Harland and ignorant of her street and number, yet aware that she is editor of *THE HOME-MAKER*, that fact recorded on the envelope would insure the safe carriage of the letter.

It is well to write your own address across the end of the envelope, that the letter may be returned, if unclaimed.

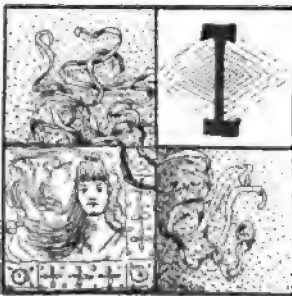
The etiquette of enclosing postage is but the practice of the golden rule. If the reply will benefit the receiver of the letter solely, no postage need be enclosed; but if the obligation or favor is on your side the stamp is obligatory. A little thought will make this statement clear. In cases of doubt it is wiser to sacrifice a stamp rather than seem rude.

Satirical *Puck* makes a grateful bank-teller present a bouquet to the *one* lady of his business acquaintance who properly endorsed her checks. Even more deserving of honor is the woman who has mastered a model style of business correspondence. Is she, indeed, a *rara-avis*?

Harriet Cushman Wilkie.



NOTHING BUT DRUDGERY.



IS mere household drudgery the ideal lot of woman? Most certainly not. In a very large proportion of American homes, a sinful amount of drudgery is inflicted upon woman. No man of any sensibility sees a delicate woman bending over a washtub, or

down on her knees, scouring a floor, or rushing to do twenty things in the time insufficient to do ten, without a thrill of pity. The great problem is to determine what is the utmost reform possible within the homes where America's wives and mothers are still to dwell.

Well, First: It should begin in the very construction of the houses. Why will almost all farm and village architects put the well and cistern pumps about ten feet outside the back door? Nay, I saw but recently in a city, a house with a hydrant so set, when it might have been carried into

the kitchen by a few feet of pipe. The effect is, that a woman working in a hot kitchen, often of necessity in a driving hurry, must step out in wind, rain, sleet, or snow, and pump a pail of water, lug it in,—and be limited to that pail, instead of drawing on the unlimited well. Why not have inanimate pipes, which have no muscles to get tired, and no nerves to feel, and which can be replaced for money,—as her life-power cannot,—do all this for her so that hard and soft water shall wait in hydrant, or pump, at her elbow? The same perverse ingenuity is shown in building a woodshed, with this remarkable addition,—that it costs more to build it ten feet away than it would to join it on, because there must be a fourth side and a separate roof. Then, all these things,—pumps, shed, etc.—must be down from two to six steps; and, in a busy day, a woman will go up and down enough steps to have carried her to the top of the Washington Monument, and back again. What harmful addition this is to her work, every woman and every physician will testify. A few senseless stones put under those sills at the outset would obviate the difficulty, once and forever. Then, have all under one roof, and this alone would seem Paradise to many a weary wife. Our improved barns are constructed to save steps and lifting. Suppose we have some improved houses to do the same thing for our wives. Why should all the labor-saving be for the stronger sex?

It would seem as if somebody would have to knock out the brains of a few architects before the fraternity will learn how to build stairs. The "lazy Italians"—as we are fain to call them—will build a stair—perhaps because they are lazy—which is as easy as an ascending garden-path. Three, or at most four inches rise, and ten inches or more across the top, enable you to put your whole foot down flat at every step and walk forward, instead of lifting the whole body by a spring from the toes. If you wish to run down, you scud swiftly forward, instead of dropping perpendicularly with a series of damaging shocks. The United States government has at last provided such stairs for overtaxed Congressmen to ascend the terraces of the Capitol. They take a little more room, but the country is large. Even in our crowded cities, a little ingenious winding of the stair case would often make all needed difference. One's cellar stairs need not have a mahogany balustrade, but they should have as easy steps as those of the front hall, for

there is nothing so exhilarating in the atmosphere as to facilitate the labor, if they have not.

Closet-room is no mere feminine fancy, but the good sense of the sex. It is as necessary to a housekeeper as a corn-bin is to a farmer, or a tool-chest to a mechanic;—that she may have somewhere to put things so that they shall be out of the way when one wants to move, and in the way when one wants to find them. It should be ample and well-distributed, so that she may not have to be endlessly moving one thing to get another. If a farmer had his grain in such shape that he had to shovel out a bushel of oats every time he wanted a bushel of corn,—and then put the oats back again,—there would be sound of saw and hammer in that barn, and a new arrangement of things, if there was a tree left on his farm, and a saw-mill within a hundred miles.

Many labor-saving inventions are yet possible for the household. There will be a machine to wash dishes, and such a cooking-stove as Mrs. Livermore suggests, to which no woman shall bend the knee. They will come when domestic work shall be held in such high honor as to enlist the best mechanical genius of the age in its behalf. So long as the kitchen is cried down, like the jail, for those to keep out of who can and those to endure who must, it will be likely to be little more inviting than the aforesaid jail. Let our women's rights advocates only begin at the right end—combine all their argument, wit, learning, persuasion and agitation for improved domestic facilities, and they can make American manhood do anything they want done. The women's papers in farmers' institutes are even now working in this direction, of reform in dwellings and appliances. Why not have a Women's Domestic Congress that shall offer handsome premiums for improved implements, plans of dwellings, etc. Say \$1000 for the best model of a cooking-stove as high as a table, so that every culinary operation could be performed without stooping, and as efficient otherwise as those now in use. Then, by publications and addresses at public gatherings, and suitable agencies from house to house, make their improvements known to all their sex.

There is no reason, for instance, why any woman should now be lifting about the old, unmerciful, iron kettles weighing some part of a ton; when she can have those of agate-iron ware, to be moved easily by the feeblest arm. As an immediate practical resource, it is not much for a man

to bring in an armful of wood, or a pail of water. Have a good wood-box, or coal-box, and a kindling-box, by your stove, and let your husband or the hired man make it his business to keep them full. It is only good exercise for strong muscles, but desolation, and sometimes death for weak ones. Wherever heavy muscular strain is involved, man should contrive, somehow, to make it his work,—and woman should contrive to have him.

In families where there are many individuals who do not aid in the house-work, and in all families where there are little children, the wife and mother should have "help" if it can be had. If the expense can be saved from dress, dress more plainly by all means. "Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?" If it can be saved from cigars, tobacco, or the "occasional glass," or from clubs, secret societies and theatres, let the man by all means save it there, and scorn to feed needless indulgences with his wife's flesh and blood. And if it can be saved out of a bank-account, save it from that, and instead of treasure locked up in a vault, have a beaming, smiling, hopeful treasure of womanhood at the fire-side—all which a wife "tired to death" cannot be, though she have the affection of a Ruth, and the devotion of a Hannah.

There is a merciless cruelty in many of our rural districts, which missionaries might well be sent to correct, in the name of Christianity and humanity. The farmer, besides all his costly improved machinery, has his "hired men" for ploughing and harrowing, for sheep-shearing and mowing and reaping and feeding stock, and a solid, imported host to do his threshing, and his wife has them too,—to cook for, to wash for, and make beds for, and sweep for. Yet she cannot have one "hired girl" to help in all those heavy tasks, and pay her as much per week as some of these men are paid per day. No wonder the increase of insanity is remarked among farmers' wives. When we see how things go in some districts, we only wonder there are any sane ones left. Church-going used to be their one outlet; but with the spread of infidelity in many rural districts, this is now often denied them almost the year round, and instead of a ride in the fresh air and a chance at least to sit down in the sanctuary and have thoughts of rest in heaven, there is a great company to feed and Sunday is made the hardest day of the week.

It is not well that the merely mechanical

should be any human being's incessant and only occupation. Some mental outlook there should be in every life. When woman absolutely cannot get it, civilization is in fault. When she needlessly fails to get it, she is in fault. The work of any home is practically infinite. Were the woman in charge a disembodied spirit, never needing to eat, sleep, or rest, she could work twenty-four hours every day all the year round and never catch up, if she were determined on perfection in every trifle. When a living woman with body and nerves works so, body and mind become diseased. Objects loose their proportion. Trifles become tragedies. The breaking of a tea-cup or a slit in a child's frock are sorrows for which earth has no remedy. She goes out into the air and sunshine, into contact with the joys and sorrows of other lives;—reads out into other lands and times—up into the grandest thoughts of the greatest minds—and when she returns to the "common task," life falls into perspective. The greatest matters come to the front and receive the thought and care they deserve, and there is life-power to deal with them, when it is not subdivided among endless little things. Trifles drop into the back-ground and restful vistas open before the soul. Any good life, looked at from the right point of view, is beautiful and happy, but sometimes that point of view must be sought outside the common routine. The young mother, who thought she "could not" be away an hour from her baby, finds it still alive on her return, and—if it has been in sensible hands, and neither gorged, dosed nor jounced—she is surprised to find how "good" it is, simply because it sympathises with her steadier nerves and more cheery heart. The worn matron, "ready to drop," drags herself out to meet some social demand, and finds the wheels of civilization still revolving on her return; and somehow she takes hold of everything by the other end, with the eye of a general and the spirit of mastery.

A family of our acquaintance have among their possessions a very vivid seven-year-old girl and a choice three-months-old calf. The little girl started to catch the calf, and the calf ran around the barn. After it went the little girl, eager to overtake it, till, as she turned her head, the calf had made more than its half of the distance, and to all appearance was running after *her*. Then, indeed, she ran and screamed, which so electrified the calf that it also began to make better time, and round and round they went

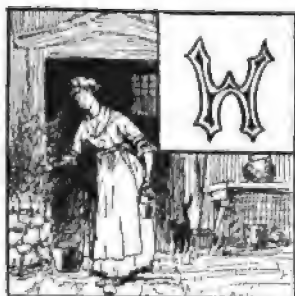
in mad chase, each in mortal terror lest the other should catch up, till the big brother came to the rescue. So it is often that the hurried matron chasing her work around the house gets to the point where the work

seems to be chasing her, and her only chance of relief is some interference from outside to stop the pursuit long enough for her to start in again as the driver, and not the driven.

J. C. FERNALD.



HOUSEKEEPING—PAST AND PRESENT.



WITH those of a certain age it is a fashion to decry the present and extol the past. That "old things have passed away and all things become new" is to them a constant affront; that

there exist those who look upon these changes with complacency and even approval is a never-ending irritation.

"There are no times like the old times
When you and I were young,"

voices the sentiment of their hearts, and they cling to old-time customs and ideas with a loyal tenacity which is almost pathetic—albeit somewhat exasperating at times to the younger generation.

With a view to ascertaining whether or not the charge of retrogression is well-founded, I would call attention to a few household

appliances—ancient and modern. That I may do this more forcibly, let me take you back to the time of our grandmothers, and invite you without further delay into that "sanctum sanctorum" of the housekeeper—the kitchen.

We see the broad open fireplace—famed in story and in song—but the breaker, nevertheless, of many women's backs. The crane, with its projecting arms, is hung over the fire. From the hooks hang kettle and pot, while on the hearth stand the oven or bake-kettle, with its iron lid and the tin reflector. A trivet, or three-legged cast-iron stool, is one of the modern improvements of the time, and offers a more substantial support for coffee-pot and frying-pan than the treacherous coals. With this equipment, and the addition in many kitchens of a capacious brick oven, the cook must work out her own salvation.

The oven was placed at the side of the chimney and was heated by having a fire built in it. When it was sufficiently hot the coals were removed and the entire baking of bread, cakes and pies put in at once, or in

instalments, according to the preference of the housekeeper. They were removed when done, with a long-handled baker's shovel, kept for the purpose. In Southern kitchens, where the baking was done freshly for each meal, these ovens were more rare than in the North, but the bake-kettles and reflectors were in more common use.

The first of these utensils, called variously, according to the locality, oven, bake-oven and bake-kettle, was a round, flat-bottomed, cast-iron vessel, having short legs and an iron top, with a handle in the centre, and was used in this wise:

The loaves of bread, Northern "johnny-cake," or Southern "corn-pone," were put into the oven, the top was put on and covered with coals, and the whole set over coals pulled out on the hearth. There it stood until the bread was presumably done. Whether the cook's judgment as to the time of taking it up was unerring, or what was done in the event of its not being so, are questions that must be answered by some older person.

The tin reflector was a contrivance for baking by reflection. It consisted of two sheets of tin, the lower one slanting upward *from* the fire, the other slanting upward *toward* the fire. Two short legs in front and two long legs in the back kept it in place. The ends were closed, and a grate coming out from the point of convergence made a resting place for the pan of biscuits. The open side was placed in front of the glowing fire, and the biscuits, enveloped by the reflected heat, were in time cooked.

I recall the appearance of a pair of waffle irons used under the old dispensation. They looked much like a pair of indented shovels turned together, the long handles enabling the cook to stand at a safe distance from the fire while turning them from side to side.

Meats or fowls to be cooked were fastened to a hook from the centre of the fire-place, and turned from time to time until done, or were roasted on a spit. A lady, speaking of this old-time roasting, says: "We boiled more than we roasted,"—and who can wonder?

Now, compare all this with the modern cook-stove or range with warming-closet and reservoir all adjusted to a woman's height, and furnished with broilers, bakers, steamers, toasters, waffle-irons, muffin-pans, croquette baskets and the numberless contrivances for the convenience of the cook,—and tell me—do you sigh when you are cooking, for the "good old times?"

After the cook-stove, which should unquestionably be ranked first in a list of household improvements—if not indeed, when we consider the number benefitted, first in the inventions of the age—comes the extension table. To those unaccustomed to any other kind of table this may not seem an important invention, but you who have ever assisted at the ceremony of enlarging the old-fashioned leaf tables will readily acknowledge the merits of the modern kind. Two tables, unless bought to go together, were seldom of exactly the same width or height, and a slight variation or the warping of a leaf was fatal.

I remember, in a primitive time and region in the West, the struggles of this kind of a brilliant woman much given to hospitality, but poorly provided with the means of dispensing it. She had but one dining-table, but it required enlargement much oftener than do many extension-tables in more favored regions, and its capacity was increased in the following manner:

She possessed a square walnut table nearly the width of her dining-table. This she built out to the required width with a pine board nailed on with cleats below. Then she had sheet-iron clamps put on one end of this table and on one leaf of her dining-table. Into these clamps were pushed slats upon which rested two or three leaves as the case required.

Thus far it was all clear sailing, but the walnut table was unfortunately, about two inches lower than the other. To remedy this, knobs of the required height were sawed from an old walnut bedstead, spikes were driven through them and inserted in gimlet holes in the bottom of the table legs. Owing to the insecurity of its foundations, this table had to be planted, as it were, where it was to stay, and the rest built on to it. It was a most curious-looking structure before it was dressed, but with a table-cloth on was a very respectable black walnut affair, and nobody but the family knew of the labor with which it had been evolved.

If, as some tell us, anticipation is one element of enjoyment, those dinners must have been most delightful affairs to the hostess and her daughters, at least, for there was always the charming uncertainty that the table might collapse in the midst of the festivities.

It grieves me to this day to remember that with extension-tables selling for seven dollars and upward, this dear lady died without one.

Not least among the labor-saving inventions of the age is the slat bedstead. Prob-

bly most of us can remember the old-fashioned cord bedstead and the labor involved in putting it together. It required almost a family to do it—one with steady hand to thread the holes with the cord, which must have been well wrapped at the end, another to wield the hammer, the children to carry the pins, and the man of strength to manage the all-important bed-wrench. And when it was done, what an abomination it was! No sooner up than with a tendency to go down, toward the middle, at least, and forming a perfect harbor and nesting-place for what one writer calls "Midnight Bedouins," to say nothing of the danger from ropes weakened by much strain.

Probably no family of children was ever brought to maturity in those days without having to face the dreadful ordeal of going down-stairs after a season of nocturnal romps to announce the dismaying intelligence that "somehow—the bed-cord had broken."

Yet when the slat bedstead was introduced it encountered much ridicule, if not active opposition.

"The idea of sleeping on a board!" said the conservative. "Well! bed-cords are good enough for us!" But the invention of springs answered the board argument, and it was so obviously an improvement that the use of slat bedsteads soon became universal. Improved springs followed, and the invention of the woven wire bed with its reduction in price from thirty to three dollars, and the evolution from the old double lounge of the modern folding bed, have left little to ask in the matter of sleeping arrangements.

One little thing which adds almost incalculably to the convenience of the housekeeper is the castor or roller. Old-fashioned furniture was always heavy, and the difficulty of moving high-post-bedsteads and massive mahogany bureaus can hardly be appreciated in this age of light furniture and castors. I have a feeling recollection of the semi-annual contests I used to have with a certain ponderous bookcase—a contest in which I generally came off second best. Once, I remember, my servant and I had pulled and twisted and tugged at it to no avail, and I was forced to call to my assistance a negro man sawing wood in the back-yard. He put a stick of wood under one end and moved it out with perfect ease.

"Well," I said, "it doesn't seem very hard for you to do it."

He drew himself up and looked down on my pitiful five feet two with conscious superiority.

"Dey's nothin' in dis worl', madam," he said, "like power!"

Which I, in my helplessness, could not gainsay.

But, after all, the power of *brain* which could, by so simple a contrivance as a castor, set all the bedsteads and bureaus of Christendom spinning at the will of the housekeeper is better than the power of *brawn* that could move one individual book-case.

Descending to our grandmother's pantry, we see shelves stocked with preserves, pickles, and jellies, while bags of dried apples and peaches complete her supply of fruit. In summer were summer vegetables; in winter such as could be saved in cellars and holes in the ground. Between the reign of winter vegetables and the advent of lettuce and radishes, came an interregnum during which dried apples made an important part of the daily *menu*, and peach pies helped out the limited meal. It was a season dreaded by housekeepers and small children.

Now look into the grand-daughter's store-room and behold how independent she is of "times and seasons." With the invention of the process of canning, the housekeeper learned to garner summer fruits for winter consumption, and has no longer the fear of the interregnum before her eyes. Canned tomatoes, corn, peas, beans, and what not? are on her shelves, while fruits of every variety supersede grandmother's dried apples.

The introduction of canned goods has lessened the labor of housekeeping in several ways. It is easier to can than to preserve, especially when the canning is done in an establishment instead of in the kitchen, and the low price of such goods renders this relief to the overtasked house-mother possible even for people of moderate means. Then, the consciousness that there is on the pantry-shelves material for a good meal at short notice gives the housekeeper a sense of security and preparedness that will do more to foster a spirit of hospitality in her breast than all of St. Paul's injunctions or even the hope of "thereby entertaining angels unawares." One provident housekeeper says, "I always keep a can each of corn, tomatoes, and peas in the house. When I use one I supply its place immediately, so that if a chance visitor comes in I can at once add two vegetables to my dinner."

It is not vegetables and fruits alone that we gain by the canning process, but, says a leading domestic magazine, "There is hardly a known food that is not given to us in this

form." Another magazine gives a bill of fare composed entirely of canned goods and including soup, fish, flesh and fowl, salads and vegetables, fruits and *plum pudding*. Even salad dressings are canned. A friend who is subject to numerous irruptions from unexpected guests said to me last summer :

"I am never without canned chicken, canned lobster, and salad dressing. Then, at a moment's notice I can add a salad to my dinner. But," she added, "when there isn't an emergency, I prefer to cook my chickens and make my own dressing, because it is cheaper."

But our grandmothers would have had to without the salad, and they could not have substituted a pan of baked beans from the bakery or Saratoga chips from the corner grocery, either. Neither could they have sent to the Woman's Exchange for chicken pies and hot rolls nor to the "Candy Kitchen" for vanilla cream and pine-apple ice. The dainties *they* had they must make and that with loaf sugar scraped from the loaf. Just think of that one little item alone and imagine yourself preparing in this laborious way all sugar you use! Do you remember those old-fashioned snowy pyramids with their wrappings of purplish gray paper? They seem to me almost like a dream—but a very sweet dream—for certainly never sugar tasted as good as did those little ends chipped off and put into our waiting mouths by kind, busy mother-hands.

Not far behind the canning and pickling and catering establishments is the laundry where for a small sum the "Heathen Chinee" or the "Melican man" rejuvenates the family linen which the young wife and amateur laundress was wont to blister with her tears.

Time would fail me to speak of the numberless conveniences which we accept and use without a thought of the small beginnings from which they grew,—of our filtering cistern and its remote ancestor, the rain barrel at the corner of the house; of the aque-

duct water supplied by a turn of a faucet, and the old-fashioned well-sweep or creaking windlass; of the brilliant gas jet answering the movement of a thumb, and the tallow candle laboriously dipped or moulded—so we leave them all and turn to the sewing-room.

Every now and then somebody starts up with a cry that the sewing-machine is an invention of the Evil One, working death to women—but it is usually a *male* theorist who means the abuse rather than the use of the machine; or a woman who, having clothed her boys in machine-made garments from the clothier's, and sent her own dresses to a dressmaking establishment made possible by the invention of Mr. Howe, finds time to write newspaper articles to prove that the sewing-machine is a curse rather than a blessing to womankind.

It is doubtful if even women's clothing is much more elaborate now than long ago, when we come down to the actual time spent on it, for our grandmothers had tucks, and ruffles, and puffs, and hemstitching, and embroidered skirts, and quilted petticoats—and every stitch put in by hand!

Certainly, when we reflect that one half the human race are men, and that the number of seams in their trousers or tucks in their shirt fronts has not increased with advancing civilization, and that the labor of making these seams and tucks has very much decreased since the coming of the sewing-machine, we may safely say that it is—to the weary mother who must be *seamstress* and *clothier* as well—a heaven-sent gift.

No, the world moves,—for women as well as men—for the housekeeper as for the scientist. It is a good age in which to live; a good age in which to keep house. Domestic science has taken wonderful strides in the last half-century—it may take greater strides in the next.

May we all be there to see!

Caroline H. Stanley.



RECIPES FROM AN OLD VIRGINIA COOKBOOK.—NO. 1.

BREADS AND CAKES.

MRS. M.'S BREAD.

Two and a half quarts flour.
One egg, well beaten.
Four tablespoonfuls yeast.
One even tablespoonful sugar.
Two teaspoonfuls salt.
One tablespoonful lard.
One pint warm water.

Take two handfuls of the flour and add to the above and make into a batter. Divide the remaining flour, and put one half in a pail. Pour in the batter and sprinkle the rest of the flour over it and set it in a warm place to rise. Do this about 3 o'clock, and at night make up in the usual way.

LOAF-CAKE BREAD.

One quart flour.
One pint meal.
One teaspoonful salt.
One quart milk.
Four eggs, beaten light.
One-half teacupful yeast.
One spoonful lard or butter.

Make it up at night, and pour it into the mould (buttered) in which it is to be baked.

Let it rise till morning, and bake like loaf bread.

FLANNEL CAKES.

One quart flour.
Four eggs.
A *small* teacupful yeast.
One teaspoonful salt.
One tablespoonful butter.

Mix into a thick batter with milk. Let it rise until light, and bake on a hot griddle.

GILL CAKES.

To one quart flour take two large Irish potatoes, boiled and mashed smooth, one tablespoonful lard or butter, the yolk of one egg; one teaspoonful salt; two table-spoonfuls yeast.

Mix with cold water to the consistency of

French rolls. When well risen, mould into slice rolls. Let them take a second rise, and bake in a quick oven.

SOFT WAFFLES.

(One pint new milk.)
(One pound flour.)
Two ounces butter.
Two eggs.
Half cup yeast.
One teaspoonful salt.
Rise until light, and bake in a well-greased waffle iron.)

COTTAGE BREAD.

One quart flour.
One tablespoonful sugar.
One tablespoonful butter.
One egg.
One *small* teacupful yeast.
One teaspoonful salt.
Make up with water like loaf bread.
When well risen, bake in small flat loaves the size of a tea-plate.

RICE WAFFLES.

(One quart milk.)
(One teacupful boiled rice.)
One and one-half pints flour.
One teaspoonful salt.
Three well-beaten eggs.
Two tablespoonfuls melted butter.
(Beat well and bake in waffle irons.)

GERMANTOWN PUFFS.

One pint sifted flour.
One pint milk.
Two eggs.
A piece butter size of a walnut.
One teaspoonful salt.
Beat the eggs very light, yolks and whites separately.
Mix them and add the milk and then stir in the flour. Beat well. Melt the butter and stir in last. Butter some small baking-

cups ; fill them half full and bake in a quick oven.

Pull them open and eat with fresh butter.

MISS G.'s TEA-BREAD.

One quart flour.

Four large potatoes, boiled and mashed smooth.

Three eggs, beaten very light, yolks and whites separately.

One teacupful yeast.

One teacupful butter and lard mixed.

One teaspoonful salt.

One teaspoonful sugar. (No water nor milk.)

Put the butter or lard in the flour. Mash the potatoes, and mix with the eggs and other ingredients. Add the flour, mix well and set to rise. Bake in a cake mould.

LIGHT BREAD-CAKES.

Crumble a pint of stale bread crumbs. Put it in a bowl with a spoonful of butter or nice lard. Pour over it a pint of boiling water.

Add one teaspoonful of salt. Mash it smooth and set it away till evening.

Then sift in one pint flour and add three well-beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls yeast and as much new milk as will make a very thick batter.

Let this rise all night. In the morning, stir a half teaspoonful soda into a half teaspoonful vinegar. Beat well into the batter and bake like griddle cakes.

CITRON CAKE.

One pound flour.

One pound sugar.

Three-quarters pound butter.

Ten eggs.

Three pounds citron cut in thin slips.

Two pounds almonds blanched and sliced very small (or better) beaten, with a spoonful of rosewater.

Beat the yolks and sugar very light. Whip the whites to a very stiff froth.

Cream the butter and flour as light as possible. Add the eggs. Rub the citron in flour and mix in, adding last, the almonds. Bake like pound cake.

BRUNSWICK JELLY CAKES.

Stir together half pound of pulverized sugar and half pound fresh butter till per-

fectedly light. Beat the yolks of three eggs till very thick and smooth and mix with the sugar and butter. Add three-quarters of a pound sifted flour, a teaspoonful mixed spice (nutmeg, mace and cinnamon) and two tablespoonfuls rose-water. Mix the whole well together, and roll about half an inch thick. (If too soft add a little more flour.) Cut the cakes with a round tin cutter, and bake five or six minutes. When cold, spread over each cake a layer of fruit jelly or marmalade. Beat the three whites to a stiff froth, and by degrees beat into them as much pulverized sugar as will make a thick icing.

Flavor with a few drops of extract lemon, and with a spoon, heap it up on each cake, making it high in the middle. Put the cakes into a rather cool oven, and as soon as the tops are colored of a pale brown take them out.

LUCY W.'s BLACK CAKE.

Cream together one pound flour and one pound butter. Beat the yolks of twelve eggs with one pound sugar until they are light as possible.

Beat the whites to a stiff froth and add to the yolks and sugar. Pour the whole on the flour and butter, and cream together until thoroughly mixed.

Mix two pounds seeded raisins, two pounds currants washed and dried, one pound citron sliced small. Flour the fruit, and stir in with a wineglassful wine or brandy, two pounded nutmegs.

BUTTER SPONGE CAKE.

Ten eggs.

Their weight in sugar.

The weight of five in flour, and the same in butter.

Beat the yolks and sugar together till very light.

Cream the butter and one-half the flour together and add to the yolks and sugar. Have the whites beaten to a very stiff froth and add to the batter ; last of all, stir in the other half of the flour. Bake in small tins.

RISEN GINGERBREAD.

Cream one pound flour with three-quarters of a pound butter. Beat five yolks of eggs very light with half a pound sugar. Beat five whites very stiff and mix all together.

Add half a pint molasses, a teaspoonful of powdered ginger, a teaspoonful of cloves, and the same of cinnamon. A saltspoonful of soda should be mixed in a teaspoonful of vinegar, and stirred in just before it is put in the pan to bake.

BEST SPONGE CAKE—J. S.

Ten eggs.

Their weight in sugar.

The weight of five eggs in flour.

Two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice.

The grated rind of two lemons.

Beat the yolks and sugar together till very light.

Beat the whites to a stiff froth and add to the yolks and sugar. Stir in the flour very lightly and lastly add the lemon juice, grated rind and a saltspoonful of salt, which keeps the cake from getting dry and hard.

Virginia G. Sully.



CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR HOME-MAKER: I send you two delicious recipes which have long been used in the family. Your magazine is a great comfort.

CHICKEN TERRAPIN.

Steam, or boil in very little water, two tender chickens till perfectly cooked. When cold, take flesh from the bones, remove all skin, and cut in pieces about half an inch square. Rub together a quarter of a pound of nice butter and two tablespoons of flour. Add, stirring all the while, one pint of the broth, hot, and cook for five minutes, till it thickens. Have four eggs boiled hard and chopped fine, which add to the same with three or four blades of mace, a dash of cayenne pepper, and salt to taste. Put in the cut-up chicken and stir till hot. Just before removing from the fire, add a small teacup of sherry wine.

WINTER PICKLE.

Have a nice, firm, white head of cabbage

chopped till fine. To each quart of the cabbage add a teacup of good celery, cut, *not chopped*, in small bits. Chop and add one green pepper or two tablespoonfuls of small red peppers chopped. Salt liberally—a teaspoonful to a quart is not too much—also a teaspoonful ground cassia-buds and the same quantity of coriander-seeds. Pack, after mixing well, moderately tight in glass or stone jars, and pour in good vinegar till it comes to the top. It will be ready to eat in two days.

Mary Curtis Allen.

WILL THE HOME-MAKER kindly give me a recipe for making a salad-dressing that will be a light cream color. Also please advise me how to get coffee stains out of fine white linen.

Thanking you in advance, I am with best wishes,

CHICAGO.

M. M.

Answer.

A mayonnaise dressing is probably what

you want. To the yolks of two eggs add a gill of salad oil, drop by drop, at first; afterwards a teaspoonful at a time, as the dressing thickens. When it is too thick, thin it with a little vinegar. Salt to taste, and just before sending to table, add the whipped white of an egg.

One of the essentials of success lies in having utensils and materials *very* cold.

Boiling water will usually remove coffee stains from linen. If they prove obstinate, soak the linen for a few hours and then rub it out in hot suds.

EDITOR OF "WITH THE HOUSEWIFE."

BUNIONS.

DEAR EDITOR: In your March number of *HOME-MAKER* a query concerning cure for bunions attracted my attention, and I hope you will be willing to say "a subscriber to the *HOME-MAKER* says bunions can be permanently cured by rubbing them with kerosene oil on retiring."

Yours, for the afflicted,

Mrs. J. L.

TRAINING-SCHOOLS FOR NURSES, TYPEWRITERS,
AND STENOGRAPHY.

DEAR EDITOR: The January number of *THE HOME-MAKER* is before me. I have but just become acquainted with your excellent magazine.

1. On page 338, F. in replying to M. C. S., speaks of a country girl who took a course at a training-school. What is the expense of such a course, and what are the requirements as to age, capability or previous experience? Such training-schools are a *need* of the present day, and should be established as the normal schools are—by the state.

2. I have a daughter sixteen years of age who is anxious to get an education, but the first requisite is more money. We have thought of typewriting. Can you tell us whether all typewriters are manufactured on the same principle? that is, if she should learn to run one of the \$10 or \$15 ones, would she be able to run one of the more expensive kind?

3. And is there any work on stenography that would give her a fair idea of the art without a teacher?

"Love's Stratagem" is a very entertaining sketch, but I do not deem the deception justifiable simply because it was unnecessary,

and the desire to please evidently overruled the dictates of conscience. I hardly think Rose (provided *she* were a reality) could have looked back upon the ruse with perfect satisfaction.

M. R. D.

Answer.

1. The query touching the training-school is one that has come to *THE HOME-MAKER* often enough to justify a reply of some length. From the report of the Brooklyn Training School for Nurses, one of the very best, as it is one of the oldest in the country, the following particulars are compiled.

The scheme is substantially the same in all schools—a Nurses' Home with a superintendent and an assistant superintendent and nurses, attached to a hospital. Nurses live at the Home, and work at the hospital. There is no hour of the day or night when the hospital wards are not under their charge.

Nurses receive their support—board, lodging, uniforms, books and a small sum of money monthly; are given their training at the cost to them of two years' work and time. The last graduates of the Brooklyn Training School, in a written examination of one hundred questions, passed with a minimum per cent. of 85, and a maximum of 97 5-8.

They have been provided with a home, with food, clothing, books and medical attendance. A thoroughly hygienic regimen has been established for them, and at the head of their household has been a superintendent who has devoted her whole time and effort to their instruction and welfare.

Every morning at seven o'clock the wards of the hospital are filled with nurses ready to begin the labors of the day. Each ward has a head nurse who assists the superintendent in instructing the junior nurses to perform the duties of the place.

Nurses are taught to make beds; to air and ventilate rooms; to wash and dress patients; to cleanse, dress and bandage wounds; to move helpless invalids; to disinfect and remove poisonous and dangerous substances; to attend the doctors as they make their rounds, taking down prescriptions for the day; to regulate and keep in order all medicine closets, linen closets, clothes closets and the like, and to prepare any delicacies ordered, such as egg-nogg or milk punch, beef tea or wine whey.

They are taught, too, when sent for, to meet the ambulance on its arrival, and, when it has discharged its burden of wretched humanity, to take the occupant, it may be a "drunk and disorderly" case, in hand; to

cut the filthy hair; to wash and scour the reeking and repulsive body; to disinfect, compose, and finally accompany to a fresh bed in a quiet ward the sufferer who knows probably for the first time in her life what it means to be thoroughly clean.

This is, in a meagre outline only, one part of their teaching, the practical side, but theoretic education is not neglected. Three times every week classes are held, and recitations made from the text-books in use. The superintendent gives thorough teaching in anatomy, physiology, etc., and in addition to this, a course of lectures is given every winter by the physicians of the hospital staff.

When nurses are thus prepared by twelve months in the hospital they are ready to go into private families. Here the superintendent must instruct them to adjust themselves to a new set of circumstances. They must not only take good care, the best care, of a patient, but they must be of suitable demeanor; quiet, respectful, considerate, helpful, self-confident, but not forward; obedient to the doctor, yet suggestive of comforts and alleviations for the invalid. There is no nobler work for a woman than the profession of trained nurse as it is taught in a model school like that in Brooklyn, and the candidate who can pass the requisite examination as to physical condition, moral character, etc., which admits her to the institution, becomes *immediately self-supporting*.

2. She who is proficient in the manipulation of a small typewriter will readily learn to handle a larger. The chief difficulty will lie in the different arrangement of the alphabet in various patents.

3. "The Hand-book of Standard or American Phonography," written and published by Andrew J. Graham, New York, is the best work upon short-hand in the market. With this should go "The First Standard Phonographic Reader," by the same author. Armed with these, a *diligent* student can acquire the art without a master. She would have to labor hard and long, but it can be done.

OPINIONS REGARDING THE "AMBITIOUS YOUNG BUSINESS MAN'S" QUERIES IN THE MARCH HOME-MAKER.

3. Certainly washing and ironing, scrubbing, etc., would be called "drudgery," and the amount of money spent for day's work in the course of the month to accomplish these things would pay the wages of a girl,

bringing infinitely more comfort, and save the lady's health, which, if she was unaccustomed to such labors, would hardly stand the strain.

Again (4), it would be difficult for a lady of "good social standing" to find time for all the house-work and to attend to the duties necessary to sustain her position among friends, the majority of whom would undoubtedly have sufficient help. Has any housekeeper—even with plenty of servants—more time than she needs for reading and self-improvement in order to hold her own among people of culture and refinement? Would an ambitious man be satisfied with a wife who could not do this? The request for brief answers obliges me to drop here a subject upon which I think much more could be said.
H. T. W.

When I opened the MARCH HOME-MAKER the first lines my eye chanced to fall upon were the questions under the heading "Cœlebs' Queries"; and at once my mind recalled a letter I had sent me to read a short time ago that was written in Florida to a friend in the North last summer.

"Cœlebs" asks if it is "really wrong or in bad taste for a young wife in good social standing, to perform her own housework (excepting drudgery)," and asks for opinions from your readers.

I wonder if this letter would not serve for one?

The writer is not a society woman in more than one sense of the word—as people living in a Florida wilderness seldom are—but she has entertained some very nice people within the past year or so, and is a descendant of one of the first lawmakers of our land.

The letter is as follows:

"AUGUST 12, 1889.

"Just for fun I want to tell you of this one day's work. I was up and dressed a little after five. When breakfast was over, we put the house and porches in order, then we *washed*. I make mother think we put the washing and ironing out—it is such a comfort to her; but it is simply impossible. Help is out of the question—there is none to be had.

"The mail came at noon, and I rested long enough to read an article on 'Muses' in the *Tribune* and a half-dozen pages of Shelley's translation of 'The Banquet of Plato' that happened to lie on the table.

"Shelley leaves the touch of his exquisite brain on everything he translates.

"I read one of Howard Pyle's 'Stories to Ted,' and then a man arrived with the first guavas of the season. I pared several, which we ate with sugar and cream.

"This variety is yellow on the outside, with an indescribable pink within. We ate them from Canton china, and the blue of the dish, with the pink of the fruit made them doubly tempting.

"I felt like a new woman after this delightful rest, and ran out to the garden with lawn-mower and pruning-shears. I cut grass, weeded and trimmed the primroses and Passion vines, mulched some new plants that looked a little spindling, and cut the yellow leaves from the bananas.

"Then came in, took a bath, bathed my hands in 'rose-water' I made last year from my own roses, and am sitting in the dear 'fern garden' in a white muslin gown, writing to you. Is not that a 'mixed-up day'? Who shall say that the 'laboring-class' lacks variety? And I did not tell you that we had a jolly time at lunch in the open hall, and a long chat; that the sky was uncommonly beautiful, and that we found time for many happy thoughts to-day.

"I do not lead an ideal life—far from it. In my dreams I never do nine-tenths of the things I am obliged to do almost daily, and I long to do finer things by far than I shall ever be capable of doing anywhere.

"But one of my ideals of 'well doing' is to do the common things finely. There is indeed no such thing as 'common things.' It is the careless doing that is common, not the task.

J. D. M."

A VIRGINIAN'S IDEAS UPON WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

ALTON, NELSON CO., VA., —.

DEAR HOME-MAKER: We were surprised and grieved to see the article "Should Women Vote?" in the February number, heralded too as a special attraction. It seems strongly out of place in a magazine containing articles on "Our Baby," etc., etc. What will become of our babies when their mammas become absorbed in politics, attending primary meetings, public speaking, the polls, etc.? These things are demoralizing enough to the men of this country without dragging the women in.

The wrongs which women have suffered were not due to the want of suffrage, and cannot be corrected by the gift of it.

There is a better way for woman to make her influence felt. Better homes will make better men and better society. Let higher aspirations be kindled than the desire to vote. Suffrage has become so corrupt, and is exercised by persons so utterly unfit for it, as to be almost contemptible. Woman suffrage will not purify it, but it will demoralize woman. Let our women prepare themselves for their special place and work in society; men will seek them, and in their sphere as home-makers they will find ample employment and sufficient field for their time and talents.

J. L. S.

MORE OF "LOVE'S STRATAGEM."

DEAR EDITOR: It does sound cold-hearted—frightfully so, and perhaps priggish into the bargain—to say that Rose's stratagem was not justifiable; but I do not see how there can be any doubt about it. It may be "love that makes the world go round," but it is only honesty that keeps it going *straight*.

No one would justify Rose if she had stolen money to buy comforts for her grandmother, however she longed for them.

Besides, what would "grandma's" feeling have been if she had discovered that she was being cheated? It seems to me necessary to consider this before one can decide that deceiving anybody is true kindness.

But although Rose's action was not *justifiable*, it was *forgivable*. She was a dear little girl, and the story is touching.

M. Helen Lovett.

EDITOR HOME-MAKER: "Love's Stratagem" would not have been justifiable for me. My conscience would have condemned me, but I cannot judge for others.

Sara Clare.

THE OTHER SIDE.

I cannot forbear saying a few words in reply to the article in the February HOME-MAKER entitled "Our Domestic Service."

The saying is, "There are always two sides to a question." There certainly is to this, and a better side, I am sure. That poor servants can be found everywhere, I admit, but that the *majority* are such as this writer pictures I think very doubtful.

I always try to treat my servants as though they were *human beings*, not mere machines; and in return I am treated with respect and consideration. In sickness I have found them as thoughtful and kind as you would expect a friend to be, not the heartless wretches this writer describes. I think the lady that had seventeen servants in succes-

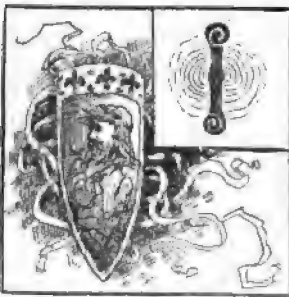
sion in one month made a mistake that I try not to make. I take only such as I deem *very* promising. You can judge a great deal by appearances. So, better refuse three or four (or *sixteen* if necessary), until one comes that is neat in looks and respectful in manner, for there *are* such to be found yet, I know from experience.

A Subscriber.



HISTORIC MOTHERS.

PART I.



IN an interview with Madame Campan, Napoleon the First remarked that the system of education then prevailing seemed to him worthless. "What," he asked, "is necessary that the people may be properly educated?" "Mothers," was Mme. Campan's laconic but significant answer. The Emperor paused a moment, then echoed the word—"Mothers; you are right; here is a system of education in a word."

The Emperor did not speak unadvisedly. In the instant that elapsed between Mme.

Campan's reply and his endorsement of it, memory had compassed his whole past, and the ruling power, standing forth clear and unmistakable, was his mother.

We know little of Napoleon's mother save from his accounts of her—"It is to my mother and to the principles she instilled into me that I owe my fortune and all the good I have ever done," is his summing up of her influence over him. In the vast Sahara of his moral life, love and reverence for his mother formed the one green spot which remained unscorched by the heat of passion and untouched by the tempests of intrigue.

Ambition and heroism seem to have been prominent traits in her character, and it is quite probable that to their predominating influence in the mother is due the lack of gentleness so apparent in the son. His training, admirable in many respects, was

wanting in the virtues which constitute the very essence of moral character.

Writing of his mother, Napoleon said : "My mother's tenderness was joined with judicious severity. My father was a man of sense, but too fond of pleasure to pay much attention to us little ones. Our mother watched over us with a solicitude unexampled. * * * Losses, fatigues, privations, had no effect upon her. She braved all; she endured all. * * * Left without guidance, without support, she was obliged to direct affairs herself. She managed everything, provided for everything with prudence and sagacity. Ah, what a woman! where look for her equal?"

His mother was not forgotten when the star of success began to shine upon him, and every outpouring of its beams enveloped her. Amid the splendor of the Tuileries, he was proud to do her honor. He could "cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack"; he could dismiss his tried and trusty helpers; he could banish the wife who had followed his fortunes so loyally, but through life he was true to "Madame Mère."

She taught him that sublime disregard of physical discomfort that enabled him to defy hunger, fatigue, and sleeplessness. To her training he attributed the disciplinary power by means of which he held armies in subjection. To her example he owed the ambition which fired his brain and nerved his arm to grasp the sceptre of royalty, and which turned each victory into a new weapon.

An immeasurable distance seems to intervene between the unscrupulousness of the French Emperor and the blunt honesty of the English Protector; but there is one spot of common ground whereon both can stand—gratitude and devotion to their mothers.

Little of Cromwell's father is known; much of the mother is learned through the son. She is described as "a woman with the glorious faculty of self-help. Ready for the demands of fortune in its extremest adverse time; of spirit and energy equal to her mildness and patience, and unchangingly simple in her tastes."

Left a widow with a number of small children dependent upon her, she carried on her husband's business successfully, educating her children and exercising over them a discipline which judiciously combined restraint and liberty.

From his mother, the Lord Protector inherited the patience, candor and simplicity

which so conspicuously distinguished him. From her teaching, he acquired the courage, persistency and decision which triumphed on the fields of Naseby and Dunbar, and gained him the supremacy in every contest.

As Napoleon delighted to honor his mother, the daughter of a Corsican advocate, in the palace of the Tuileries, so Cromwell was proud to instal his mother, the widow of a Huntingdon brewer, in Whitehall, the home of the English kings. She regarded her son's marvellous fortune with feelings akin to distrust, and only a mother's love induced her to enter a position so foreign to her station and so uncongenial to her tastes. But, amid her magnificent surroundings, she retained her natural simplicity, rejecting all personal pomp and imploring a quiet burial in a humble country church-yard.

A short time before her death, she blessed her son in these words: "May the Lord cause His face to shine upon thee and comfort thee and enable thee to do great things for His glory and to be a relief unto His people. My dear son, I leave my heart with thee. A good night!"

To the good sense and influence of George Herbert's mother, the list of "English Worthies" is indebted for one of its most illustrious names; and from the testimony of his own heart he framed the sentence, "One good mother is worth a hundred school-masters."

Izaak Walton tells us that as "the happy mother of seven sons and three daughters" she would often thank God for having given her "Job's number and Job's distribution."

Having lost her husband when George was only four years old, she devoted herself assiduously to her sons, removing to Oxford that she might continue her personal supervision. She watched over them most carefully—not with an espionage which would have galled and irritated, but with a tact and tenderness which noted everything without seeming to observe, and found delicate means of correcting whatever needed correction. She kept them in moderate awe of her, but, at the same time, manifested such interest in their recreations and pursuits that they eagerly sought her society in hours of leisure as well as of study.

John Donne, in his poem "Autumnalia," pays a beautiful tribute to her graces of mind and body; and George Herbert, in a series of Latin odes entitled "Parentalia," commemorates her many virtues:

"The fleeting suns she would not wear
away

In vanity of dress and self-display. * * *

By a fixed plan her life and house go on,

By a wise, daily calculation.

Sweetness and grace through all her dwelling
shine,

Of both first shining in her mind the sign.

* * *

Grave pleasantry, grace mixed with all is
heard ;

Fetters and chains she weaves with every
word.

Thou shalt be praised forever, mother mine,

By me, thy sorrowing son ; for surely thine

This learning is which I derived from thee,

And which o'er the page now flows spontaneously."

"I always seek out the *good* that is in people and leave the bad to Him who made mankind, and knows how to round off the corners." What an admirable description of a beautiful character is summed up in this sentence ! If we knew no more of the mother of Goethe than we learn from these few words, we might reasonably conclude that hers was a noble spirit.

Goethe's father was a cold, stern, pedantic man, firm and just in all his actions, but with little sympathy for children. From him the poet inherited his fine physique and erect carriage, and that steady persistence of character which enabled him in the midst of disturbances to pursue an independent and untiring career of self-culture.

From his mother he inherited a fondness and a talent for narration, a flow of speech, a joyous, vivacious nature, a strong individuality, and an aversion to unpleasant topics and disagreeable scenes—an aversion due to excess of sensibility and not want of sympathy.

In a little autobiographical poem Goethe says :

"Vom Vater hat' ich die Statur,
Des Lebens ernstes Führens ;
Vom Mütterchen die Froh Natur
Und Lust zu fabüliren."

"From my father I inherit
Sturdy frame and guiding spirit ;
From my mother animation
And the power of narration."

The mother of Goethe is one of the pleasantest figures in German literature, or indeed in any literature. Her hearty, joyous nature made her a favorite with all, and her sound sense and shrewd judgment rendered her influence desirable. Her letters are spirited and vigorous, though not always faultless in orthography. She read the best German and Italian authors with keen appreciation. Wieland, Bürger and Madame de Staël sought her acquaintance, and in a warfare of wit or an exchange of pleasantry she easily held her own with these notables. An enthusiastic traveller, after a visit to her, exclaimed, "*Now* I understand how Goethe became the man he is !"

She was an incomparable story teller, often weaving from a single thread of an old legend a fascinating romance. Her habit was to tell one half the story to little Wolfgang and let him think out the other half ; in this way she exercised him very early in poetic inventions. "Wolfgang," she says, "would hold me with his large black eyes, and when the fate of one of his favorites was not according to his fancy, I could see the angry veins swell in his temples and his eyes fill with tears. When I paused, promising to resume soon, I was certain that in the interval he would think it out for himself. His grandmother was his confidante as to the ending of the stories, and as she repeated his ideas to me, I often turned the story correspondingly. * * * Air, earth, fire, and water I represented to him under the name of princesses, and to all natural phenomena I gave a meaning."

She was only eighteen when Wolfgang was born, but motherhood, instead of making her prematurely old, served to keep her perennially young. "I and my Wolfgang," she said, "have always held fast together, because we were young together."

The influence of such a mother on such a child is beyond calculation ; she formed his taste, directed his will, and laid the foundation of that sublime intellectual structure which Germany is proud to claim, and the whole Kingdom of Letters delights to honor.

The poet was sixty years of age when his mother died. The bond of union between them had never slackened, and their love for each other had been a mutual solace.

Charlotte Davies.

BARBIE'S HOBBY.

OUR Barbie has a perfect passion for scrapbooks. She is never so happy as when sitting in some cosy corner, scissors in hand, and a pile of old illustrated papers or magazines at her side, each waiting its turn to be taken in hand and fairly demolished by certain turnings and twistings of the afore-mentioned scissors. Indeed, sometimes her cupidity overcomes her sense of discretion, and the family newspapers are manipulated before they have gone the rounds, much to that family's disgust, for of course what has been abstracted from the paper excites more interest than all that remains. When the twins come home from Sabbath-school their hands are held behind their backs in a mysterious manner, and after hastily conveying a folded paper into mamma's keeping, they whisper in a stage aside: "Hide them, mamma, and don't let Barbie get 'em."

It was only last week that Rob, having conveyed the last *St. Nicholas* up to his den for safety, and being interrupted while reading it, left it on a low stool in the window. Gip, the terrier, immediately proceeded to see what he could do in the way of taking it to pieces, and Barbie, coming across it an hour later, and thinking it was an old one, immediately proceeded to put on the finishing touches, wondering how such a treasure could have escaped her clutches. It is due to Barbie to state here that when the howl arose, and the criminal became aware of her crime, she proceeded to the nearest book store immediately, and bought another out of her own pocket-money, vowing, however, as she handed the quarter over the counter, that hereafter she would be a little more particular with regard to dates.

It is also due to Barbie to state that her collection of scrapbooks is left in the family book-case *pro bono publico*, and the public, in the form of the family, often takes advantage of this privilege. Rob or the twins are always sure of a suitable piece of poetry in the little brown-covered book if they have to recite something at a Christmas festival or a school exhibition, and Clare Hunter quite frequently sends in for the same purpose for her brother Ned.

The pride of Barbie's heart, however, is a large, handsomely bound scrapbook which contains a perfect picture gallery of all the noted celebrities. They are classified and

arranged under headings such as "Authors and Poets," "Musicians," "Actors," "Statesmen," etc. The picture—sometimes an unmounted cabinet, sometimes an engraving, but more often a common cut—is placed in the centre of the page, and numerous items concerning the original, occupy the rest of the page; the last are made in pen and ink, or are clippings from papers. Dickens is the only one, I believe, who luxuriates in the possession of two full pages, which shows the partiality of the owner.

Another large book, which is referred to even more frequently than this, is what Barbie calls her tourist book. Here are pictures of celebrated cathedrals, palaces, and buildings of all sorts, noted pieces of statuary, churches and monuments—in fact everything that tends to make a trip abroad so delightful as well as so instructive. These are classified, of course, according to the towns, and all items of interest concerning them carefully inserted. These pictures were culled mostly from old illustrated magazines, children's papers, etc., and scarcely a week passes but what some addition is made to its contents. Rob's literary society has just finished reading Bayard Taylor's "Views Afoot; or, A Tramp Through Europe with Knapsack and Cane," and Barbie declares that reference was made to the book so often that she can almost trace the journey, without having read the book, by the thumb marks on her precious pages. Indeed the older members of the family have enjoyed this book more than any of the rest, and its owner says that she intends to make herself so familiar with its contents that when she goes abroad "some sweet day" she will not have to go around with her nose continually poked into a guidebook.

If a picture is not suitable for either of these books, it is not thrown away, but is carefully trimmed at the edges and laid away with others, which at Christmas time serve to beautify numerous small scrapbooks, which travel off in some missionary box, or are sent to the children's hospital to help brighten the life of some poor little cripple. Some of the booklets are made of manilla wrapping paper and others of colored cambric, but when a gay, colored one can be purchased for the small sum of twenty-five cents, it hardly pays to spend time in making one.

Another book contains recipes for almost everything under the sun. Last week, when Peggy (Margaret Eugenia Brayton by rights), one of the twins, upset the student lamp, and, mother being away, the rest stood helplessly around the wreck of broken glass and flowing oil, Barbie suddenly disappeared, but returned in a few minutes, looking very wise, and, after clearing away the débris, called for buckwheat. This she spread thickly over the dark spot on the carpet, covering it with a newspaper, and, putting a small rug on top of that, placed the table on the rug and said it must not be disturbed for two weeks at least. The felt table-scarf,

which we gave up as utterly ruined, she carried off to her own room to put through the same process. Suffice it to say that at the end of the fortnight no trace of oil remained on either carpet or cover, and only a faint pungent odor reminded us to bless Barbie and her scrapbook.

If in some of your wanderings around the city of New York you see a tall, bright-faced girl wearing glasses, and peering among old papers and magazines in some remote second-hand store, you may make up your mind it is our Barbie on the scent for some new material for her precious scrap-books.

Her Brother Jack.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A CHEESE PARTY.

KNOWING that some of your readers are interested in "*What can be done with a chafing-dish*," I venture to send you this letter, thinking a suggestion from Springfield may not come amiss.

During the last two or three months one of the favorite amusements among our young people has been what they term "cheese parties." A young lady desirous of entertaining her friends very informally, invites about a dozen of her "intimates" to spend the evening with her and partake of a Welsh rarebit. One of the peculiar charms of this entertainment is "the come-and-go-early" plan, so every one is on hand by eight or shortly after. The hostess must have one pound of fresh, dry cheese (any grocer will give the proper kind), cut into small pieces and placed in the chafing-dish; salt, mustard, cayenne, butter, and a bottle of Bass's ale, or pitcher of sweet milk, must be on the table near by. Mix a cup of milk, or about the same quantity of Bass's ale, with the cheese, light the little lamp and allow the mixture to become partially warmed and soft before calling the guests into the dining-room. Then add, when the cheese is somewhat melted, four teaspoonfuls of butter, four (small) of mustard, two of salt and a little pepper. Thin it well, and cook until it thickens, being careful not to let it curdle. Some experts consider an egg necessary, but

many do not think it an improvement. Half a slice of bread or toast should be ready on a plate for each person. When the "rabbit" is cooked, serve a tablespoonful on each piece.

The beverage for the evening is usually good, strong coffee. The small, square sea-foam crackers, buttered, salted and just heated through, are delicious always, and especially at a "cheese party." I have been told that the young people do not despise bowls of popped corn or dishes of candy as a means of occupation until the rarebit is ready for eating. Nothing jollier is to be imagined than a group of lively boys and girls seated around a table, their eyes all fixed on the centre of attraction, each with his or her word of advice in regard to the manner of stirring, length of time required for cooking, etc., until, as the commander-in-chief inspires confidence, they turn their attention to cracking jokes and telling stories while waiting for the result of so much twisting and turning of the silver spoon and fork in the fast-melting cheese. By ten, or a little later, the happy crowd has dispersed, one and all declaring that the evening has been a success, and the hostess may bid them good-night with a smiling face, feeling sure that each one has had "a real good time."

L. E. E.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.



EDITED BY MRS. MARY C. HUNGERFORD.

A BOSTON SHOPPING-BAG—PATTERN FOR WORKING ON AIDA CANVAS—HALF A DOZEN DOYLEYS
—HANDSOME GRECIAN BORDER CROCHETED LACE.

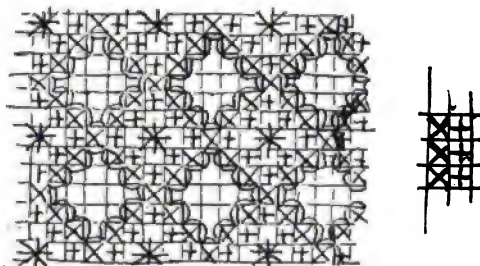
BOSTON SHOPPING-BAG.

IT would be quite impossible to say why the useful bag here illustrated should always be spoken of as a Boston belonging, for it is a style of convenience much affected by suburban New York and Philadelphia ladies, who carry it gayly and lightly cityward in the morning, taking much pride in its compact, prettily decorated slimness, and bear it homeward at night with its concealed capacity for stuffing well drawn out and filled.



BOSTON SHOPPING-BAG.

The dotted lines show the silk bag, or enlargement, which, when not needed, can be folded into the lower part of the satchel. The lower part of the bag is made of dark brown or black Aida canvas.

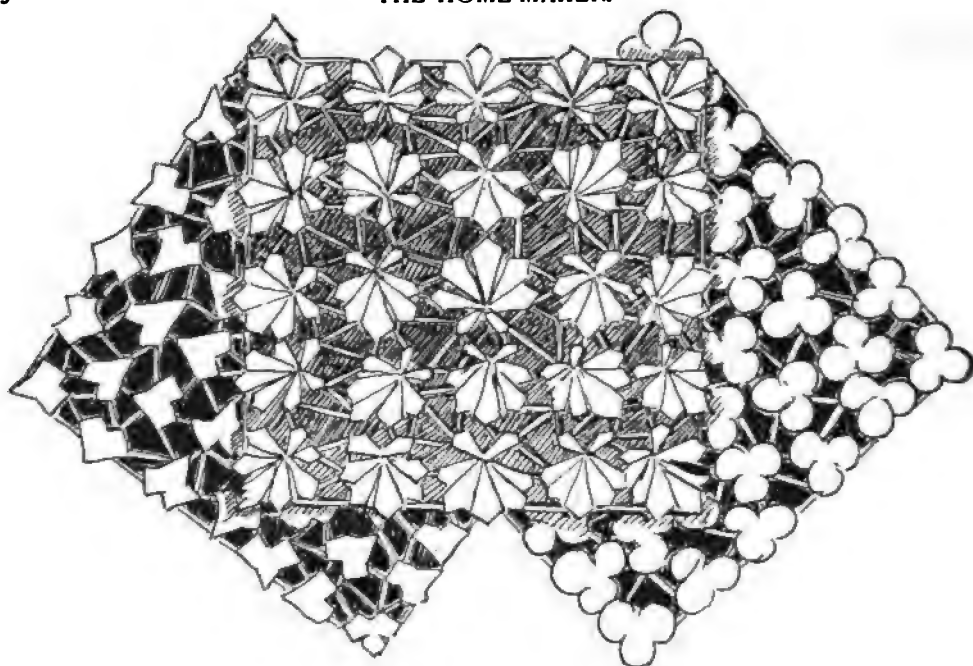


DETAIL PATTERN OF SHOPPING-BAG.

The stitches marked \times and $+$ are both the same ordinary cross stitch, but are drawn in this way to indicate the variations in color. The stars and the scalloped lines that divide the pattern into squares are worked with yellow silk. The other stitches are done with worsted, in two shades of brown. In many places the canvas is left uncovered, as the drawing of detail shows.

A silk cord of either shade of brown goes around the canvas bag, and leather handles, which can be bought at the saddler's, all ready for use, must be securely sewed on as indicated.

The inner bag, or extension, requires one yard of silk, which should be of the color of the canvas and of excellent quality. Two or three plaits at the bottom on each side are put in to draw it to the size of the canvas. The top of the silk bag is finished with a



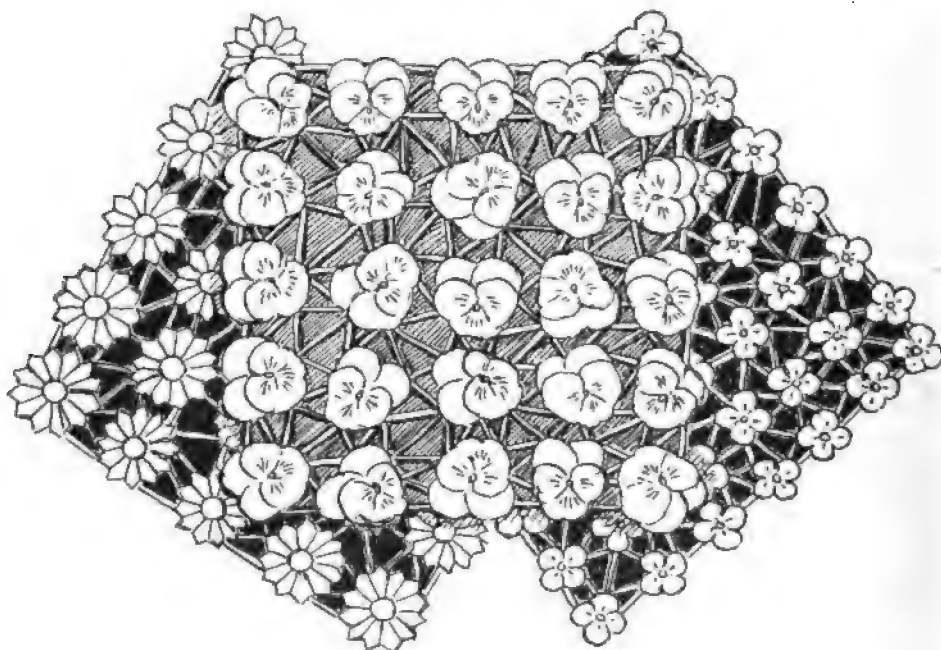
THREE DOYLEYS—NO. 1.—IVY, CHESTNUT, AND CLOVER LEAVES.

frill and casing through which to run a cord or narrow ribbon. The plate shows a bag about twelve inches across, with dotted lines showing the inner bag fully drawn out.

Smaller sizes and lighter colors of silk and canvas can be adopted if preferred; but for

actual service, the dark bags are to be commended, and the size given will not be found too large for the collection of packages one accumulates in a day's shopping.

The plate shows three doyleys in button-hole stitch. One represents clover-leaves,



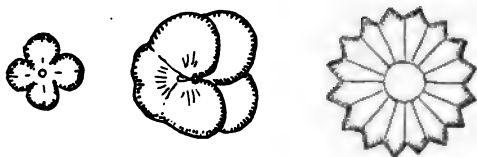
THREE DOYLEYS—NO. 2.—DAISIES, PANSIES, AND FORGET-ME-NOTS.

one ivy, and one chestnut, leaves. Each leaf is buttonholed, and the little connecting bars, or brides, as they were called by old-fashioned workers, are worked over a cord or thread before the leaf edges are embroidered.



DETAIL OF DOYLEYS.—NO. 5.

The three other doyleys show floral devices, the flowers represented being pansies, daisies and forget-me-nots. Each one of the half-dozen will be different; but if a dozen doyleys are required, two of each kind can be made.



DETAIL OF DOYLEYS.—NO. 6.

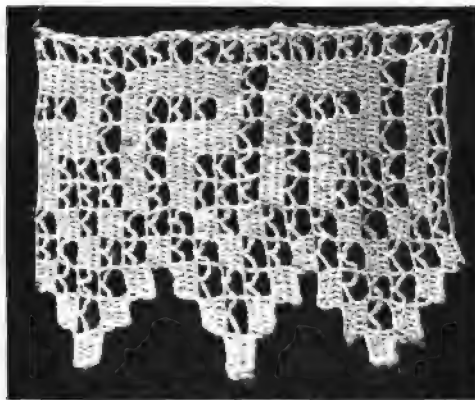
The forms of leaf and flower are more distinctly given in numbers five and six. White linen should be used, and embroidery may be done with white, or a single shade of yellow silk. The linen is cut away under the bars, leaving the leaves and flowers solid.

It will be observed that the patterns are so arranged that the outside of a doyley is bordered with a buttonhole edge. If the work is done with white, a square of satin may be laid under the open-work when a hostess wishes to introduce color among her table appointments.

WIDE GRECIAN BORDER LACE.

No home-made lace can be handsomer than this is, when worked like the model, with spool cotton. The pattern is easy and after the directions are mastered, the lace can be worked with remarkable celerity by any one accustomed to crocheting.

Begin with a chain of 60. 7 d. c. fastened in 7 stitches of chain, chain 3, fasten in 3d stitch farther down chain, chain 3, and fasten with 1 d. c. 3 stitches farther down chain, chain 3, and fasten 3 stitches farther down chain, chain 3, 19 d. c. chain 3, fasten



WIDE GRECIAN BORDER LACE.

3 stitches beyond chain 3, 7 d. c. chain 3, fasten 3 stitches beyond on chain, chain 3, 2 d. c., chain 3 and turn.

1 d. c. in d. c. below, chain 5, 7 d. c. in 7 d. c. below, chain 5, 19 d. c. in 19 d. c. below, chain 5, 1 d. c. in d. c. below, chain 5, 7 d. c. in 7 d. c. below, chain 9, and turn.

6 d. c. in chain just made, last one in end, d. c. of square below, chain 3, fasten in middle d. c. of square below, chain 3, 1 d. c. in last d. c. of square below, chain 3 in middle stitches of chain 5 below, chain 3, 7 d. c. in chain below, last one in end d. c. of 19 d. c. below, chain 3, in 4th d. c. below, chain 3, 1 d. c. in 7th d. c. below, chain 3 in 10th d. c. below, chain 3, 7 d. c. in remaining 7 d. c. below, chain 3 in middle stitch of chain 5 below, chain 3, 7 d. c. in 7 d. c. below, chain 3 in middle stitch of chain 5 below, chain 3, 2 d. c. chain 3, and turn.

1 d. c. in d. c. below, chain 5, 7 d. c. in 7 d. c. below, chain 5, 7 d. c. in 7 d. c. below, chain 5, 1 d. c. in 1 d. c. below, chain 5, 7 d. c. in 7 d. c. below, chain 5, 1 d. c. in 1 d. c. below, chain 5, 7 d. c. in 7 d. c. below, chain 9, and turn.

6 d. c. in 6 stitches of chain just made, last d. c. in end d. c. of square below, chain 3 in middle stitch of 7 d. c. below, chain 3, 1 d. c. in last stitch of 7 d. c. below, chain 3, fasten in middle of chain 5 below, chain 3, 7 d. c. fastened over chain 5 below, last d. c. in 1st d. c. of 7 d. c. below, chain 3, in middle of 7 d. c. below, chain 3, 1 d. c. in last d. c. of 7 d. c. below, chain 3, in middle of chain 5 below, chain 3, 1 d. c. in 1 d. c. below, chain 3, in middle of chain 5 below, chain 3, 19 d. c. straight across, chain

3 in middle of chain 5 below, chain 3, 2 d. c. in 2 d. c. below, chain 3, and turn.

1 d. c. in d. c. below, chain 5, 19 d. c. in 19 d. c. below, chain 5, 1 d. c. in 1 d. c. below, chain 5, 1 d. c. in 1 d. c. below, chain 5, 1 d. c. in 1 d. c. below, chain 5, 7 d. c. in 7 d. c. below, chain 5, 1 d. c. in 1 d. c. below, chain 5, 7 d. c. in 7 d. c. below, bead back across 7 d. c. just made to chain 5, chain 3, and turn.

6 d. c. (chain 3, forming 7th d. c.) in chain 5 below, chain 3 in middle of chain 5 below, chain 3, 1 d. c. in 1st d. c. of square below, chain 3 in middle stitch of square below, chain 3, 7 d. c. fastened over chain below, last stitch in 1 d. c. below, chain 3 in middle of chain 5 below, chain 3, 1 d. c. in 1 d. c. below, chain 3 in middle of chain below, chain 3, 1 d. c. in 1st of 19 d. c. below, chain 3 in 4th stitch of 19 d. c. below; so on across, in every 3d stitch a d. c. with chain 3 between; chain 3 in middle of chain 5 below, chain 3, 2 d. c. in 2 d. c. below, chain 3, and turn.

1 d. c. in 1 d. c. below, chain 5, 1 d. c. in 1 d. c. below, chain 5, 1 d. c. in 1 d. c. below 5 times, 7 d. c. in 7 d. c. below, chain 5,

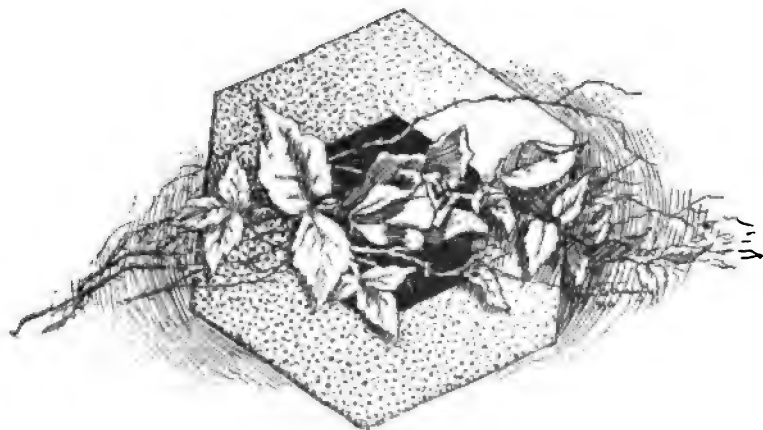
1 d. c. in 1 d. c. below, chain 5, 7 d. c. in 7 d. c. below, bead back to chain 5, chain 3, and turn.

7 d. c. over chain below, last in 1 d. c. below, chain 3 in middle of chain 5 below, chain 3, 1 d. c. in 1st of 7 d. c. below, chain 3 in middle stitch of 7 d. c. below, chain 3, 31 d. c., chain 3 middle of chain 5 below, chain 3, 2 d. c. in 2 d. c. below, chain 3, and turn.

1 d. c. in 1 d. c. below, chain 5, 31 d. c. in 31 d. c. below, chain 5, 1 d. c. in 1 d. c. below, chain 5, 7 d. c. in 7 d. c. below, bead back to chain 5, and turn.

7 d. c. over chain 5 below, last stitch in 1 d. c. below, chain 3 in middle of chain 5 below, chain 3 in 1st of 31 d. c. below, repeat 4 times; 7 d. c. in last 7 of 31 d. c. below, chain 3 in middle of chain 5 below, chain 3, 2 d. c. in 2 d. c. below, chain 3, and turn.

1 d. c. in 1 d. c. below, chain 5, 7 d. c. in 7 d. c. below, chain 5, 1 d. c. in 1 d. c. below, repeat 4 times; 7 d. c. in 7 d. c. below, chain 9, and turn. Proceed as in first scallop.





MUSIC FOR CHILDREN.

THE world has had its Twilight Age, its Iron Age, its Dark Age, its Silver Age, and every age, I suppose, has imagined itself to be the Golden Age; but the present age will probably be known to posterity as the Age when Children were Overeducated. Never in the history of the race has it been such a struggle for children to reach maturity as now. The natural rule seems to have been reversed, that the years of severe labor should follow, and not precede, maturity. In these times, children work far more severely, more regularly and more exactingly than adults.

What a blessed relief it must be to one of these little toilers, to reach the age when play and preparatory discipline are supposed to cease, and the serious labor of life to begin! From this point on, life is comparatively easy sailing. There is leisure for many things; work, instead of being master, becomes servant, and the terrible burden of mental acquisition, increasing in geometrical ratio, drops from the shoulders. This, of course, is the bright prospect and hope of those who survive. Some do not survive. Not all the good die young, but a great many of the overeducated do.

Let us look for a moment at the curriculum of the modern child. What does it include? All the essentials, of course, of a common-school education, and in addition to these a liberal dose of all the sciences, one or more arts, accomplishments, like dancing and behavior, two or three foreign languages,

and, as likely as not, manual training in mechanics. Not only is the better part of the day taken up with school attendance and exercises, but after school come the thousand and one supplementary things, practising, dancing-school and the like, and in the evening, preparatory study for the next day.

Now, while I believe that every child should study music, I do honestly think that, in view of the enormous mental strain brought to bear upon the immature brain, some consideration should be exercised by parents in this matter.

The musical education of the child, we must remember, is, in nine cases out of ten, a *plus* quantity—something in addition to an already complete course of study laid out by that exacting and often heartless person known as the educator. It invades the play hour, makes its by no means small exactions upon the already tired brain, and often proves more destructive of the central gray matter and more wearing to the nerves than all the rest of the child's curriculum put together. Think of the poor tortured little spine and the dangling legs on the high piano-stool, for an hour at a stretch! What a nervous strain and worriment, to drop a note here and there, as grandma drops a stitch, and be obliged to go back again and again to struggle with the passage until time, fingering, reading, and all the technique of execution are pronounced satisfactory. I declare I have seen instances of this sort when I could hardly restrain my determina-

tion to post off for an officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children !

Let parents have some consideration, I say. The practice hour should be shorter, or should be divided into two parts ; and rather than let it encroach upon the proper time for play, some art, science, accomplishment, language or what not should be lopped off the already too-luxuriant tree of knowledge, to give it a place. Let there be more trimming in education, and there will be more fruit.

Furthermore, music for children should not be so uniformly and ambitiously difficult and exacting as it is. Carl Reinecke says that we give them the classics too soon. "A child," he declares, "does not at once demand poetic nourishment, but simple, healthy food." Because Mozart and Haydn offer but few technical difficulties in many of their sonatas, it does not follow that these productions are easy to play as they should

be played, and as many teachers will insist upon their being played. In fact, the classics are wholly beyond the comprehension of the average child, and it is unreasonable to expect the little hands to play them with expression and effect. Reinecke recommends the simpler compositions of Clementi, Kuhlman, Diabelli, and Krause. He has himself compiled a collection of suitable music for children, entitled "A New Music Book for Young People."

With less exacting music and shorter hours of practice, I have no doubt that quite as much progress would be made by most children in the long run. Nothing is gained by exhausting nervous energy and wearing out both brain and body. Unless a child has extraordinary aptitude and an inalienable love for music, "too much of a good thing" will simply disgust him, or her, with the entire study.

Paul Pastnor.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

Beneath May apple-boughs I stand
With Little One upon my breast.
Her tiny hands within my hand,
Like fairy birds, can make their nest.

I reach her down a blossomed spray,
Against her heart she hugs it tight,
The dainty petals drop away
Beneath her kisses of delight.

While thus I hold the blossoms down
And Little One is fondling them,
I kiss her darling baby-gown,
—Sweet speckled gown with grass-stained
hem !

O little brown, worn baby-shoes !
O little stocking round and red !
—So dear, that I could weep at you,
So darling, that I smile instead !

O sweet, pale, yellow, silken hair !
O little neck, so soft and white !
O little hands, so pink and fair !
O Apple-blossom ! My delight !

The fairy posies on the tree
Will turn to fruit ere close of Spring,
And soon my Little One will be
No more a little baby thing.

The pale and rosy petals fly,
Good-bye, sweet May-bloom almost done !
—Ah, kiss the Little One good-bye,
Good-bye, sweet little Little One !

Irene Putnam.



APPLE BLOSSOMS.

CHILDREN'S SUMMER CLOTHES.

HOW to make the clothing of growing children is a problem which is constantly perplexing the mother. It is the more troublesome in the springtime, because the amount of clothing needed for the summer is always greater, owing to the necessity of frequent washing, and, as a result, the "left-overs" from each year are numerous. The wear upon each single garment is less than in cold weather and many articles are almost as good as new at the end of the season. It is not always possible to "hand down" the clothing to the next younger, as all families do not have children like a flight of stairs and, even then, the inopportune presence in the series of a child of the opposite sex spoils this ancient and honorable plan.

A little forethought when making the ordinary clothing of the little people is perhaps the best method, providing, as it generally will, for each child to wear his or her own clothes, a privilege very dear to the average childish heart.

To begin with the little petticoats. Make them as long as possible at the start, allowing half an inch in the length for shrinkage in washing in cotton or cambric skirts, and one inch in flannels. A few tucks is a favorite decoration, but it is doubtful if this is not one place where the heavily-burdened mother should save her time and labor. A wide hem in a white cambric skirt starches nicely and makes the dress-skirt hang prettily, while a feather-stitched hem on flannel is equally neat. Besides, unless the tucking is done by hand—a very extravagant waste of time—or by a single-threaded machine, the tucks are no help in lengthening the skirts. In six months, when the little skirts are growing short, then add the lace edging or ruffle of embroidery impulse would have led you to put on in the first place. The lace can easily be held slightly full and sewed on overhand, while the embroidery can be "whipped" and then sewed on, or its upper edge neatly hemmed on the machine and then sewed to the skirt. In this way the skirts will last another six months, and no more labor has been expended than

is usual in the first making. Hamburg embroidery ought always to be wet before trimming out the edge and using, as it shrinks surprisingly. The neglect of this trifling precaution accounts for the early breaking and tearing of the edge when the trimming is otherwise strong.

When the gingham, cambric or percale dresses for daily wear are to be made, remember first to allow in cutting fully one inch in length, and one-half inch in width for shrinkage. Ginghams, both domestic and Scotch, are sure to shrink to this extent, and many dressmakers prefer to wet the cloth in the piece before cutting at all. This, however, takes off the new look, which it is often a pity to lose.

When the dress is ready to sew, do not finish the waist with a belt, be it a plain waist, a full one, or a low-necked one to wear with a gimp, but finish with a cord and facing, or facing alone, and sew the gathered skirt overhand to this firm edge. If this is not satisfactory, the gathers of the skirt can be sewed to the waist between it and the facing, and a neat finish can be thus obtained. The next summer, when you try the dress on, you will find that letting down the hem of the skirt is not where the lengthening is needed, or will look the best. But rip off the waist and insert a belt, and the garment will look well proportioned again. Adding the belt at this time, instead of at first, is no extra work, except the necessary ripping, and this can be made easy by wisely sewing this part of the dress by hand in the beginning. The belt can be made a decoration if a pretty insertion, either white or a suitable red, blue or pink, is used for it, or if the material itself is used, cut on the bias.

In cutting out the sleeves, purposely have them a half an inch or more too large for the arm-hole. Lay this extra fulness in a forward-lying pleat under the arm. When the second season comes, the arm-holes are often too tight, or the waist is a little snug across the chest. Rip the sleeve from the waist-front and cut out the arm-hole as much as is necessary and, letting out this fortunate

pleat, sew the sleeve back in, and behold! another difficulty is vanquished.

The full sleeve gathered into a band is the most serviceable and prettiest for children's wash-dresses. The band can be ripped off, and a wider one—quite like a cuff—can be substituted and the little sleeve will be long enough, and yet look well. A wide insertion or the material itself, cut on the bias to match the belt, adapts itself nicely for this cuff. Often, a bit of edging or lace, matching that around the neck, will add sufficient length. The main idea is not to use trimming except at the neck the first season, although it is an excellent plan to buy a sufficient amount, ready for the second season's repairing.

All these allowances for growth are equally applicable to woolen dresses and, many times, equally necessary. There are healthy

children whose dresses have been known to last, to the surprise of elders who generally believe that one of the chief evidences of health is "going through" clothing with dispatch.

Aprons can be treated in much the same way. Where there is a waist, a belt will give additional length. If sleeveless, the arm-holes can be cut out larger and freshly trimmed, and, in case of the well-known Mother Hubbard style, the apron can be cut apart at the waist line and a belt of embroidery inserted. This is a pretty way, making a dainty garment with a full or "baby" waist, which is especially becoming to a slender girl. When it is a question of length alone, there is a constant refuge in a lace or edging of embroidery, sewing it nearly straight on to the bottom of the apron.

Agnes B. Ormsbee.



THE VALUE OF A LINE.

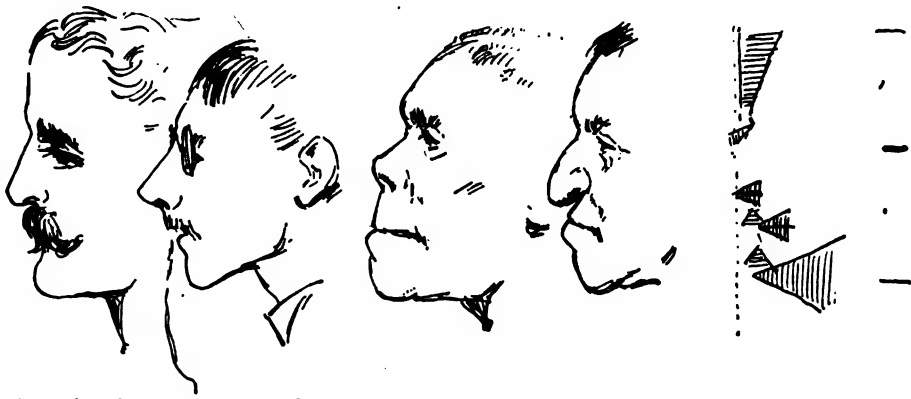
THE value of a line is the sermon I would preach to students of art, and perhaps be tempted to moralize on its importance to all the race. If, in early life, we could be

impressed by the importance of perpetuating certain lines in our faces, possibly sour and crabbed types would be less frequently met. Do you boys intend, when you grow up, to



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look like the first or second of the old men in the accompanying drawing? See to it that, when young, smiles, rather than frowns appear most frequently on your faces, for you are provided with muscles that by their use will leave lines which will tell the story of your lives. Do not borrow trouble about the irregularity of your features, but see to it that you use the facial muscles so as to leave a story of kindness and sweetness of disposition.

In order that the mask may be a truthful one, make sure that you are really kind and loving, and then you will not have to think of the record of the face.

While young, learn that you have, to a certain extent, the modelling of your faces.

Now, we will leave moralizing, which naturally associates itself with the study of physiognomy, and take a look at some of the other sketches on the page. Below the two old men are some combinations of lines, which, if studied, may prove the essential or non-essential lines in a profile face, for you will find each partially-drawn face conveys an impression pleasant or otherwise.

Then we have an outline of an old face, in which the angles rather than curves are to be noticed. Copy the left hand lines twice and then finish one by the outline of a man's head, bald, or with white locks, standing

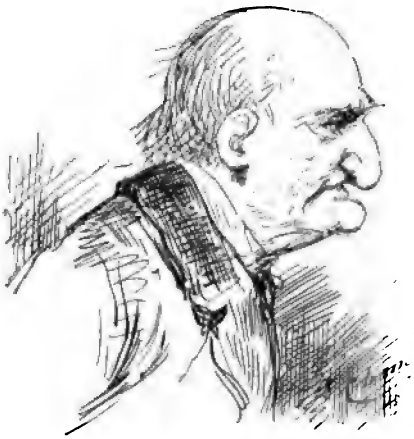
collar, and coat, noting that the suggestion of stooping shoulders should be kept; to the other add a pair of spectacles, draw the false front of dark hair which old women frequently wear, put a frilled cap on the head and a shawl over the shoulders, and



you will have impressed upon your minds that, as in childhood so in old age, the profiles of individuals of both sexes have very much in common. Of course, if the man wears a beard the resemblance is not marked.

Below, you have the outline of a child's head, which, if you copy carefully twice,







Ah, these are the dearest treasures
Her heart hath known,
Though eighty summers and winters
Have o'er her flown.

Lucy E. Tilley.

AN OPEN LETTER

TO THE GRANDMOTHERS.

WILL the dear women, so happy as to be the possessors of grand-babies, tell one who has just joined the band, why it is that one feels so entirely and wonderfully the mighty difference between *this* baby and all other babies, even those remarkable creatures, her own?

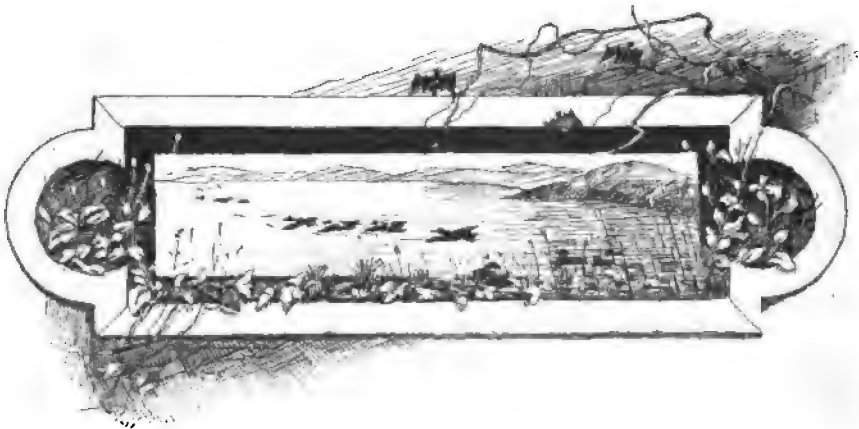
I have spoken lately with a beautiful and gracious-mannered woman, the proud possessor of a three-year-old grandson; and she and I "compared notes" as to our "feelings," my baby being a girl-child, a tiny mite of seven weeks, but so wound around my very inmost heart that I don't know when she was not there! We both agree that the feeling is quite different from that we felt for our own babies, and that we were rather astonished at the depth and force of the flood of love that seemed to overwhelm us, all of a sudden, as it were. I suppose it is always so—and how delicious it is to find the heart as warm and open to the tender influences of human love as in those halcyon days of youth, when the wondrous gift of motherhood was bestowed! How the past is brought back, in its sweetness, without its cares and responsibilities! and there, I believe, lies the special charm of grandmotherhood,—the lack of personal responsibility. We have all the pleasure, and none of the anxious fear for the little ones' moral and physical wellbeing; it is simply a joy and nothing more.

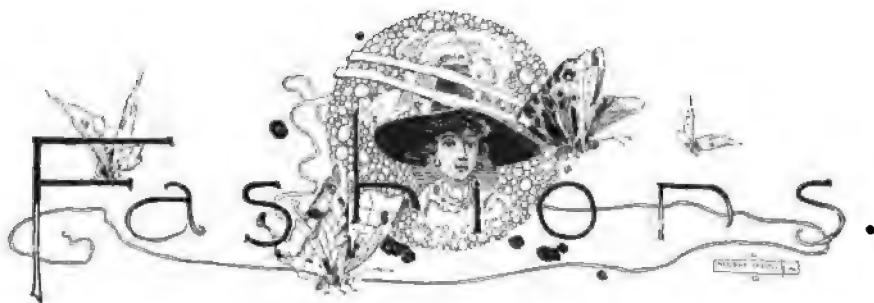
How different, though, are the grandmothers of to-day from those of forty years

ago! At least I know that I am "not fit to hold a candle" to the dear old gentlewoman to whom I owe my knowledge of fine plain sewing, and the ability to knit a stocking which will fit a shapely leg. I hemmed my grandfather's linen cambric ruffles seated on a stool, or cricket, as we called those backless abominations, at my grandmother's knee, and many tears were shed and many stitches pulled out before the narrow-rolled hem suited my teacher's eagle eye. When completed, it was like the pocket-handkerchief on which Polly Home sewed so steadily, as a parting gift to her papa, dotted with tiny specks of blood. I used to wonder *why* old gentlemen ruffled themselves up so, and I hated to sew anyway, and I turned and twisted and wriggled my shoulders up out of my low dress under the little nankin cape, which, with long sleeves, ending in mittens, of the same ugly stuff, covered my bare neck and arms; but my dear grandmother was always patient, and, though firm, was kind. I did what I pleased in my play-time, after tasks were all well finished.

I thank her now, though I did not then, as I put pretty hemming on my own grandchild's wardrobe, but I can never undertake to help "history to repeat itself" by teaching the kitling to sew! I will love her, and spoil her, but her mamma must do the unpleasant things which have to be done to her! And, dear fellow-grandmamas, do you not all feel just the same way?

Maria Pendleton Kennedy.





HAND AND FOOT WEAR.

PROBABLY the strongest temptation to extravagance known to women lies in the fact that they love to be *bien chaussée, bien gantée*. Glove and shoe stores have a peculiar fascination of their own, and the present season is especially rich in allurements in this line.

There are some tints that make one's mouth water, and many of the most exquisite are found in gloves. One of the striking colors is red, in different shades. Six-button undressed kid gloves may be had from a soft old rose to a deep warm red, and, when worn with a black net or lace costume, are pleasing. The same goods come in greens, tans, lilacs, and grays, and, although soon soiled, are easily cleaned at any glove store. Many women cast aside a good pair of gloves which have not been worn half a dozen times, merely because they are "awfully dirty." For people who cannot afford to spend from one and a half to two dollars every week in this line, that is sinful extravagance. Have you ever looked over your stock of colored gloves when you have pronounced them past worthy? If not, take a spare hour and do so. Sew on missing buttons, tighten those that are loose, mend all the tiny rips, and then take them to a trustworthy place and have them cleaned. If they return home with a disagreeable odor, hang them on a chair-back near an open window for a day or two. If you have all your gloves cleaned at ten cents a pair, they will probably not cost you as much as one new pair.

For everyday wear, shopping, etc., the Biarritz gloves are unsurpassed. They have no buttons, are of a good length, and stylish in appearance. They are stitched with white, and, if a dark shade of kid be chosen,

last an incredible length of time. Price, one dollar.

Long, light evening gloves are elaborately embroidered and stitched. Silk gloves will be worn this summer, but many people dislike them because of the "creepy" sensation they produce. Mitts, though women insist on wearing them, are abominations of ugliness. They give the hand a broad, blunt appearance, and do not protect it from dust or dirt. When worn in travelling, the tips of the fingers and nails become absolutely filthy. For summer journeying, silk, or, if they are objectionable, soft *Suede* gloves may be used. Dogskin, especially if a little loose, are excellent for shedding dust and are easily taken off and put on—a great consideration if one is obliged to eat lunch in the cars.

Children's gloves are dainty and pretty, some of them having heavily embroidered backs. A larger assortment of these may be found in the *glacé* than in the undressed kid.

Foot-coverings of all descriptions are so elaborate and varied just now that it would be next to impossible to mention them all. Black cotton, lisle, and silk stockings are always fashionable, but, added to these, are hose in every conceivable color. The newest thing is a Dolly Varden lisle thread stocking. The ground is yellow, and large bunches of pink roses are disposed at regular intervals over its entire surface. At a short distance this remarkable combination resembles a piece of furniture cretonne wrapped about the foot. Silk hose come in such beautiful colors as to make one long to buy them by the dozen. Unfortunately, when of pure silk, they are so expensive that

the average woman can select but a few choice hues, and must be satisfied with those.

A word with regard to black stockings. *Refuse absolutely to wear those that crack.* In this enlightened day there is no excuse for buying them, as every store has on hand a large stock of black hosiery the dye of which is warranted not to rub off on the feet or shoe-lining. One woman, not knowing this, and being of a cleanly disposition, used to scrub the black dye off her feet every night with Sapolio and ammonia. After several weeks of abrading the skin by this process, and rubbing the poisonous dye into the sensitive surface in the daytime, the poor soul, going like Agag, "exceeding delicately," fore-swore everything but white balbriggan stockings, and will tolerate nothing else. Children should never put on any except fast-color hose, as the tender cuticle will certainly absorb the injurious dye. Good black will not wash gray, and will leave no more stain on the foot than will a pure white stocking.

For handsome walking-shoes, patent leather is as popular as ever. Some peoples' feet are so sensitive as to be "drawn" by these

shoes and they prefer kid boots with patent leather tips. Russet shoes will be worn this summer, those that lace, instead of button, being *à la mode*. Slippers are bronze and black kid, the toe finished with a rosette or beaded tip. Some women have soft undressed kid slippers to match different costumes, and they are very dainty.

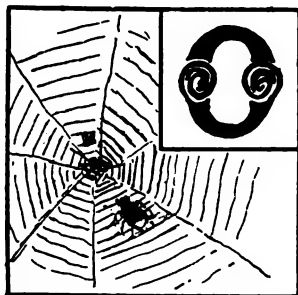
Low shoes are as fashionable and as delightfully convenient as ever. One pair of black *Suede* has rows of very narrow black ribbon stitched half an inch apart across the entire shoe. This gives a bizarre, striped effect, and holds the soft kid in shape so that it does not stretch under the weight of the wearer. Nothing is handsomer than the patent leather low shoes with tan *Suede* uppers and tan lacings. They are suitable for the street or house, and can be worn with any costume. Before putting these on, always rub the surface of the vamp briskly with the warm palm of the hand, thus softening the shoe and rendering it less liable to crack. Many patent-leather boots "crackle" all over the first time they are worn when this precaution might prevent the accident.





THE CHILDREN'S FLOWER-GARDEN.

WHAT TO HAVE IN IT.



Of all the flowers I shall mention in this list as desirable for the amateur, there is not an inferior one. They are able to stand a good deal of neglect — though I would not advise you to test their ability in this direction — are good bloomers, bright in color, and the seed will cost but a small amount of money.

Perhaps the best on the list for producing a brilliant show is the Phlox. This comes in white, pink, scarlet, crimson and mauve. Some varieties have a clear white eye, which contrasts finely with the rest of the flower. The plant is a low, compact grower, branching well, and covered, for most of the summer, with flat clusters of blossoms. If you want a pretty bed in which the colors are arranged in such a manner as to intensify each other and bring out beauty by contrast, make a circular one on the lawn, or yard, and sow pink varieties in the centre, edging it with the white sort. Such a bed is sure to be admired.

Next to the Phlox I would place the Petunia for brilliance and profusion of bloom. This can be had in all shades of red, and there are purple and violet varieties, and pure white ones. After the first crop of flowers, it is a good plan to cut the plants back well. This causes them to throw out strong new branches, and by doing this you can keep the plants growing and flowering all summer.

The Balsam is a favorite. It is a tall grower, bearing flowers as large as tea-roses, and as double, all along its slender branches. In order to display the flowers of this plant effectively it will be necessary to cut off a good many of the leaves. This can be done easily with the shears. A well-grown, carefully trimmed plant will seem to be made up of wreaths of blossoms. It comes in purple, crimson, pink, and white, and some varieties are most beautifully spotted. No garden is complete without it.

If you want a most brilliant bit of color, you should have a bed devoted entirely to Calliopsis. This flower is a rich, glowing yellow, blotched heavily with dark maroon. The individual blossoms are about as large as a copper cent, and they are borne on long and slender stems which hold them well above the foliage. When the wind stirs them, they seem to be a flock of velvet-

winged butterflies dancing in the air. This is an excellent flower for use in vases.

The Aster is a fall-bloomer. It should be planted in beds with summer flowering-plants. After their season of beauty is past it will take their place with its bright colors and keep the bed beautiful till the coming of frost. There are many varieties, and an almost endless list of colors. The flowers resemble those of the popular Chrysanthemum in shape, and are quite as fine. We have no autumn bloomer superior to the Aster, and you cannot have too many of them.

Ten-week Stock—the "Gillyflower" of our grandmothers' day—is another most desirable flower. It comes in shades of red and purple, and in pure white. Its flowers are borne in long spikes, closely set, and are very sweet. It is almost always in bloom when cold weather comes. A good many plants will bear single flowers. These are not very pretty, and should be pulled up as soon as the character of the flower can be determined.

The Pansy is not strictly an annual, as all those I have named above are, but it can be brought into flowering the first season, and no one who loves beautiful flowers should be without it. We have nothing that can compare with it in richness of color. Its purple is royal in depth; its yellow is the gold of the sunshine; its blue seems a bit of sky. Some varieties are so dark as to appear black in shadow. There are white flowers with an eye of gold, and others veined through every petal with blue and maroon. Some have a dozen colors in them blended in the most picturesque fashion. Indeed, it is difficult to find two alike. If I could have but one flower, it should be the Pansy. In no other flower do we find such gorgeous richness of color, but it is never gaudy. Be sure and have a bed of Pansies. They bloom best when cool fall weather comes.

If you have a very sunny spot where the soil dries out rapidly, plant it to Portulaca. This little plant is a floral salamander. It flourishes in a heat so intense that other plants would be killed by it. From six o'clock till after noon it opens its bright blossoms to the sun, and gives a most brilliant show.

If you want a hedge of beauty and fragrance, plant Sweet Peas. These plants are unlike any others on the list. They do not care to wait for the coming of warm weather

to start into growth. They like to be put into the ground as soon as the frost is out of it. It is a good plan to sow them the first of May. Dig a little trench for them, and sow the seed four or five inches deep. The Sweet Pea is one of the most popular flowers we have at present. It well deserves its popularity. It is a flower that wins one's friendship by its modest beauty and sterling merit.

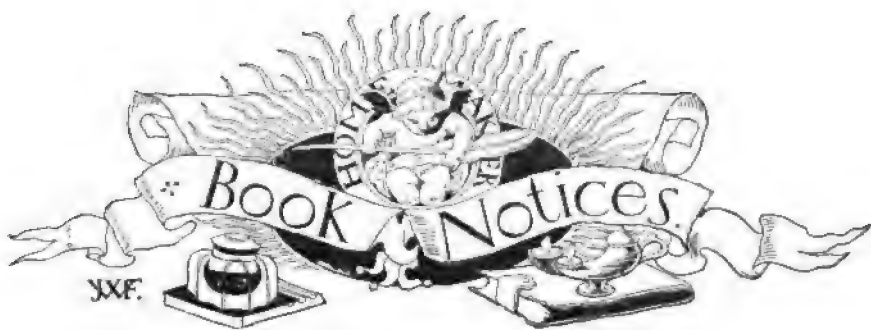
Another good old flower is the Nasturtium. This is quite as showy as the Calliopsis, which it resembles somewhat in color; but it is much larger. It creeps close to the ground, if not given support, and produces great numbers of rich yellow and velvety maroon and crimson blossoms which are shown off finely against a background of pale green foliage. It is fine for vases. When you cut it for that purpose, never use anything with it except its own leaves. I have never found anything that combined well with it.

Of course you will want some vines to train up about the windows and the veranda. There is nothing better for this purpose than the charming old Morning Glory, with its trumpets of purple and blue, and pink and white. If ever a flower was rightly named it was this one. It really makes a glory of the morning. We have no other flowering vine among the annuals that equals it. It can be used to cover arbors, fences, old stumps,—any unsightly object. But if you want to get the greatest amount of enjoyment from it, you should plant it close to the house where you can see it every time you look out of the window, or go to the door. It will climb to the second-story windows if you give it stout strings to run on. It is a most lovely and lovable flower.

You will want some Mignonette for fragrance. Its flowers are not showy, though they have a beauty of their own; but what they lack in brightness they fully make up for in sweetness. No bouquet will be complete without a branch of it.

In the above list I have named a dozen of the best flowers. They will all be sure to give the grower satisfaction. I would not advise you to attempt to cultivate many other kinds till you have tested your capabilities as a gardener. If you succeed with these, as you will if you take proper care of them and the conditions are favorable, you can enlarge the list another year.

Eben E. Rexford.



(*A New England Girlhood.* By Lucy Larcom. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

A delightful book for readers of all classes. To those whose memories run back to the "girlhood" of which it treats it is like a draught of water from the well which is by the gate of Bethlehem. The games, the theology, the daily living and thinking of old New England are described so graphically that the eyes water, and the heart yearns in the reading. It was a winsome little lassie who committed to memory the dear old hymns her contemporaries will never forget; with whom Mr. Great-Heart was a hero, and the Bible as familiar as her mother's talk; who revelled in *Anna Ross* and *Pierre and His Family*, and whose favorite play-place was "an unoccupied end of the burying-ground."

No sweeter, more wholesome, and entertaining book has appeared within a decade.

(*Open Sesame. Poetry and Prose for School-Days.* Edited by Blanche Wilder-Bellamy and Maud Wilder-Goodwin. Ginn & Co., Boston.)

To the accomplished sisters who have compiled this volume a vote of thanks is due from mothers, teachers, and children. "Some of the simple words by which little people may come to know great people" include choice selections from such authors as Shakespeare, Keats, the Brownings, Tennyson, Charlotte Brontë, Emerson, Schiller, and a host of others, admirably classified under the headings of Sentiment and Story; Nature, Playtime and Memory Rhymes; Holidays and Holy Days; Fairy Folk and Fable; and Nursery Rhymes and Cradle Songs. All the fine old favorites are here,

and many new ones as deserving of popularity. "The book is illustrated by engravings from the old masters, in the belief that children will enjoy and profit by the best art as well as the best literature."

(*The Struggle for Immortality.* By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

One recognizes here at a glance the faces of several familiar friends who have looked out upon us before, at intervals, from the pages of our notable Monthlies. They are all the more welcome that they have now come to dwell with us in appropriate library garb. The book will impress the reader—because of this former fact—as fragmentary, a series of suggestions upon profound themes, rather than a sustained argument for Immortality. Perhaps it is that agnosticism and materialism insist so fully in this day upon narrowing the domain of evidence, that the arguments from consciousness are assuming so great prominence. Certainly its judgment upon theology at large, upon what we are to believe and what we may reject, upon the construction to be put upon revealed truth, is to be recognized as growingly assertive. If the process appears to be somewhat of a retreat of Faith, it will be seen to be only a falling back from the outer defences upon the more secure citadel, not at all an intimation of failure or of courage. The concentration of force here proclaims the purpose to defend this stronghold to the last.

Mrs. Ward has always been recognized as a disciple of this later school. Her arguments have very fully, in all her books, been the appeal of her moral and spiritual sense to the corresponding sense in her readers. In the first chapter—"What is a Fact?"—of this her latest book, she shows conclusively

that there is a realm of mental science as trustworthy in its laws and deductions as that of physical science; claims for the traveller in this a right to deduce and to infer equal to that of him whose pathway is among the rocks of geology and the species and varieties of evolution—in her own words, that there is “an experience of the trained spiritual sense by which we receive the spiritual fact”; and again, “He who has not sought to develop his spiritual nature is a half-educated creature.”

The inquirer for the truth, the mystified by the apparent contradictions of science and religion, will find in this volume much that is stimulating and helpful. Its spirit is strong and exuberant of wing. It craves no advantages by asking concessions to that which is undemonstrable. It holds the opponent of truth to a responsibility for his unfaith, and drives him to his defence upon the very ground where heretofore he has been the aggressor.

(*Designs for Flower Beds.* By George A. Solly & Son. Published by George A. Solly & Son, Springfield, Mass.)

“A word spoken in due season—how good is it!” says the wise man. This book of the Messrs. Solly has certainly the value of timeliness, coming before the public as the stirring of spring is beginning to be felt in the veins of all, and fancy is picturing the possibilities of garden and lawn for another summer. The development not only of the taste for the massing and other artistic arrangement of flowers, but of brilliant colored plants and innumerable varieties of foliage, renders practicable effects which were scarcely dreamed of a score of years ago. The volume with the above title is a valuable contribution to this taste, for it presents designs which experiment has

proved most effective, some of them in outline, others with appropriate combinations of color. The authors are practical florists, who have had peculiar facilities for experiment, and here present the result of their experience in these figures, with the annotated names accompanying each design of the flowers and grasses adapted to the plan. The facilities now afforded to purchase plants of vari-colored foliage in large quantities and at moderate cost, from auction sales and at greenhouses, put it within the power of all who own plots of ground to cultivate their taste in this species of decoration. To such this book will prove a *vade mecum*. It contains ninety designs; while the brief introduction gives the information necessary to successful cultivation and trimming of the beds. Price, \$3.

THE GREAT NORTHWEST

has attractions for everybody. Within its territory are comprised the great States of North and South Dakota, Montana, Oregon, and Washington, and the Territories of Wyoming and Idaho. Famous as have become the scenes found within the boundaries of these great divisions, yet there are thousands of people who have never beheld them, and thousands who are not aware of the wonderful resources awaiting development. Rugged mountains, fertile plains and valleys, a wealth of timber and minerals, splendid stock ranges, pure water, healthful and invigorating climate, good markets, churches, and schools, and convenient rail roads are all to be found. If you contemplate a visit to this region, either for business or for pleasure, do not forget that the best route is via the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, whose splendidly equipped trains connect at St. Paul and Minneapolis with through trains of the Northern Pacific and Great North Roads for all points in the far Northwest, including, also, Manitoba, British Columbia, and the Pacific Coast. Information concerning rates, etc., furnished on application to W. R. Busenbark, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had children, she gave them Castoria.





JUNE.

THE HOME-MAKER.

VOL. IV.

JUNE, 1890.

No. 3.

EDITORIAL.

IS THERE A REMEDY?



RECENTLY the editors of THE HOME-MAKER received two letters which may be accepted as types of many constantly pouring in upon them. One, from a girl who supports herself by sewing, enclosed a neatly-made corset-cover. For making such as these, she wrote that she was paid forty cents a dozen. Her most diligent labor barely sufficed to provide her with the simplest necessities of life.

The other letter was from one of two sisters. The pair conduct a farm, and the inditer of the epistle spoke bitterly of the struggle they undergo in competing with men, asserting that they—the sisters,—are imposed upon and depreciated, simply because of their sex. Both correspondents queried anxiously whether there could not be found some remedy by which their condition might be improved.

Only a woman interested in philanthropic work among her own sex, or who has exceptional opportunities afforded her for being of help to them, can form an adequate idea of the size of the great army of would-be wage-earners. Again and again the question springs to the lips, "Who

supported penniless women in the past, if with the countless avenues of labor constantly opening to them, there is still this enormous body of workers clamoring for the chance to earn their own living?" Twenty-five years ago, when the methods by which a woman could support herself were comparatively few, we did not hear of one tenth as many applications for regular work.

The answer to the problem must be sought in more quarters than one. Among the reasons for this state of affairs may be mentioned the decreasing number of marriages, the growing spirit of independence that renders the fortuneless girl of to-day unwilling to be dependent upon father or brother for support, while the very fact that more kinds of work have become feasible to women awakens the ambition of scores, who, in the former days, would have contented themselves with the sphere of home.

A great obstacle in the way of many women who profess a desire to do men's work arises from their unwillingness to follow men's methods. Their longing is to compass success in a month or a year,—not achieve it after half a lifetime of plodding toil. Moreover, whether she acknowledge it or not, it is a fact that the average woman wage-earner expects consideration from the men who work at

her side, on the ground that she is a woman. While this may not apply to her who has been tutored in business habits from her youth, it does describe the state of mind of many a one who has lived a secluded home or school life until the period when she started out, untried and untrained, to earn her own living.

There has been a great deal of nonsense written and spoken about the antagonism of business men towards those of the opposite sex who are striving to support themselves. The men are represented as endeavoring by all such means as inadequate payment, unfair treatment and harsh criticism to depreciate the value of women's labor, and to keep these poor slaves at the point of starvation. Now while all this may be true as regards such human fiends as are found in the ranks of the "sweaters" and of similar classes, it does not apply to the rank and file of men wage-earners. They are willing and glad to see women recognized as skilled workers, who, as such, receive suitable remuneration for their toil. They are happy to afford their sister-laborers every chance the latter deserve.

But some of the women, not content with this, demand concessions to the fact of their sex. They fail to recognize the vital fact that when a woman throws her labor on the market, she must make it in every way equal to a man's if she expects to receive an equal value for it. In return for a man's pay she must do a man's work. Debarred as she is, by physical conditions, from some walks of life in which brute strength is an essential to success, she must restrict herself to such spheres as she can fill *full*. The woman who can do a man's work as telegrapher, stenographer, typewriter, compositor, book-keeper, trained nurse, saleswoman, or in a dozen of other occupations, has a right to stand on an equal footing with her brother in these avocations. But she must prepare for proficiency by the same arduous labor

which he has been forced to yield, and look upon her trade as her life-work, not think to take it up for a few years and drop it again at her pleasure. She must also understand that when she competes with a man upon an equal footing, she has no right to claim as her due the homage and deference which were her privilege when she dwelt apart. To the credit of men be it said that such deference is seldom withheld, but the woman should regard it as a gift, and not as a prerogative.

Another explanation of the complaints one hears from women-workers, may be found in their readiness to be discouraged. They fail in some branch where they had wished for success and forthwith consider themselves ill-used by fate. Does it occur to them how often men are placed in similar evil plight? Who can glance around the circle of her male acquaintances without noticing the large number who have changed their line of work once, or more than once since they first started out in life for themselves? This may not be so common concerning those who adopt the so-called learned professions, or those who learn trades, but it is a fact with regard to the mass of business men who fill clerkships, who are book-keepers, agents, salesmen and the like. Many a man will shift his line of work three or four times before he hits upon the one which best suits his capabilities. He may grumble over his vicissitudes and affirm that he is "down on his luck," but he seldom thinks that all humanity is leagued against him simply because he is a man. In the old phrase, he "picks flint and tries again," until he settles himself as the right man in the right place. Let the women who think that all the hardships as unsuccessful workers fall to their lot read the following paragraph, clipped from a leading New York daily.

"A good many stories of misfortune and trouble were revealed unexpectedly by an advertisement which a prominent business

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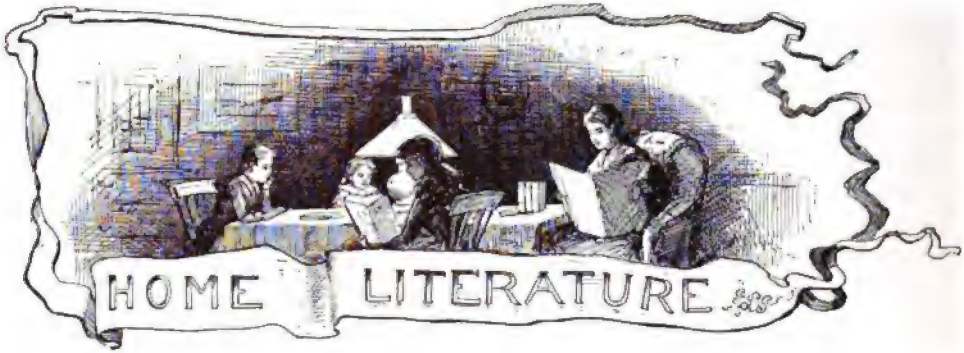
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The little crowd drew up about her, hustling and winking at one another as she began:

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On Huron's placid breast. The fleecy covering,
Which water-sprites with magic fingers nightly weave,
Moves lightly on the gently throbbing waves, as moves
The drapery o'er the sleeping form of one we love.

The birds within the arbor-vitæ groves begin
In piping notes, to tell the near approach of day.

The breezes bring sweet odors from the pine-clad rocks,

And fling the fragrant incense o'er the quiet lake.

Phœbus with laughing eye looks on the drowsy East,

Which straightway blushes as a maiden innocent,

And smiling, leaves her couch to greet the coming god.

The fort upon the hill as yet shows naught of life,

Its white walls looming up like spectres of the past,

Hoary with history, and strong, yet beautiful. The boats at anchor in the bay are touched with light.

Bois Blanc appears; its forest in the distance seems

A bold, deep graven line made by a master's hand.

Above, with lighter touch, Aurora paints the clouds,

While earth and vapor, lake and sky unite To form this charming, changing, ever-brightening scene.

And now the far-off light that flashed throughout the night

To guide the mariner, goes out. The stars that shone

With equal brilliancy from higher towers, grow faint.

The heavy shadows of the night are rolled away.

The misty curtains part and leave the lake revealed.

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The sky throws down a robe of blue, flecked o'er with gold.

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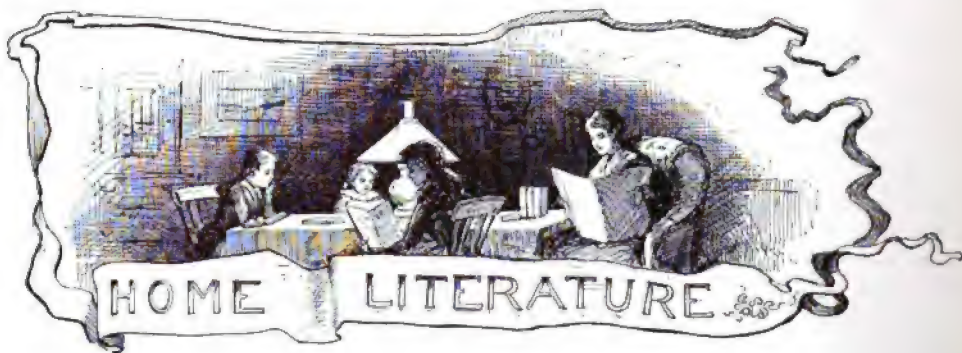
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Over Lake Huron, still upon its breast is seen
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Only Mrs. Gillette had seen the vivid red that bathed Grace Wilkes's face at sight of the written paper; her convulsive clutch of her brush; the swift, frightened glance at the treacherous portfolio on the floor at her side. But, as Karen lowered the sheet with the last words, a glimpse of the averted face, bent over the drawing until only a line of scarlet cheek showed below the burning ear, told her all.

"It is graphic and graceful," she remarked slowly, seeming still to scan the handwriting. "We are indebted to the nameless poet who has let us read it here in sight of what he has described so well."

* By Wm. Porter, M.D.



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THE HOME-MAKER.

VOL. IV.

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EDITORIAL.

IS THERE A REMEDY?



RECENTLY the editors of THE HOME-MAKER received two letters which may be accepted as types of many constantly pouring in upon them. One, from a girl who supports herself by sewing, enclosed a neatly-made corset-cover. For making such as these, she wrote that she was paid forty cents a dozen. Her most diligent labor barely sufficed to provide her with the simplest necessities of life.

The other letter was from one of two sisters. The pair conduct a farm, and the inditer of the epistle spoke bitterly of the struggle they undergo in competing with men, asserting that they—the sisters,—are imposed upon and depreciated, simply because of their sex. Both correspondents queried anxiously whether there could not be found some remedy by which their condition might be improved.

Only a woman interested in philanthropic work among her own sex, or who has exceptional opportunities afforded her for being of help to them, can form an adequate idea of the size of the great army of would-be wage-earners. Again and again the question springs to the lips, "Who

supported penniless women in the past, if with the countless avenues of labor constantly opening to them, there is still this enormous body of workers clamoring for the chance to earn their own living?" Twenty-five years ago, when the methods by which a woman could support herself were comparatively few, we did not hear of one tenth as many applications for regular work.

The answer to the problem must be sought in more quarters than one. Among the reasons for this state of affairs may be mentioned the decreasing number of marriages, the growing spirit of independence that renders the fortuneless girl of to-day unwilling to be dependent upon father or brother for support, while the very fact that more kinds of work have become feasible to women awakens the ambition of scores, who, in the former days, would have contented themselves with the sphere of home.

A great obstacle in the way of many women who profess a desire to do men's work arises from their unwillingness to follow men's methods. Their longing is to compass success in a month or a year,—not achieve it after half a lifetime of plodding toil. Moreover, whether she acknowledge it or not, it is a fact that the average woman wage-earner expects consideration from the men who work at

her side, on the ground that she is a woman. While this may not apply to her who has been tutored in business habits from her youth, it does describe the state of mind of many a one who has lived a secluded home or school life until the period when she started out, untried and untrained, to earn her own living.

There has been a great deal of nonsense written and spoken about the antagonism of business men towards those of the opposite sex who are striving to support themselves. The men are represented as endeavoring by all such means as inadequate payment, unfair treatment and harsh criticism to depreciate the value of women's labor, and to keep these poor slaves at the point of starvation. Now while all this may be true as regards such human fiends as are found in the ranks of the "sweaters" and of similar classes, it does not apply to the rank and file of men wage-earners. They are willing and glad to see women recognized as skilled workers, who, as such, receive suitable remuneration for their toil. They are happy to afford their sister-laborers every chance the latter deserve.

But some of the women, not content with this, demand concessions to the fact of their sex. They fail to recognize the vital fact that when a woman throws her labor on the market, she must make it in every way equal to a man's if she expects to receive an equal value for it. In return for a man's pay she must do a man's work. Debarred as she is, by physical conditions, from some walks of life in which brute strength is an essential to success, she must restrict herself to such spheres as she can fill *full*. The woman who can do a man's work as telegrapher, stenographer, typewriter, compositor, book-keeper, trained nurse, saleswoman, or in a dozen of other occupations, has a right to stand on an equal footing with her brother in these avocations. But she must prepare for proficiency by the same arduous labor

which he has been forced to yield, and look upon her trade as her life-work, not think to take it up for a few years and drop it again at her pleasure. She must also understand that when she competes with a man upon an equal footing, she has no right to claim as her due the homage and deference which were her privilege when she dwelt apart. To the credit of men be it said that such deference is seldom withheld, but the woman should regard it as a gift, and not as a prerogative.

Another explanation of the complaints one hears from women-workers, may be found in their readiness to be discouraged. They fail in some branch where they had wished for success and forthwith consider themselves ill-used by fate. Does it occur to them how often men are placed in similar evil plight? Who can glance around the circle of her male acquaintances without noticing the large number who have changed their line of work once, or more than once since they first started out in life for themselves? This may not be so common concerning those who adopt the so-called learned professions, or those who learn trades, but it is a fact with regard to the mass of business men who fill clerkships, who are book-keepers, agents, salesmen and the like. Many a man will shift his line of work three or four times before he hits upon the one which best suits his capabilities. He may grumble over his vicissitudes and affirm that he is "down on his luck," but he seldom thinks that all humanity is leagued against him simply because he is a man. In the old phrase, he "picks flint and tries again," until he settles himself as the right man in the right place. Let the women who think that all the hardships as unsuccessful workers fall to their lot read the following paragraph, clipped from a leading New York daily.

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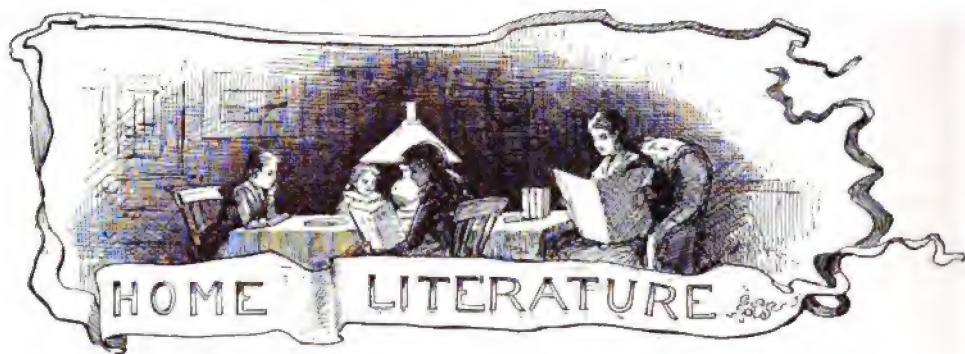
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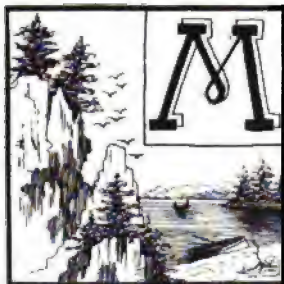
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Over Lake Huron, still upon its breast is seen
Like purest emerald the Island Mackinac.

Only Mrs. Gillette had seen the vivid red that bathed Grace Wilkes's face at sight of the written paper; her convulsive clutch of her brush; the swift, frightened glance at the treacherous portfolio on the floor at her side. But, as Karen lowered the sheet with the last words, a glimpse of the averted face, bent over the drawing until only a line of scarlet cheek showed below the burning ear, told her all.

"It is graphic and graceful," she remarked slowly, seeming still to scan the handwriting. "We are indebted to the nameless poet who has let us read it here in sight of what he has described so well."

* By Wm. Porter, M.D.

and-bread breakfast on a stormy morning, for the desolate wanderers who have to roam the snowy or slush-filled streets until night again brings them the blessing of shelter.

Some women break down under the strain and beg to be sent to the "Island." Others, still hoping against hope, go on with the horrible life, and have a terror of prison or poor-house equal to that felt by the happy mothers of homes.

The second class will resort to lies and tricks of all descriptions to avoid being arrested; and only when disease lays its merciful hand upon them and they are carried to the hospital, do they give up the useless struggle for existence.

But even with these "regulars," the women known to the police, there is some aim in life, there is for them something to look forward to in being able to mix with their own set during the long hours that intervene between night and morning. They are interested in whether this one or that went into the poor-house, or whether the other one was "sent up;" and they discuss the relative merits of the different police-station lodging-rooms and the chances of hot breakfasts.

They know all the captains and sergeants by name; and whether such and such an officer on such a beat will let them sleep in an alley or a cart. There are cellars they can tell of; and worst of all, cases of sickness in hidden places, where the "poor creature is that feared o' bein' sent to th' ospital, that ye wud give her yer last bite."

They are comfortable in comparison with the thousands who never go near the police, because they have accommodated themselves to their circumstance and make the most of it.

But the wretches who keep free from the station-houses, who find their only refuge in the filthy five-cent lodging-houses, who are entirely isolated from their kind, it is they who taste of the bitterest crumbs of poverty and degradation.

There was a time, before its present captain took charge, that the sixth precinct of the City of New York was almost given up as irrevocable from the system of "Beer Dives" which had become established in its midst. To-day the *beer dive* is abolished, the class which patronized it is scattered to the four quarters of the city, and in its place has sprung up all over the

lower part of the metropolis the cheap lodging-house.

The *beer dive* was a desert during the earlier hours of the day; but as the evening shadows approached, one after another, score after score, thousand after thousand, the trembling votaries of stale beer crept forth on their way to the roofs that would shelter them from the elements and the eyes of their fellow-creatures while they snatched at least a few hours' total oblivion to all misery.

Each filthy, hungry, bleared—I cannot say man and woman—*creature* carried in some ragged fold the coin he or she had begged, worked for, or stolen, and which was to supply him with its worth (?) in beer.

Pushing, crowding, cursing, and crying, each forced his way to the counter, laid down his miserable coin, snatched his can of stale beer, and sidled off to the shelf or corner allotted to him, there to drink the horrible intoxicant and wait until unconsciousness robbed him of his present misery.

When morning came, the filth, the vermin, and the stupefied human beings were swept out together by the infamous proprietor with an equal disregard of feelings, either in the case of his guests, or his fellow-citizens whose surroundings were so polluted by the contents of his foul den.

Since the police have cleansed the city of this corruption, the new one of cheap lodgings, though less repulsive, has grown to even more alarming proportions.

These lodging-houses accommodate their guests only from 8 P.M. till 8 A.M., and then, the question arises, where do these people go?

If you are afraid to enter the alleys and by-streets for yourself, ask the first officer you meet. He will probably answer you:

"Oh, they wander about the streets and parks till it's dark."

Think of it! Wandering about the city, begging when they dare. No chance to wash or readjust clothing. No place to sit down, excepting the surreptitious rest on a door-step, or the few minutes in a back yard. The constant greeting "move on," forever in their ears.

Passing through a narrow street near Canal, one afternoon, I saw a policeman stop in front of a house, evidently at the call of the owner of the building.

Making a sudden plunge behind the *stoop*,

the officer reappeared holding a ragged, dragged old woman by the shoulder.

"Now, what are you doin' here? Why don't you keep movin'? Go on, now, or I'll lock you up sure!" cried the sturdy officer.

"O officer, dear, don't," said the old creature, pleadingly and tremblingly.

"For God's sake let me sit still a minute! Shure I'm doin' no harrum to nobody. Shure its been 'movin' on' I've been ivery blissid minute of this day"—she began to whine "and not a bite in my head."

"Why don't you go up, then?" asked the officer.

"Och, wud ye have me goin' up where I wud nivver see a bit o' tebaccy or a *taste* for three months?"

"Shut up, and go on now," mildly replied the policeman, as he firmly shoved her ahead of him.

"Oh, yis, I'll soon be goin' for good," and she hobbled along to—where?

I asked the officer, "where?"

"Oh, any place that will let her sit down," he replied.

He told me that this woman was the mother of a man who had been executed some two years previously. Her son, a wild reckless fellow, a member of a *gang*, had been good to her in a way; and when she was allowed to see him the day before he died, she had shown such wild remorse and grief that even the prison officials had been awe-stricken.

"I never want to see anythin' like it again," said the kind-hearted policeman. "Sure if she had been standin' before God, she couldn't have blamed herself worse."

One may picture to one's self the misery, remorse, and suffering gone through with in those two years, and hope that an eternity of woe may have been obliterated by them.

Making an estimate from the cheap lodging-houses, the police statistics, and the night missions, one can almost put the figures down at thirty-eight or forty thousand homeless women who dwell within this phenomenally wealthy city of New York.

The missions do a great deal. The police do a great deal. The lodging-houses do a great deal, but it is all inadequate. Have we misconstrued that wonderful text, "The poor ye have always with you"?

Have we closed our eyes luxuriously to its true meaning, and allowed it to become to us an incontrovertible fact, and as such let it pass without effort?

Does it not rather mean, that to alleviate their sufferings should be our constant daily work and duty? They and their misery are continually before us. Does not that mean that it should be our daily thought and duty to help them?

Some years ago I was walking with a school friend on Fifth Avenue. A poor, thinly-clad, middle-aged woman met us when we were almost opposite the Cathedral.

"Would you please tell me where St. Luke's Hospital is, ladies?" she asked.

I directed her the few blocks further on, when something in her face arrested my attention. She was miserably dressed. Shoes worn into holes on all sides. Dress thin, darned, and dragged; and a shawl and bonnet almost without shape or texture, from constant wettings, dust, and age; and yet the lisp and half-affected turn of the head reminded me of some one. We had walked several blocks, and the woman was out of sight, when I suddenly remembered who she was.

Three or four years before this time, and while I was a girl at college, I had earned my pocket money by collecting rents for my brother, who owned a very respectable tenement house on the east side.

One of the nicest families in this house, the family who paid most promptly, the one most decorous in conduct and neatest in appearance, was that of a certain Mr. Riley.

Mr. Riley was a brick-layer by trade, while Mrs. Riley, who had been a milliner before her marriage, still made bonnets for her neighbors, and in this way added to the family income.

Their little home was very pleasantly furnished; and I remember the dainty little lace-trimmed apron Mrs. Riley used to wear, as she sat in her sunny window at work on the bright flowers and ribbons of her bonnets.

What could this new poverty mean, then?

I determined to find out the history of these people, so I started one snowy afternoon, and made my way from one east-side tenement house to another, until I finally traced them to their last home.

"What was the cause of their poverty?" I asked the housekeeper.

"Drink, ma'am. It is the same with all of them. They get to 'working the growler;' that means, if you please, ma'am, sending out for the can of beer; and they get to sending for it so often, that they just put themselves from doing anything decent at all. That was the case with the Rileys. He lost his work, and then she took to pawning, so that when they left this house, you could have carried out all in your hand that they had to carry."

I tried to find out what could have taken Mrs. Riley up to St. Luke's, but I was unable to do so.

One bitter cold night the pipes in this east-side tenement got frozen. The plumbers went down into the cellar to thaw them out, and stumbled over the almost inanimate body of a woman.

She was recognized by some of the tenants as a woman who slept in the cellar sometimes, and who once lived in the house. They took her to the hospital, and since then no one has heard of Mrs. Riley.

I suppose she is sleeping in Potter's Field; at least I hope she is out of the pitiless streets of New York forever.

"Why do you not wash yourself?" said a lady to a poor woman who asked help from her.

"There is no place for me to wash myself, ma'am," said the woman stolidly.

The answer set the lady to thinking upon this subject.

"Where will these poor homeless women find means to wash themselves and keep clean?" she asks.

Dirt is a prime factor in degradation. Nothing brutalizes more effectually; and these women, when they lose the humble roof that covered their home, lose all seclusion, all means of neatness; while everything they touch, everywhere they go, but increases the filth about them. We turn in disgust from the grimy hand held out to us. We fail to see anything to pity in the soiled, haggard face and unkempt hair, forgetting that the luxury of soap and water is the first thing denied the homeless one.

The cheap tenement house, which in the metropolis affords the humblest home, is the last spot where the family can keep its sacred entirety. Here the door can be shut against the world. The clothes

can be washed and mended, ablutions made, and eating and sleeping go on with as much self-respect as is vouchsafed the millionaire.

But here also goes on the first phase of that careless indifference which so quickly obliterates the home feeling. The doors are only too often thrown open that all may see and all may hear.

Mrs. Muldoon in the front room, by a little carelessness of Mrs. Whipple in the back room, is able to know and see all that transpires within those four back walls which do not belong to her. A hot morning, or a quarrel over clothes-lines, gives excuse for the first neighborly can of beer. Mrs. Muldoon treats Mrs. Whipple by sending out six-year-old Johnny for a pint. Mrs. Whipple can't be mean, so her Katie goes for another pint.

A little gossip in the hall next day; a half hour in each other's rooms; and another pint and another treat. The habit grows. Wash-days come and the treats are more numerous; until Mrs. Whipple is morose and unhappy upon the day when she has no change for beer, so she just pawns some article of wearing apparel until pay day. It is terrible at first, but it soon becomes less so.

Husbands object to the pawning business, and quarrels ensue.

Quarrelling and scolding end in fighting, arrest, the police court, and the "Island," until at last the home is broken up, the men go—anywhere; and the women drop step by step into the "regulars," or die of starvation and exposure in the streets.

What can be done?

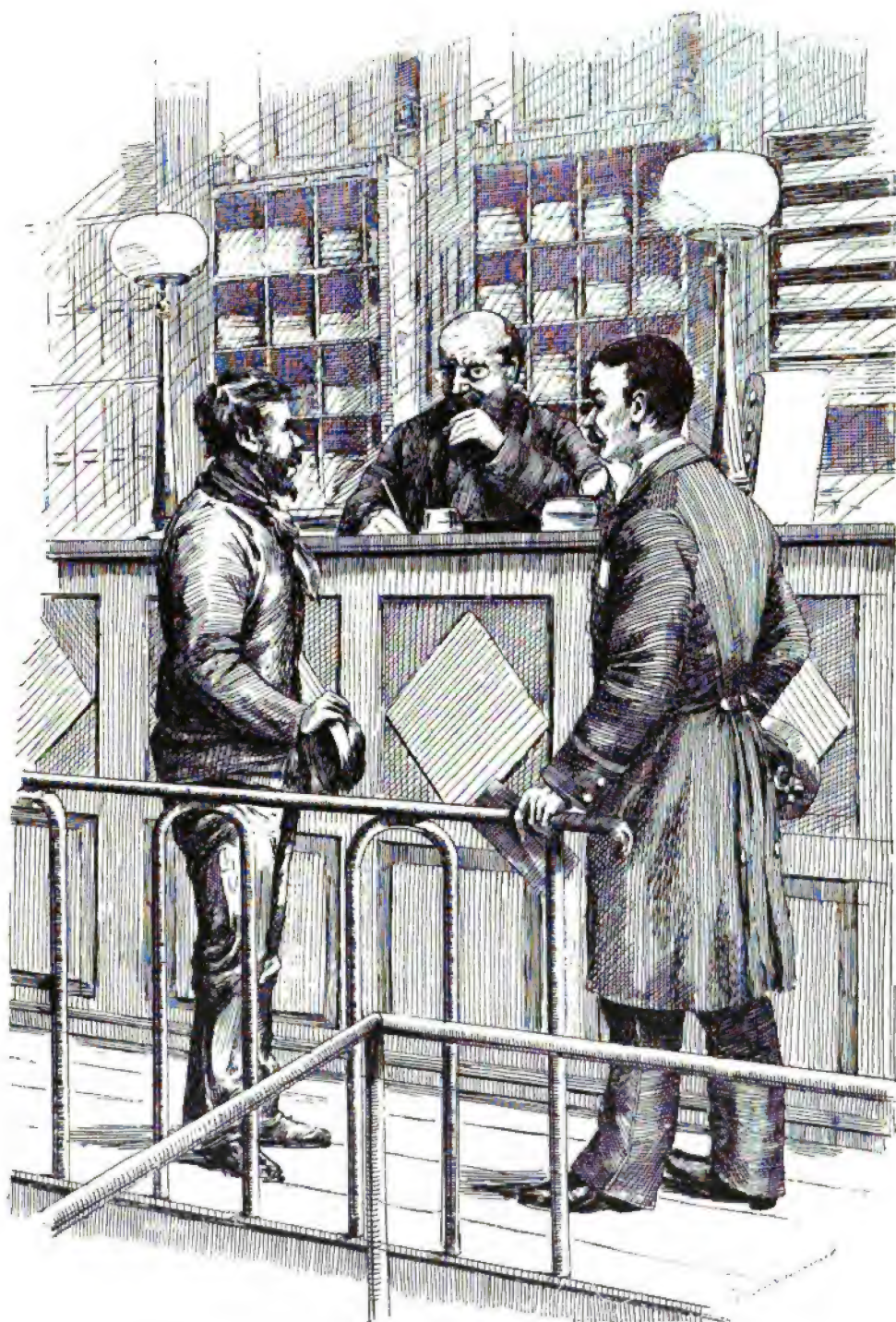
Begin at the cheap tenement houses first, for it is there we must reach the cause in its first stages.

But how can we deal with the pride and independence of one of these women while she stands under her own roof? No queen could be more unapproachable.

The man or woman would be brave indeed who would suggest the possibility of such a woman needing advice, and especially advice as to what she should or should not drink.

"Isn't my man working, and isn't he paying his rent? He is not begging anything, is he, or am I asking *you* for it? Surely we are living in a free country and can do as we like."

This is the tone, and if the woman has anything of the virago in her, which is



"ARREST, POLICE COURT AND THE ISLAND." (See page 194.)

more often the case than not, woe betide the person who dares criticize her actions.

If only the lager-beer saloons could be prohibited from selling beer on draught or by the pail! Oh, how often I have wished I could have had the courage to denounce to the authorities the publican who sold the can of beer to the six or seven year old girl who innocently carried it to her drunken mother and friends.

The police try to check it. They certainly have improved matters vastly, but the evil is not stopped.

Walk through any of the east or west side tenement-house districts at the hour of noon and see for yourselves. If the majority of beer cans are not carried by minors and women, then indeed you are in a prosperous neighborhood.

I counted seventeen cans and pitchers carried by children during the time it took me to walk from First avenue on Thirteenth Street, through to Avenue A, and yet this is a district in which more than one wealthy uptown church has established a mission; and one, indeed, in which churches of all denominations are most plentiful.

Churches, then, do not seem to affect this traffic; and we can only ask, how could they, when the saloons are so numerous around them?

Only one remedy can be suggested, and that can not become effectual in this generation. It is to make the children temperate, and then try to ameliorate the terrible sufferings of those who have by their own sinful folly been left shelterless in our streets.

One class I have not yet touched on: they are those who have become destitute through no fault of their own. Sickness, perhaps death, has robbed them of home and support at one blow. They are the deserving poor. Often they are strangers and friendless. The missions are for them; but alas! too often the missions are so tangled about with red tape and all sorts of restrictions, that the stranger can find no entrance. Without offering one word of censure in such cases, I know that even did the missions take in more than they can now accommodate, there would still be this great surplus of wretched women for whom we have no shelter.

The question has been asked: Are not these women of ill-fame? No. In nine cases out of ten they are women whom, excepting for drinking, quarrelling and neg-

lecting their household duties, no word of reproach can touch.

In the station-houses a slur or word of reproach from one lodger to another is almost invariably the cause of any quarrels that may ensue among them; and when the doorman arrives to quell the disturbance, he usually has to side very strongly with the insulted party, or lock up by herself in a cold cell the promulgator of the foul slander, before quiet can be established.

On one of these occasions, when the doorman of a certain precinct found it necessary to go in and separate the combatants and bring them before the captain, the fierce anger and righteous indignation of the accused woman could only be appeased by making her tell her whole story: and a more pitiful or harrowing narrative I never listened to.

During its recital her enemy was quietly taken "back," and a little money and prospect of a warm breakfast soon quieted the trembling, overwrought creature. But the ordeal of defending her character against such calumny was almost too much for her poor shattered frame; and next morning, instead of being dismissed to the streets, she was sent to the hospital in a high fever. What became of her afterward I do not know. No one in official life has time to follow up such cases.

Whether the new *regime* that brings matrons into the police stations will result in any improvement in the accommodations for the lodgers, I cannot tell. But it is hardly likely, as beds could never be kept clean. As it is, the only method of cleansing which has been found at all efficacious, is the free use of the hose in the morning, and the constant application of the white-wash brush.

Talking on this subject, one captain naively remarked:

"My dear madam, you forget that anything softer than a board would soon walk away of its own accord. It would be impossible to have such a thing as a mattress in this place."

Evidently the same state of affairs is recognized by the wanderers themselves; as, excepting in the very coldest weather, the lodging-houses which provide mattresses are not nearly so well patronized as those supplying shelves or bare floors.

When one sees the positions into which these shivering, wet, and dirty women toss

themselves when trying to compose themselves to sleep in an over-crowded lodging-room, one soon discovers that a bed is not essential.

Some cower down in the corners. Others throw themselves in a limp heap, while others sit upright, leaning their faces on their knees occasionally; or sit with back against the wall on the bench, throwing back the head, apparently at the risk of dislocating their necks, or allowing it to loll stupidly forward on the chest.

Some sleep heavily and dreamlessly; but the majority do not seem to sleep very soundly, and a constant tumult of groaning, snoring, muttering, and sighing, with occasional shouts and curses, is kept up along with the restless tossing of limbs.

Could one endure the odors and fear of vermin long enough to stay for even a few minutes in such a room,—say an apartment 20x20 feet in area, and crowded with about thirty tired creatures, all trying to find some comfort in resting,—what would the sudden translation into pure air, warmth, and a dainty white bed and clean linen be?

I have asked myself this question as I looked at these unhappy beings, but the answer was beyond my imagination.

The city is full of charities. Wealthy women leave legacies to this or that college, church, or institution, all worthy objects of charity, no doubt.

Could, however, these wealthy women, before disposing of their bounties, see the hopeless misery, the despair, the suffering, and utter lack of spiritual influence or advice in the existence of these wretched, homeless sisters of theirs, would they leave their money so complacently to colleges already wealthy, to churches already too

idle, and to institutions where it takes more money to dispense the charity than what is expended in it?

Surely, no! And surely if some place of rest for these homeless creatures, faulty though they be, were founded, no woman happy in her own home, and contented at her own cheerful fireside could or would refuse to give, that some poor, miserable fellow-woman might find shelter and relief from the misery of our streets.

A bath, a clean suit, a warm meal, and a night's rest. Could we know that we had given that to one poor creature, surely the knowledge would be reward enough.

Sarah L. Roys.

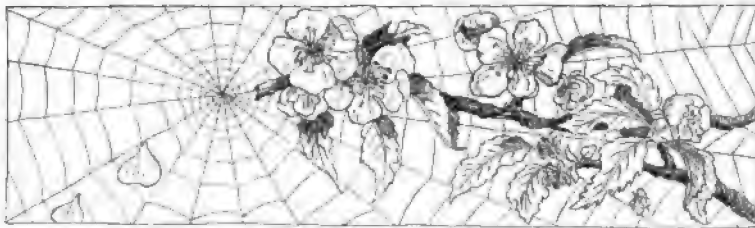
Police Report for year ending Dec. 31, 1888. Page 78.

"Again it is urged that there should be some legal regulation by which the cheap lodging-houses could be placed under police supervision.

"Though it is admitted that many of the patrons of these places are people in distressed circumstances, yet, where so many are herded together daily and nightly, it is reasonable to suppose there are many disposed to crime. If tenement life tends to immorality and vice, surely the fifty-eight lodging-houses in the eleventh precinct, furnishing 1,243,200 lodgings in one year, must have the same or a worse tendency.

"It is shown above that an average of 13,152 persons without homes and the influences of family lodge nightly in the station-houses and in these poorly-provided dormitories—an army of idlers, willing or forced.

"It is respectfully submitted that social reformers would here find a field for speculation, if not for considerable activity."





WHEN THE KING SHALL COME TO HIS OWN AGAIN.

THE lilies are set in the garden high,
They hold up their heads to watch the sky;
They stand at their post through storm and
rain
Till the King shall come to his own again.

The lilies are withering one by one,
But buds shall awake for the next year's sun;
They shall open their hearts with never a
stain,
And the King shall come to his own again.

My life goes round from year to year,
The lilies awake, and I ask, Is he here?
I watch their buds, and I would full fain
That the King might come to his own again.

I can but watch, I can but pray,
I can but look for a brighter day;
But I know that evil shall cease to reign,
And the King shall come to his own again.

I am but weak, with no arms to fight;
Great is their strength who withstand the
right;
How can I aid to burst the chain
That the King may come to his own again?

Years may be long, and I be dead;
There shall stand up worthier in my stead;
Worthy at last to join the train
When the King shall come to his own again.

O day of days! O day most bright,
White as my lilies' hearts are white;
There shall be neither care nor pain
When the King shall come to his own again.

William Waterfield.

HOME LIFE IN IRAN.



FROM the glare and the turmoil of our Western cities, within high, inexpressive earth-walls, lives the Persian lady.

An olive-skinned Oriental whose black eyes have a cu-

rious stare, opens the low gate-way as we enter. Had we sent word in advance of our visit, there would have been many servants instead of one to receive us, for the master of the house is not a poor man, and does not wish to be so regarded.

From outside the great walls frowned so dingily it is with a pleased surprise we behold the sunny court open before us. It has long avenues of pomegranate trees, tiled walks, fountains, and a sparkling pool of water. Well might the poet Hafiz sing of the roses, nightingales, and love! Verily, life has its compensations; and if the pretty heathen we are to visit must give up half or three fourths of her husband,—but an attendant invites us across the court, to the handsome stuc-

coed building which extends about it on three sides.

We pass into one of its many stately rooms, where our host, were he not absent from his home, would bid us welcome "in the name of Allah." There are no women about; indeed the wives could not present themselves here if they wished, unveiled, because of male visitors or attendants. The eunuch who is now summoned is black and small of stature. We follow him quite to the other end of the garden, back of the main building, and there behold a low house of yellowish *adobe*, which is the *anderoon* or apartments for women. Already some female attendants are seen approaching us. They wear a loose mantle or *chuddah*, as they call it, of light colored muslin or cambric, which covers the head and falls to the feet. It is held together under the chin, not so closely, however, but that their short skirts and bare limbs are plainly visible.

There is no vestibule nor hall. We enter directly a large square room sparsely furnished; it has no paper on its plastered walls, but there are some mirrors wrought into the white gatch-work,* and there are

* Plaster.

here and there pieces of embroidery pinned to the walls which greatly interest us. Some of them are old and dingy enough now, but of exquisite workmanship. There is great irregularity in the pattern; even the sides are unlike; evidently, patient hands have woven, without arbitrary design, thoughts and aspiration into these unfading colors. The doorways are hung with shawls of price, and there are broad divans, and in one corner a pile of cushions, some of them wrought with threads of gold and silver.

My lady seems to have been lounging here; and though she has no chairs, no dressing-bureau, no closets, nor wash-stand, it is very evident she makes herself thoroughly comfortable. She possesses many odd-looking trunks where she folds away her fluffy little skirts, and there is a small chest of drawers, prettily inlaid, where she can lock her jewelled pins and bracelets and anklets.

Those oval niches in the wall are called *tachtes*, and Salmidi, the chief wife (or first wife), whose apartments we are visiting, has placed here her painted mirror-cases, her powders and cosmetics. She is absent now at the *humum* (steam-bath) gossiping with her friends while her maid dyes her long hair with henna. We shall therefore have abundant time to look about leisurely. The *humum*, or public bath, is theatre, opera, club-room, what-not for the Persian lady, and she dearly loves this dissipation. She will not return until night-fall, for she will wish to hear all the news, and tell all the gossip. Salmidi has taken her jewelled *kalion* (water-pipe) so that she may smoke; also a bit of embroidery to finish while she chats—or has the soles of her little feet made brown with henna, with which also she lets the maid touch her oval nails.

As we pass from her apartments to those beyond, we cannot help contrasting them with our own cozy boudoir at home with its swaying mirrors, its luxurious upholstery, its pictures and bric-a-brac, much of which our Persian lady would find altogether *de-trop*. Should we now materialize, we should doubtless greatly frighten the second and third wives of our host, who are squatted on the floor of the room we enter, talking to each other in an excited manner. They sit on their knees and heels, their backs supported by cushions against the wall. The earth-floor is covered with a coarse straw *hassir* woven

to fit, upon which is laid a large carpet of felt, and above it all, some rugs of price.

"*Mash Allah!*" the elder is saying as she takes a long jewelled pin for the hair from a box of mosaic near by; "the chit of a girl gave me this, to appease me. Why should Mustapha give to her the time that should be mine? By the beard of the Prophet, but it shall cost him dear!"

Her black eye-brows (made wider and darker with henna) almost meet as she frowns her displeasure.

"*Burro! burro!*"* she exclaims impatiently, as a little girl who has been hanging upon her skirts cries for more of the paste made of figs and almonds which the women have been eating.

Her companion, a dark-eyed beauty of twenty-five or six, seems inclined to look at the new marriage of the husband more philosophically. "Allah! Allah!" she replies. "The child is young and swift-footed, and will make herself of use in the *anderoon*; when we go to the bath, she can mind the children for us; let the salt go out of your complexion! True; Mustapha's heart has become as roast-meat for this cyprun-waisted wench; but all the more easily will she be prevailed upon to quiet us by generous giving. Be consoled, Shireen, this too will pass by."

A maid now serves some sweet sherbet, made from the juice of the pomegranate, of which both partake freely. The eldest child of the last speaker, a girl of some twelve years, has been to-day betrothed to the son of a rich neighbor, so that life to the mother seems worth living, even with such incidental drawbacks as an inconstant husband.

Mustapha is a pious Mussulman, and has taken good care in no way to exceed the limit set by the Prophet, but he has lately felt the need of a fourth wife, and has but a few days since filled the "aching void" by marrying the gazelle-eyed Zaidee (aged fourteen), about whom the two women are talking.

What a charming little girl she is! She has cheeks like the sunny side of an apricot, pouting red lips, and shining eyes full of questions and replies.

Salmidi does not much trouble herself about this new-comer, having already passed through the experience more than once; her place as first wife is secure, and she knows by this time the extent of her

* Get out of the way.

power. But to Shireen, who counted on being the particular jewel of her lord's casket, this sudden change seems most disastrous. At twenty she feels already widowed. Life's bubble is pricked and found to be hollow.

She leans over the costly pipe which Mustapha had given her with so many vows of eternal love, with an expression of deep dejection.

She forgets even the sickly-looking baby bundled in swaddling clothes in the corner. The henna with which they have touched its eyelids has come in contact with the eye, and baby cries out lustily. How it must long to kick off the bandages with which its puny legs are bound.

Were we to look at it with an expression of pity, or even of affection, Shireen would fly to its rescue, saying "*Insallah!*"—"defend us from the evil eye."

Persians are very afraid of having their children smiled upon by "Christian dogs," especially if they have blue eyes.

A providential diversion to the grief and indignation of Shireen arrives in the shape of a package of goods sent from the bazaars for inspection. She dries her eyes quickly, and soon the two women are deep in the discussion as to which of the shining silks and gauzes shall be selected for the *chuddahs* and dresses of the prospective bride. The little girl is playing with her dolls in the court, and runs in to see the display, but is not consulted any more than she was about her husband.

She is pleased that she is to be married, feeling sure that it will result in no end of bonbons and pretty dresses.

But we must not linger too long, or we shall lose sight of the lovely "moon-faced" Zaidee, who has so enthralled Mustapha. She does not know we are coming, or she would make haste to send for her jewels; she would don her fluffiest petticoats. Corsets she is ignorant of; a wasp-waist she would hide as a deformity, if she were unfortunate enough to possess one; but she arrays herself for us in her jacket of gayest brocade, inwrought perhaps with silver or gold thread, her white arms concealed by the long sleeves, as her shining hair with the silken scarf or veil.

Pretty almond-eyed Zaidee! She wraps her veil closely about her swan-like throat; but though so shy and modest, be sure she knows the full worth of supple, rounded limbs, or a well-turned ankle or instep, and she has learned the art from some

beautiful ancestress of swaying her fluffy skirts to the best advantage.

Her rooms look out upon a little blue-tiled court. Some pale pink roses, such as grow everywhere wild in Persia, lean over the fountain, and Zaidee loves to gather the prettiest buds for Mustapha.

This gay little girl has been taught knitting and to embroider. She can smoke the *Kalion* as well as her mother. She knows how to lift her white veil and furtively display the coquettish black eyes, while at the same time covering her mouth. But I doubt much if she is aware that the world is round, or has ever heard of the Atlantic cable. Could we present ourselves *bodily* before her she would exclaim with naive curiosity and delight at our dresses. She would gesticulate with her pretty henna tinted hands, she would open wide those great dark eyes of hers as we told her strange stories of *Frankenstein* (foreign lands). We do not wonder Mustapha's heart has "become roast-meat." Salmidi and the rest would tear her eyes out doubtless but for the wise regulations of the most wise Prophet. Mustapha must abide by the *Koran*, though his pretty child-wife die of lonesomeness. He must divide his time equally among the four wives, pretty or unpretty, agreeable or disagreeable, angels or shrews, *unless*—behold the wisdom of the Prophet!—the older wives can be persuaded to accept pecuniary or other compensation, as a substitute for the hours that should be theirs.

It may be the environment of the Persian girl leads her to accept this fate of maturer years, contentedly, if so be, but at any rate to *accept* it. There is said to be less wrangling or bitter feeling in Oriental homes than would be supposed. Every incident of the family-life is controlled by the *Koran*, and there is always redress by an appeal to the *mollahs* or expounders of the law, in case recreant husbands misbehave.

But our little Zaidee has run to the window. She claps her pretty hands excitedly. She has heard the horses of Mustapha's attendants, and soon enough she knows he will appear. She makes haste to arrange her fluffy skirts, she touches her bright cheeks with rouge, perhaps, or retints the drooping eyelid. Meanwhile Mustapha enters the garden, glad that the day of affairs has come to a close, and with a sigh of relief he crosses the threshold. The *anderoon* is literally his castle: no

outsider can gain access, or as much as a look at house or grounds.

Mustapha does not take off his hat as he enters, for he wears only the *kolah* or turban; but he throws off his outer coat, perhaps, and loosens his long scarf or sash, wound many times about his waist.

By and by they will dine together,—or rather, he will dine, with the charming Zaidee to attend him; perhaps one of his favorite children will come from the other part of the *anderoon* and stand by his side, eating now and then some titbit that papa chooses to give. He does not hurry his eating, and Zaidee would grow hungry and tired, perhaps, did he not now and then stop to caress her and to call her his “stag-eyed, cyprun-waisted darling.”

When he has finished, she hastily disposes of the fragments of the meal (there is more than enough left for her), then a female attendant brings a bowl of rose-water and she dips in her slender fingers, or more likely the water is poured from some delicately-wrought ewer over them.

Mustapha tells her stories of his experiences without, they lounge and smoke

and fondle each other. After a time the musicians are called in, or some hired dancers, and they sit on their heels together and listen or watch, the little Zaidee full of delight and enjoyment. All the performers are women of course. The musicians sit on their heels, and handle their odd-looking instruments with much skill. The music is monotonous and for the most part sad. If Zaidee were older, if she had thought and felt more deeply, she would hear in the rhythmic cadence the voice of the remorseless fates, *Kismet, Kismet, Kismet!* But she does not know and she does not care. The dancing more than anything delights her. The graceful swaying figures are light and bold. They do all manner of surprising things, and when one of them rolls herself suddenly with her gauzy skirts like a ball toward Mustapha, the little child-wife screams with delight.

This gay little girl will dream of naught save love, while the rosy god hovers near, holding tight the bandage over her eyes. Poor Zaidee! she will awake, some day, perhaps!

Fannie S. Benjamin.



BLEEDING HEART.

THROUGHOUT the joyous spring,
when flowrets, thronging,
Their comrades greet once more,
She droops apart, athrill with silent
longing,—

Her heart for love is sore.

She wistful gazes where the happy
clover,

The darling of the lea,
Is blushing o'er the wooing of a
lover:—

No fragrant dower has she.

He folds his golden wings in glad
contentment

Upon the clover's breast,
The garden-bloom in passionate
resentment

Bemoans her fate unblest.

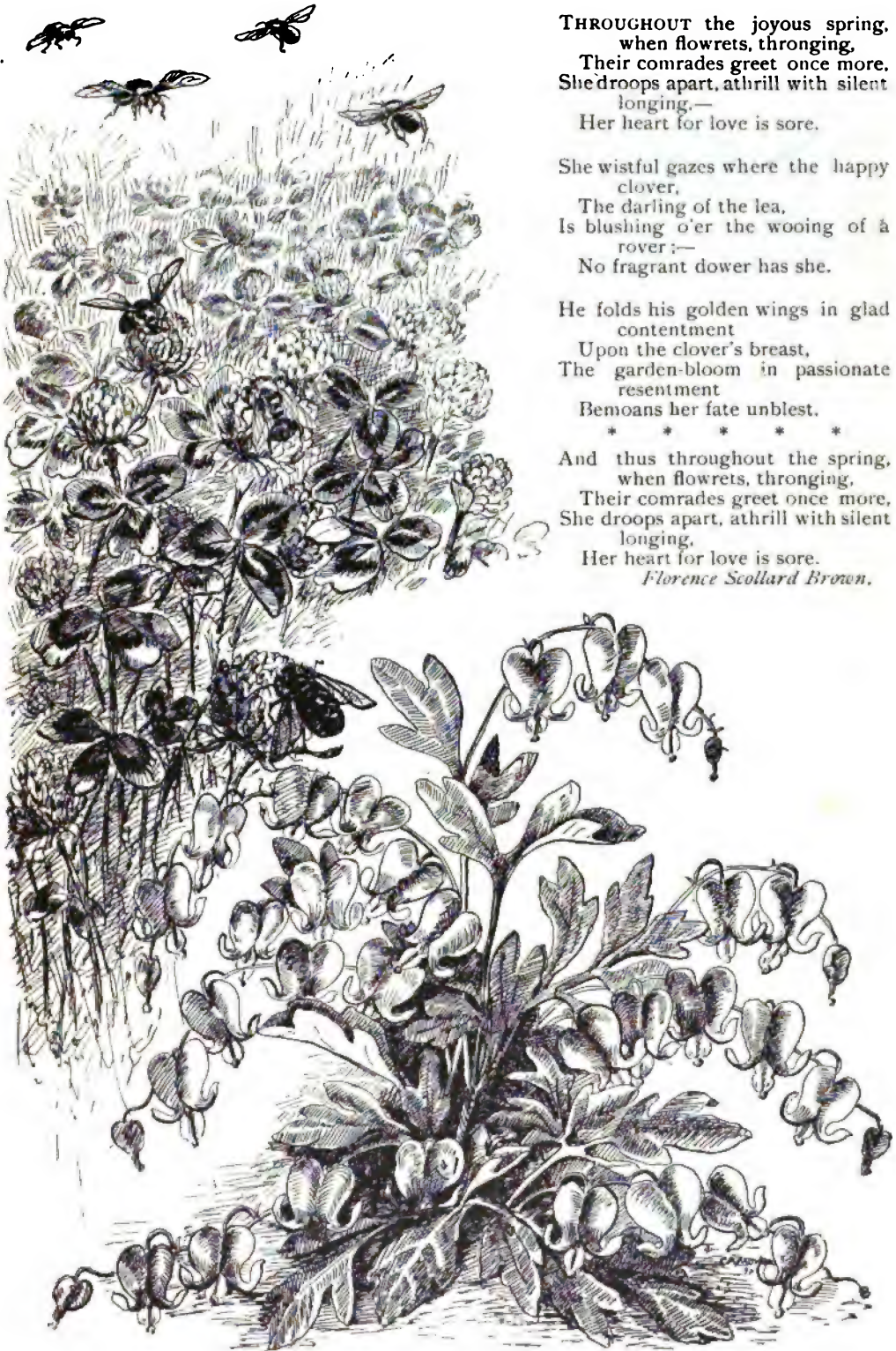
* * * * *

And thus throughout the spring,
when flowrets, thronging,

Their comrades greet once more,
She droops apart, athrill with silent
longing,

Her heart for love is sore.

Florence Scollard Brown.



MA'AM'SELLE.



My name is Archibald McKenzie; I was born fifty-six years ago in one of the pleasantest of the older Maryland towns, and I have been for many a long year the head of a department at the capital. I am a Low Churchman, of no particular political creed, am married and have two sons, am tall, gray-haired, inclined to be stout, and have one absorbing passion, a love for country life.

My yearly leave of absence, and consequent time for indulging in my rural tastes, usually falls either in August or September, at the time when, to use Perdita's words, "The year's grown old." But this year, by some extraordinary combination of circumstances, there promised to be a leisure time in my department during the early part of May. Our household was thrown into a most delightful state of excitement at the prospect of a week off in the very "sweet o' the year."

The boys dismissed themselves from school and devoted themselves to the arrangement of their fishing tackle, their boxes for birds' eggs, and their appliances for butterfly-hunting. My wife looked over our assortment of walking-boots, slouch hats, and flannel suits, and I wrote off to our cousins, the Graemes, of the old manor which lies at the foot of the last eastward range of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and spreads out its smiling acres under the fair Maryland skies, to see if there was room for us under the old roof-tree, perfectly aware that there was, for when was that door ever closed! And so it happened that before we were fairly aware of the good fortune which had befallen us, we were safe on the train that was pulling out of the station, and our holiday had fairly begun.

Manor Graeme was looking its loveliest as we drove up to it in the early twilight, with its green fields lying before the huge

old house, and the orchard, in bridal robes of faintest rose and fairest white, rising up behind it. The woods which clothed the mountain-side showed tints of russet and bronze, green and pink, for oaks and chestnuts were in the "squirrel-foot" stage of their leafage, and the maple tassels had not yet turned into keys. The brook danced down the hillside to fill the deep still pool below the house, and the meadow-larks sang in every field. All the dear delightful sights and sounds of country life were there to greet us, and the pagan—or the unfallen Adam—within us was steeped in all simple and natural delights.

We were lounging one evening, Graeme and I, on the great square portico which a luxuriant grape-vine, two or three fur rugs, some easy-chairs, and a table with a box of cigars had converted into an ideal smoking-room. The moon was riding in full glory through the sky, and the air was full of mysterious fragrances, and sudden little breaths of warmth. Below us the white pool shimmered through the trees, the shadows fell upon the picturesque remains of an old ruin in the meadow, and the first whip-poor-wills were uttering their lonely cries. We puffed our cigars in silence for a long time, until I asked at last, unthinkingly:

"Graeme, whatever made you let the old church down there go to ruin?"

He looked up in surprise.

"Did you never hear its story?"

"Never," I answered, "but I am quite ready to hear it now."

He looked over his shoulder into the great hall, up whose stairway he saw the ladies ascending for an evening's gossip in Madame's *bondoir*; he knew the boys had gone to bed preparatory to an early fishing excursion on the next day, so he settled himself with the satisfied air of a man who is fond of telling a story, but who is averse to interruptions.

"It was such a favorite tale with my old Aunt Margaret," he began, "and she told it to me so often, that I shall be pretty sure to use some of the old lady's phrases in rehearsing this scrap of ancient history, which seemed to have the greatest fascination for her. A tale of three worlds, the



"AND TURNED TO GIVE HIS HAND TO A STRANGE YOUNG LADY." (See page 206.)

Old, the New, and the Other, it is, and none of its lines are written with a very firm hand. Fortunately I have Aunt Margaret's copies of a couple of old papers, and these, with the headstone in the old ruin yonder, help to make the story real.

"About the beginning of this century, that is to say, some time during its first decade, my grandfather's coach came rolling up the turnpike from Baltimore, whither he was in the habit of going two or three times a year. A letter which one of the

servants had brought a few days before announced the completion of the business he had in hand, and the date of his probable arrival at the manor. Madame, my grandmother, who was bred in the more formal society of the far South, and who had a pretty taste for state and splendor, had arranged the programme for receiving him as an honored guest, and so it came to pass that every negro on the place, from the idlest and most pompous old uncle and portliest mammy down to

the smallest owl-eyed pickaninny, in holiday attire was ranged on the lawn, and when their whoop of delight announced that Ole Mahstah had turned into the lane, my grandmother and the children took their cue, and came out here on the porch to receive him. The old ark lumbered up the hill; the door was opened with much ceremony by old Cæsar, and my grandfather alighted with much dignity, and turned to give his hand to a young, strange lady.

"My aunt has often told me how she looked, that young, slender girl, dressed in the simplest black clothing; of her air of breeding and refinement, of her delicate features which had about them that exquisite purity and *neatness*, if I may so express the quality one sees only twice or thrice in a life-time. She has described the masses of black hair tossed back from her forehead, and wound about on the top of her head; and the wonderful earnestness and innocence of her eyes, which had in them, too, a depth of passion into which one might almost fear to look; but above all, she was struck with the modest dignity with which she bore herself, as my grandfather, taking her hand, led her to his wife.

"Mrs. Graeme," he said. "I have been so fortunate while in Baltimore as to meet Ma'am'selle Louvet, who was staying with our good friends the Percivals, and she has consented to become a member of our family, and to instruct our children. I hope they will become good friends and obedient pupils of Ma'am'selle.

"At my grandmother's kindly words of welcome, uttered in her own tongue, the tears came into the young girl's eyes, and she kissed the outstretched hand with the prettiest grace in the world, saying:

"I am not old. I do not know so much, but I shall try; I shall do the best."

"From that moment Ma'am'selle was one of the family. Aunt Margaret's little heart went out to her in one of the rare, intense attachments of her life, and my father worshipped her with the devotion with which a boy of ten or twelve years will sometimes worship a woman twice his age.

"Ma'am'selle's command of the English tongue was at that time very limited; but as the children progressed in their French studies, they found her a most fascinating companion, and they begged her again and again to tell all about herself, a history already related to my grandparents, and by

them received with mingled respect and apprehension. To the children there was nothing so delightful as the idea that their very own Ma'am'selle should have had such adventures, and they never wearied of hearing how, as a little child, she had lived in a beautiful chateau, where there were great halls and splendid rooms, and a vast park filled with deer. Here, she said, her parents kept a sort of court, and there were brilliant scenes enacted by the powdered and brocaded ladies and the elegant, idle gentlemen. She remembered being taken to the Palace at Versailles, where she saw a sweet, smiling, young queen, a fat, amiable king who gave her a pretty jewelled box of bon-bons, and two little royal children with whom she played at games in the sunshine. That was almost the last bright thing she did remember. Soon afterward they left the chateau and went to Paris, where in the great palace in which they lived she seldom saw her parents, but was left almost unnoticed by all except her *bonne* Babette. It was not at all bright there. Faces were long and grave, and there were tears sometimes on her mother's cheek; her delicate, fading mother, whose rouge and powder and high-puffed hair only gave accent to the tale of her young, dying eyes. There were always men coming and going by day and by night; there were whisperings and consultations. Sometimes there were terrible noises down in the street. Once, passing through a corridor, she met a workingman going out with his saw and hammer, who was so like her father that the little one ran to him with a glad cry of 'Papa!' The man turned quickly away, and with an angry reproof Babette caught her in her arms and hastened to her own apartments. The poor young mother never left her room now, and once, when Lucie sat at the foot of her couch and watched her father as he bent over his wife, she heard her urging him to lose no time but to take the little one and go.

"Go, my Gervase; she begged; 'save yourself and our child. It will only be parting a few days sooner, for I am almost home.' And she pushed the laces back from her wrist and showed her emaciated arm.

And Lucie remembered his answer.

"My child is nothing! my life is nothing! my country is nothing! Thou art my all."

"No one ever came into the rooms where

she lived with Babette but Baptiste, who was Babette's husband, and who was once footman at the chateau. When he came it was sadder than ever, for their faces were so grave, and their words so few and troubled. Then came a night in which she was awakened by a jar against the little bed in which she slept, and she saw the pale-faced *bonne* on her knees tying a little bundle. When Babette perceived that the little girl was awake, she took her up and dressed her, not in the pretty clothes she was accustomed to wear, but in coarse, common things such as peasant children have. Babette's eyes were large and startled, and as she tied the tapes and buttoned the buttons, she warned Lucie that whatever she saw or wherever she was taken she must ask no questions; whatever she was bidden she must do, and above all she must tell nothing, nothing, *nothing*. Then she led her out into the warm starlight, and for the first time Lucie saw the streets of Paris at night. In a few moments they were joined by Baptiste, and together they threaded their way through long streets, up dismal lanes and courts, seeing everywhere hungry faces, cruel faces, brutal faces, and oh! so many sad, sad faces. On, on they went, until the poor child was faint and tired, and Baptiste was forced to carry her the rest of the way, which led at last up a long, dark stair, and into some plainly furnished rooms. Here he set her down, and here she fell asleep without a word.

"The next morning, as Lucie was dressed in the plain rough gown again, she was taught what would be expected of her. She must call Babette *ma mère*, and Baptiste *mon père*; she must never speak of the chateau and the gay doings there; of the king or the pretty smiling queen. She must never speak about her father; her mother was with the good God, who had sent his angels in the night to fetch her. There was a long list of *musts* and *must nots*, all ending with the solemn warning, 'If Lucie does not obey, the bad men in the street will kill her.' A terrible lesson for a little child to learn, but she seems to have learned it well.

"Once or twice after that Baptiste came in with blood upon his coarse clothing and his red cap awry upon his head, and then Babette would cry, and poor Baptiste would sit for a long time with his head on his hands. He seldom came at all. They were not often hungry, but it was lonely

up there with only the house-tops to look at, and the sparrows and the beautiful tiger-cat that had taken up his abode with them for company. During the long days Babette taught her to read, to sew, and to embroider, and so a long, long time went on.

"One night Baptiste came home. He left the supper Babette had cooked in her dainty French fashion untasted, and sat by the window looking out on the roofs of the great, troubled city, and at the quiet stars that looked down upon him sadly, as if cognizant of the struggle of his soul with the environment which was too strong for it. After Lucie had been put to bed, they sat and talked, the two Louvets, for a long, long time, with clasped hands, and in lowest tones. When the night had grown so late that Lucie awakened from a long sleep, she saw Baptiste sitting by the table writing, with careful, unaccustomed fingers, a few lines on a piece of paper which Babette then folded and put into her bosom. After a few moments' consultation, he wrote again, and the second slip the silent woman sewed into a little wadded petticoat she had been making for the little one, but which she seemed in no haste to finish. Then he lay down, and except for the sounds of singing, cursing, dancing, or shouting which came up fitfully from the street, all was still. Baptiste slept, Lucie slept,—only the pale, still woman sat and watched.

"In the morning the man kissed the little child, and held his wife for a long time to his heart. Then he went away. He never came back, and the days were longer and lonelier than ever.

"Lucie could not tell how long it was after this that the next event happened, but one day Babette dressed her in a new frock, putting the little finished petticoat on this time. As she made the child's simple toilet, she told her never to part with the little skirt, but that when she should become a woman, she should rip the little stitches one by one, but never until then. There was a gift from her angel-mother within, and such was her will concerning it. Then the two fared forth into the street, where they soon found a market-cart into which they mounted. The surly market-man seemed to expect them, for he gave them a frowning nod of greeting, and struck with no gentle whip the large cart-horse that soon carried them beyond the streets and far out into the country. Overjoyed by the sight of the long-forgotten

trees and open morning fields, clapping her hands, Lucie cried :

" 'It is like my own chateau!' Whereat with a sudden frowned warning to silence, Babette explained to the carter :

" 'Ah, the memory of my daughter ! When she was but a babe we lived in a village, remote, near a chateau now no more,—*vive la republique* !—and the little one went there for a walk on a Sunday. To think that she should remember !'

"The carrier looked black.

" 'It is only a child or an aristocrat who would think with pleasure of a chateau.'

"At length, by many ways, they arrived at a fishing village, and by and by—how, Lucie never knew—there were no village and no Babette ; there were only the great empty sea, and a ship, with many sailors, who did not speak her language, but who were kind to her and who tried in many ways to comfort and amuse her. At last they came to land, and a good priest put her in charge of some gentle sisters, in whose peaceful convent she lived many years, saying little of the past but thinking much of the future, which, she was sure, would take her back to the shores of fair France and to the chateau of her dreams.

"At last, one day in her early womanhood she said to herself: 'The time has come for me to know.'

"Then she ripped apart the little stitches of the worn petticoat, finding in almost every leaf of its quilted pattern some jewel, pearls especially, which seemed to have once been a part of some rudely-broken zone or diadem. There were a few rubies of great size and beauty, and almost a handful of exquisite rings. The other treasures hidden in the garment were two slips of folded paper, one written by Baptiste on that last sad night, the other in Babette's slim hand. I have copies of these papers, which I found among my aunt's possessions; what became of the originals I do not know."

Graeme arose; I followed him into the hall, where a brass-trimmed cabinet held many papers. I held the candle while he selected two sheets, and read them aloud. The first was Babette's :

" 'I make my confession to you, Ma'am-selle, and to you I can only make it in part. The good God knows the rest, and if He wills it you shall know also. All, I dare not tell, lest in these days when so much that was hidden is revealed, you should be called to suffer as are so many of your

name. In this poor France, in the old days, there were few greater than your father. Stranger things have happened than that he should have worn a crown. That is all past now, and there is no crown, but a Republic. One and indivisible.

" 'I knew from my husband (whose heart was good and true, but whose feet, the pitiful Christ knows, were led in strangest ways), that they of your household were in awful peril. I took these jewels from your mother's casket ; I took you, for I loved you, and I hid you as long as I could. When my Baptiste laid down his life in the cruel Paris streets, I felt that I was too weak to guard you longer, and my brother, who is a fisherman, has promised to get you sent to a safe country far away. One day you will read this, and you will know that I have done for you all I could. I would have shed my heart's blood for your mother's child, for great lady as she was, she was my foster-sister. I may yet die for you if the committee finds that I have hidden you so long ; for you are the last of your name. What that name is, I dare not say. Adieu.'

I drew a long breath, and then the other paper was opened.

" 'I, Baptiste Louvet, declare that he who died in the temple was not Louis Capet, so-called Dauphin of France, but another. The true Louis was sent by ways I know, and may one day tell, to the new France in America.' "

We went out into the quiet night, and Graeme continued :

"When Ma'am-selle had finished the inspection of the little garment, she was a changed creature. Echoes of the terrible fate of France, of the horrors which we from our vantage-ground of time and space sum up in the one phrase, the 'French Revolution,' had reached the convent. Almost all the Sisters who cared for her were of that nation, and, as was but natural, their country and her sorrows were very near their hearts. Into Lucie's highly imaginative and passionate nature these things had burned like fire, and when there came the sudden knowledge that she herself was a victim of that vast upheaval, a victim in degree least of all her kindred, yet bitterly bereft, and that of her, ignorant and helpless, the finest honor demanded both to receive and make reparation for the long list of wrongs inflicted and borne, it was not strange that the strain was too great. She meditated so long, so intensely on this one theme,

that when one of the Misses Percival, a former pupil at the convent, came to beg the Sisters to send a governess to a little orphaned niece of hers, they gladly sent Lucie out into the large world. The death of the little girl, occurring during my grandfather's visit to Baltimore, sent Lucie adrift, and he, hearing of her, gladly secured her as director of the studies of his own children.

"For a long time life flowed peacefully on here in the old manor. On Sundays the family were driven to the parish church, for the Graemes have always been sturdy adherents to the old faith, and Ma'am'selle, left alone, retired to a little oratory she had screened off in one corner of her chamber, where her fervid spirit found solace in the devotions she performed before the beautiful carved crucifix, which was her chief treasure. A good priest, passing up the valley on some errand of mercy to some member of his widely-scattered flock, sought out this tender lamb and brought much comfort to her gentle soul. It was, I fancy, at his suggestion that Ma'am'selle begged my grandfather to sell her a portion of the meadow that she might turn her dower of jewels into a chapel, in memory of those of her kindred over whose headless bodies no mass had been offered; no psalm but the *Ca ira* sung; no rite but the wild dance of the *Carmagnole* performed; no holy words spoken but those at once so sacred and so terribly profaned, *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*.

"Now, when grandfather stood up on Sunday and holy days to rehearse the articles of his belief, his venerable white head and lordly bearing adding a certain dignity to the rite, and his full voice gaining fervor and strength as he repeated the words, there was no half-heartedness, no hesitancy in his confession, 'I believe in the holy Catholic Church,' and as a matter of course he gave not only his consent, but a deed to the land she coveted, and even carried the jewels to Baltimore, and converted them into more coin than she would need for her undertaking.

"From the day of his return with the plans for the simple edifice, the burning zeal of her soul seemed centred in the idea of its completion. The work was pushed on so fast, that by the first of June everything was quiet about the little building, which stood awaiting its day of consecration.

"One morning soon after Ma'am'selle

had taken the key from the workman, she came down to breakfast with large bright eyes, and a manner strangely unlike her usual reserved self.

"'Madame will grant one holiday?' she asked. 'It will be a great day for me, for us, for all the round world,—for my king is coming, and the happy time my poor country has prayed for so long. Madame, twice before the last night my mother has come to me, and has said that I would see him; that he would ride over the mountain, and would pause to pray in the little chapel. Oh, how I feared it would not be ready for him! Last night she came again, and she said, "Lucie, my child, to-morrow before sunset he will come. He will take you back to the fair shores of France. You will see once more a king on the throne of Louis the Martyr. You will see once more the towers of our dear chateau." I cannot tell all she said, but I know her words were true, and I beg that Madame will permit me the day that I may spend it alone.'

"Of course permission was given by Madame, who was much perplexed and disturbed by these unusual words. The whole morning, Aunt Margaret used to say, was spent by Ma'am'selle in going to and fro between the hill-garden and the chapel, carrying great arms full of roses and June lilies, which she placed about the altar and font and massed under the crucifix, which had been taken from her chamber. The servants, who had all along regarded Ma'am'selle as little better than a ghost, and whose interest in the chapel was only less than their awe of it, were all agog, whispering in groups, and working themselves into fits of terror over the relation of old Julius, whose report of the breakfast-table talk was rather dreadful.

"'Ma'am'selle she tell de missus dis very mawnin' dat her mammy done come back las' night. She come inter de room, an', says she, 'De king ob glory are comin' fur to set up his yarthly kingdom on dis sher fahm.' You-uns all bettah repent ob yer sins mighty quick, kase deys no ways to git away frum de wrath to come. I slip out an' come down yere mighty fast to wahn you all. Mahsta 'pears like he aint skeart. 'Pears like he don' believe haffen she says; but powerful quare things is goin' to happen on dis yere very day, now you all min' my words.

"There was very little work or studying done on the manor that day, for the negroes

and children did nothing but gape up the road down which poor Louis was to come, riding to recognition and to his own. The dust raised by a puff of wind, the rumbling of a loaded wagon, or the appearance of some mounted country lad bound on some humble domestic errand, kept them in a continual state of excitement, which neither Ole Mahstah's threats nor de Missus' command had power to allay. But the day finally wore on to evening, the night settled over the valley, and no sights had been seen nor wonders wrought.

"My grandfather respected Ma'am'selle's wishes too highly to interfere with her desire to spend the day alone, but as hour after hour passed without sign from her, he became alarmed, and at last yielded to his wife's wishes that he should go down to the chapel and bring her young friend back.

"In a few moments he returned, pale

and troubled, and ordered the children instantly to bed, and then he went to Madame's room to tell her what he had found.

"What he had found was this: the chapel flooded with the white moonlight, the dead Christ holding out His compassionate hands from the cross among the lilies, and before it the kneeling figure of a dead woman, who had indeed seen her King."

My cigar had gone out. I looked down over the quiet valley and up at the sheltering mountains all bathed in the tender glamour the May moon always raises. Sweetest of all it fell, that consecrating light, upon the ruined chapel, where so long ago, unknown and unknowing, the spirit of the stranger

"— passed

To where, beyond these voices, there is peace."

Sara Andrews Shafer.

IN MEMORY OF MARY WASHINGTON.

Now are the centenary days unrolled,
On whose swift round a Nation's theme is
told.

Our Chieftain chosen with a land's acclaim,
With civic wreath encircling martial fame;
In fealty our love's deep proffer made,
Our debt to Washington in flushed hearts
paid.

But while that name, in life renascent reigns,
One duty lives—one echoing void remains.

In shadow of Virginia's valley dim,
Where she was wont to muse—to dream of
him,

Lies low the heart that all his pulsing shared,
Throbbled in his hopes, in pains and perils
dared:—

The mother, whose unnoted scenes were done
While far-off pæans were sounding for the
Son.

A hundred Springs have waked the glad'ning
ground,

And Autumns cast their glowing coronets
around;

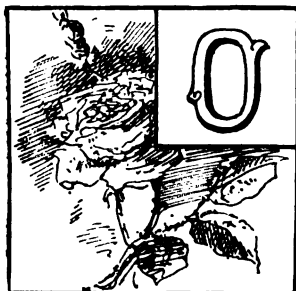
Yet we, insensate, yield not fruitful care,
Though winds have planted weeds and wild
flowers there.

Oh, heirs of him, bequeathed a ransomed land,
Repay that life's rich meed with filial hand;
No more remiss in memory of the dead,
Who sleeps by lonely Rappahannock's bed;
Set forth the obelisk of a century's thought—
Redeem that Vale where War's red deeds
were wrought;

Let brothers' blood that full her soil baptized,
Blent in her mound, be fused and crystallized;
Deep in her shrine amid the meadows sere,
In living lines serene as her, and clear,
Chisel that word above the chastened breast,
With shining love reluming shrouded rest—
"Mary, Mother of Washington, lies here!"

Henry O'Meara.

SUMMER HEALTH HINTS.



NE hundred years ago four fifths of all disorders of the human organism were ascribed to the influence of cold air, and warmth, in some form or other (too often in the form of stifling

stove-heat), was considered a primary condition of recovery. "Caught cold," is still a favorite excuse for the consequence of our manifold sins against the health-laws of nature. Frost is still the sanitary scape-goat of the Caucasian nations. "Warmth is life; cold is death," is an apothegm apparently confirmed by the vegetable and zoological luxuriance of the tropics and the desolation of the polar regions. Also, perhaps, by the early development of soul-life in the summerland zone of the Mediterranean coast-lands, and the manifold shortcomings of our stove-room civilization. But it so happens that the sun, which evolved the poetry and art of classic Greece, also favors the development of innumerable disease-germs, while under the auspices of a frosty climate a considerable number of sanitary sins can be practised with comparative impunity. For very similar reasons many hygienic mistakes, which in mid-winter can be incurred without specially disastrous consequences, become decidedly risky after the end of May.

WARM WEATHER CATARRHS.

Unventilated rooms, for instance, are often purified by the indirect influence of a fierce blizzard, but under the co-operation of a brooding heat, the stagnant atmosphere becomes an incubator of all sorts of floating disease-germs, accumulated during long weeks of indoor life, and awaiting a favorable opportunity of development. Hence the exceptional malignity of warm weather catarrhs. In winter an incipient congestion of the respiratory

organs is often nipped in the bud by its *supposed cause*, i.e., by the purgative efficiency of cold air, breathed during a brief hour of out-door exercise. But summer catarrhs develop at leisure, and, in spite of all palliatives, often break out again and again, like a half-smothered fire, till after weeks of discomfort they are at last subdued by the self-regulating tendency of the living organism.

MORNING BATHS.

Indigestions, too, are specially troublesome in warm weather. On the whole, our diet is less unnatural in summer than in winter; but frost is the best peptic stimulant. The terrific cold of the arctic regions enables an Esquimaux hunter to digest a meal that would kill seven Hindoos, and the same gourmand who at Christmas stuffs himself with impunity, may pay his Fourth of July dinner with the penalty of a dangerous surfeit. Refrigeration, indeed, revives the functional vigor of the whole organism, and in hot weather it is an excellent plan to prelude the day's work with a cold bath. It braces the system for hours, and if taken before breakfast, seems to act as a mental tonic, stimulating, or rather clearing, the mind in a manner which, to be appreciated, must be experienced after a week of hot dull languor which the bake-oven season often entails on brain-workers.

A SUN CURE.

Warmth, too, has, however, a remedial value, and for sleeplessness there is no better specific than protracted exercise in warm sunshine. I have known that prescription to answer its purposes when opiates had lost their efficiency and indoor exercise (gymnastics, etc.) only seemed to increase the nervousness of the patient. Negroes working in the open field have a phenomenal talent for taking naps at short notice; and it is on record that during the heat of the Battle of the Nile, some sailors, who had for hours been exposed to the direct glare of an African sun, fell

asleep on the deck amidst the shrieks of the wounded and the roar of a thousand guns. In certain forms of asthma the hope of obviating a paroxysm depends on the chance of getting a good night's sleep; and for that purpose, early rising and outdoor work during the sunny hours of the day will prove not only safer, but more effective than any chemical narcotics.

SAND BATHS.

The ancient Romans often built *solaria* or sun-bath-rooms on the roof of their villas, and in old age would often enjoy the warmth of those house-top resorts for hours together; but for the cure of nervous debility, a still better plan is a bath in a heap of loose, sun-warmed *sand*. In that way the wives of the poor Baltic fishermen often manage to sustain the strength of feeble children whom stimulating drugs would fail to benefit; and the advantage of their method over the *solarium* plan consists in the circumstance that warm sand imparts its heat simultaneously to every part of the body, and will retain its temperature for a considerable while after the sun has disappeared behind the clouds or below the horizon.

THE EVENING HOUR.

In warm weather we could adopt a very sensible custom from our Spanish-American neighbors, who enjoy the most agreeable part of the twenty-four hours by arranging their promenades—and often regular *fêtes champêtres*—after sunset, when all nature seems to revive in the breath of the cool evening wind. Just at that time, however, nine out of ten Anglo-American youngsters are sent to bed, without privilege of appeal, while their elders content themselves with chatting for an hour or two on the open porch, and then retire with a sigh of regret. Where would be the harm in making at least half a night of it? A deficit of sleep could be made up the next afternoon, and I have known hard-working Italian farmers go to sleep in the shade of their siesta-corner from noon to 3 P. M., and plow their fields in moonlight. Nature herself sets us a good example in that respect: deer and half-wild cattle, after resting in the shade all afternoon, come out to graze after sunset, man's best friend beats him for common sense by taking long rambles in clear dog-day nights, and in the southern Alleghanies rabbits can often be seen at play on moonlit moun-

tain meadows. Advancing civilization will adopt the plan of dividing the working day by a liberal noon recess for siesta—in summer at least; but people who are masters of their own time should utilize the advantage of that privilege by heeding the monitions of the plain instinct which in the sweltering afternoon hours of the dog-days protests against protracted efforts of brain or muscle, especially if the need of rest has been emphasized by the lethargic influence of a full meal. That additional cause of midsummer martyrdom could at least be obviated by limiting the mid-day repast to a light lunch, and taking the principal meal in the cool of the evening.

COOL DRAUGHTS.

Another prejudice which a visitor of the tropics is pretty sure to get rid of, is the wide-spread superstition ascribing disastrous consequences to a drink of cold water "in the heat." That warm weather aggravates the perils of the alcohol habit admits of no doubt; and in the latitude of Naples delirium follows on drunkenness often as promptly as thunder on lightning. That cold water—at any time our most natural beverage—should become dangerous at the very time when the system is most urgently in need of refrigeration seems *à priori* a physiological paradox, and my scepticism in that respect was strongly confirmed by a long sojourn in Algiers and Spanish America. On the hottest afternoons of a tropical summer I have seen Mexican soldiers kneel down at the brink of a rivulet, cooled by the snows of the high Sierras, and quench their thirst without stint, just as our Nature-guided fellow-creatures would obey the promptings of an unmistakable, nay, almost irresistible, instinct. The mere idea of dreading the consequences of enjoying that most natural of all luxuries would seem wholly incomprehensible to several hundred millions of our fellow-men; and we might, indeed, as well warn them not to run the risk of indulging a first-class appetite by eating, or not to yield to the appeals of a work-exhausted body by falling asleep. Experience would certainly never illustrate the wisdom of such warnings, and the real secret of the strange delusion is either the mediæval monk-doctrine that "whatever is natural is wrong," or a misapplied lesson derived from the fate of sur-s-ruck alcohol drinkers.

Felix L. Oswald, M.D.



G R E A T
difficulty,
even in
large cit-
ies, is to get suitable studio and living accommodations combined, for studio rents are very high, and studios will not always do for living purposes. If a woman who needs to economize has an artist friend with whom to share expenses, she looks at the great rooms and cosy suites in studio buildings ; but if there is no one woman near enough to her in her tastes and circumstances, she secures at least personal privacy in a room in good quarters, but oftentimes itself cramped in size. Artists sometimes contrive to live and paint in quarters that would seem contracted even to a literary woman, accustomed as many of these are to work in boxes and cages. An artist really needs considerable space that she may display her pictures, although, if the room has any length at all, she can manage.

Such a pretty little studio not a hundred miles away is exactly sixteen feet by seven feet, a funny slice of a room in a handsome old residence, now cut up into offices. When its occupant first went to look at it, she stood in the doorway, which was near one corner in the length of the room, and saw that there would be an abundance of light from a large north window about midway of the opposite side of the small apartment. This was provided with inside blinds of a not too dark French gray, and all the wood-work was of the same tint. A dull, but not dark, maroon paper was on the wall. Behind

the door, in the corner, was a white marble stationary washstand in good order, and opposite this in the same end of the room was a corner closet nearly eight feet high. A gas fixture was at the right side of the window.

The ingenious artist saw that the room was capable of being made attractive ; the prudent woman wanted a room that she could afford to hold winter and summer ; the rent of this was not exorbitant, and moreover, the owner of the house was an old family friend. So she asked to have the floor painted a dark maroon ; to have a second corner cupboard put in over the washstand, and to have both cupboards painted like the floor. When this was done, she had a thick roller-curtain put up, and set in a rod-curtain of filmy, yellowish stuff across the lower panes of glass ; shel-lacked the floor ; tacked a small, rough rug over the glass of the transom, so as not to interfere with opening and closing the transom itself, and moved in.

Since then she has had a strong corner shelf put up in each of the corners at the end of the room opposite the cupboards. These shelves are the same height as the tops of the cupboards, and, draped to the floor with dark, tapestry-looking goods, form two closets, or wardrobes, in one of which she keeps her steamer trunk, a folding step-ladder, and her hammock ; in the other she keeps her gowns and cloaks. She has had the low window-seat extended by a shelf that can be dropped at any time ; this is piled with three soft, square cushions ; a warm fur rug lies close by, before her writing-desk, which stands beneath the

gas jet. A small hanging book-shelf is on the wall beyond the desk. A lamp stands on top of the desk. Beside the door is the steam heater ; next to it a table which

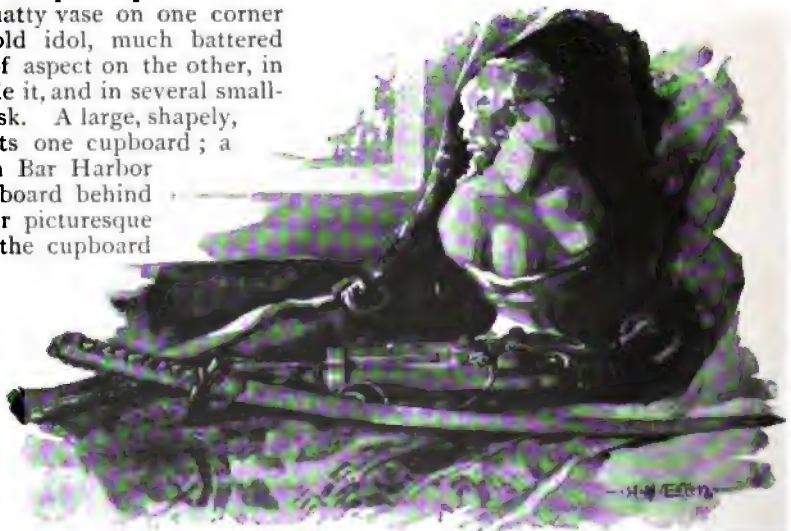


can be marvellously reduced in size by letting down leaves. There is a straight-backed, old-fashioned chair before the easel near the window, another before the desk, a common wooden kitchen chair painted a dark red, a steamer chair, and two nondescript and thoroughly comfortable easy chairs. A sea-captain great-uncle is seen in two quaint plates on the walls, a great, squatty vase on one corner shelf, a funny old idol, much battered and malevolent of aspect on the other, in a large shell beside it, and in several smaller ones on the desk. A large, shapely, blue jar surmounts one cupboard ; a wood basket from Bar Harbor is above the cupboard behind the door. Other picturesque objects help fill the cupboard tops and the high shelves, and palms are in each corner leaning well toward the centre of one end of the room ; at the other end hangs a fish-net draped above the picture line.

Would you like to know about those mysterious cupboards? The one behind the door is kitchen, pantry, store-room, cellar, china-closet,—but don't ask me, now, to explain its plan and perfections. The other is a toilet-room with a mirror fastened to the inside of the door, a dainty washbowl and pitcher, a towel rack,—everything complete. The shelves and drawers above and below hold nearly all her wardrobe. Where is the bed? Do you remember the hammock?

The mistress of this realm calls the pictures hanging at the ends of her unique apartment "long-distance paintings:" they hang high and low ; but at the sides of the room pictures and studies hang within circumscribed limits, neither high nor low, for they are looked at from such a short range that they are easily skied and easily flooded. This rather unusual hanging of pictures in a studio shows much of her wall draperies of dull colored rugs, or of any artistic thing in color and texture that may aid the pictures hung upon it. Large and small portfolios stand against the walls.

The light from her high and wide north window is very fine, and here she sits at her easel all day long. She has lived and painted in this little room for ten years, and she says with a merry smile : "The room has made me. It is my home and I am contented in it. It is my studio ; here I carry out, as far as I am able, my ideals in my work, and, therefore, here I am happy. At first I rebelled, it was so very small. But in painting to suit the size of





the room I have learned a minute fidelity to nature that has brought me my first recognition. Perfection of detail is a necessity here, and I have grown to take a pure delight in patiently portraying what I really see."

In the summer she makes studies of small, domestic animals and fowls, calves, lambs, chickens, ducks and ducklings, geese and goslings, puppies and kittens. She paints fine, clear, small landscapes with something in each that tells us of human creatures not far away.

This studio and home in miniature mosaic is a successful and practical solution of the problem of life for one woman. The persistent and earnest worker can get along almost any way. If an artist can succeed in such small quarters, are there not discouragements in other lives that might be as bravely set aside? She has, by adapting herself to her circumstances, become thoroughly identified with the life around her; she knows it and herself pretty faithfully, and her little home and studio make a worthy part and parcel of the great world.

Jeanie Dunlap Wheaton.

THE SEA GULL.

TIRELESS o'er ocean's billows thou dost roam,
 Thy plumage gleaming in the sun like snow,
 As sails of ships which ceaseless come and
 go.
 Or like the white-capped waves with crest of
 foam.
 On ev'ry sea, on ev'ry shore, at home,
 Skimming the air on stately wing and slow,
 Or darting to the waters down below,
 As sight of home to wand'ers thou dost come.
 How like a symbol of our life thou art!
 Like thee our spirits fly on restless wing,
 And ever fail of an abiding place;
 No clime can give contentment to the heart,
 Nor human joy, nor any earthly thing—
 We only rest when we have run our race.

F. E. Snow.



EDITED BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

BUSINESS SELF-RELIANCE FOR WOMEN. III.

THE CARE OF PROPERTY.



MUCH has been said of the duty of every one to become rich. President Dwight of Yale College was wont to tell his classes that a man must ask his wife if he may be rich.

Certainly many wives, by their wise management of the household funds, prevent those little leaks that amount to so much in the aggregate. The habit of spending less than the income, and of depositing the balance, even if it be but a trifle, in a savings bank, is an invaluable one to form early in life. A pass book at a savings bank possesses the magical property of proving that "many a mickle makes a muckle."

It is astonishing how rapidly funds accumulate when the habit is once formed of depositing, now a five, now a ten dollar bill. By a little self-denial this may be accomplished, and you will soon be surprised to find yourself in possession of a

sum sufficiently large to be invested so as to gain a higher rate of interest, and you have taken the first steps on the road to independence.

And now comes a perplexing question:—"How can I safely invest this sum?" If you have a capable adviser in your family circle you may be disposed to place the money in his hands for investment, trusting everything to his judgment. But this is not wise, for here is a golden opportunity to learn business methods; nor is it just either to your relative or to yourself. You have no right to thrust the responsibility of the result upon shoulders already burdened with many cares. If you are alone in the world, you, perhaps, take your problem to a business friend in whom you have confidence and are confronted by an unexpected obstacle; not the difficulty of learning of a plan for your money, but the reluctance of your friend to take the responsibility of giving advice. And the more conscientious your friend the less satisfaction will you derive from the interview.

You are told that no investment can be considered absolutely safe and that everyone must be cautious about taking risks. Brought to bay you at last ask:—"What

would *you* do if this sum were your own?" "Oh! that would be a different matter. I should look over a number of investments and balance the risks against the securities. Where the result was most favorable I should invest; and knowing that unforeseen risks might arise, I should blame no one for any future loss. But women are usually too ignorant of business to look at the matter in this way."

That is enough. You have your lesson. You are resolved to look at the matter in a man's way; to assume no risks lightly; to carry the responsibility yourself and not shirk the result.

"What constitutes a good investment?" is the first question that now arises in your mind. It is one that yields sure returns at convenient intervals and which at some future time can be turned into money without expense or loss. The higher the rate of interest consistent with these conditions, the better. But do not think of the increase only, for "he that maketh haste to be rich is not wise." A good registered bond is said to be the safest and least troublesome investment for a woman. Government bonds head the list, followed by some state, county and town bonds. Of the latter all are not equally reliable and discretion must be used. On purchasing, have the bond registered, that is, have your name entered on the bond and recorded in the books of the issuer. Then if it is stolen or lost you have only to prove your loss to receive a duplicate in its place.

Time is another element of value in bonds. The longer the time, other things being equal, the less care and trouble, and the more safety. In this class of bonds the rate of interest is low in proportion to the safety. Where absolute safety is the only consideration, this would prove no objection; but few persons besides millionaires can indulge in such luxury. Most people not only desire, but actually need all the income they can safely get from their property.

Corporation bonds and mining stock are best let severely alone. Too many shrewd business men have burned their fingers to make it wise for inexperienced women to try to rake out the chestnuts that may be under the ashes. It is not needful to feel the smart to dread the fire.

Ranking next to government bonds, and preferred to them by many conservative

investors because of the higher interest, come bonds and mortgages on real estate. Money is usually loaned on one-half the value of improved property and one-third the value of unimproved. If there are buildings in the estimate they must be insured for the investor's benefit. Caution must be exercised here in having the policy drawn by a solid company and for the full period of the mortgage. If you loan money in your own locality it is comparatively easy to examine the property, get its valuation from reliable experts, investigate the validity of the title, insist that the person employed to draw up the papers is trustworthy and capable so that there will be no flaws nor mistakes, and to discover if the mortgage is not immediately filed for record in the county clerk's or the town clerk's office. Each one of these points is important for the safety of your money.

If you cannot advantageously loan the money at home, and have no friend at a distance to whom to entrust it, the best plan is to study the financial advertisements in a reliable family paper. Most journals of that class will not knowingly admit any that are of doubtful integrity. Select several that please you and write for their methods of doing business and references. State the sum you have to invest. In making choice of advertisements study the regions in which the several companies loan capital, note the productions, the occupations, condition and general character of the inhabitants. For instance, a very large proportion of the small farms in the northwest on which small sums of money are loaned, is owned and tilled by Swedes and Norwegians, a sturdy, honest, hardworking race. On general principles, money will be safer in such regions than in localities where real estate is boomed to a fictitious value. When the requested circulars arrive you will have some knowledge on which to base your estimate of the rival bids for capital. Weigh well the anticipated risks, consider the promised gains, investigate the references, and then make your choice.

All expense, except for sending money to be invested, is borne by the borrower. You will receive a receipt for your money immediately and probably a mortgage for examination and approval. It should be accompanied by an insurance policy if the property contains buildings, and by a sworn statement that the title is perfect

and the valuation within legal limits. Be faithful in reading and in *understanding* the contents of the papers before you accept them. Do not take them on trust because you have confidence in the person who drew them. Resolve to master the technicalities now and so gain wisdom for future doubtful cases. When you receive a mortgage that is satisfactory notify the company at once, and after a slight interval you will receive the transfer papers that have been recorded in the clerk's office of the county in which the mortgage is drawn. If you have made no mistake in your choice and nothing unforeseen occurs, the interest will be promptly paid and the principal also on the maturity of the mortgage.

Loaning money for business purposes is seldom a good investment for women, and certainly not for one without knowledge and experience. It is difficult for shrewd business men to always foresee and guard against all the risks in the case.

Friendship loans are a rock on which tender-hearted women frequently wreck their financial ship. One simple rule governs this case,—never loan more than you can afford to lose.

If you have inherited real estate that is improving in value or is not likely to depreciate, it is usually best to retain it. In renting it, it is wise to be content with a moderate rent from a thoroughly reliable tenant. In considering an applicant you must investigate his character, business habits and reputation, and the uses to which he would put the property. A legal lease should always be drawn, providing for ejectment should its covenants be violated.

It requires much wisdom and foresight to invest skilfully in real estate, and a bar-

gain in suburban lots does not always remain a joy.

General Butler, in advice to young men on the accumulation of property, counsels them to watch the sheriff's sales, as a desirable piece of property may often be secured for a small sum in cash and a long time, easy mortgage for the balance. Such investments encourage young men to save from their salaries sufficient for the interest, insurance and repairs, while the rent is allowed to accumulate toward the principal. The property could be regarded as simply an investment or as a future home. I do not know why such a course should not be equally profitable for a single woman in a salaried position. It would be mainly a matter of taste and opportunity.

While it is creditable to try to increase our store, caution should be exercised in disturbing a safe investment for the prospect of gaining a higher rate of interest. It is true that it is well to scatter money and not carry all the eggs in one basket; but it is equally true that eggs break in the handling and that it is wise to "let well-enough alone." Conservative business men in the east regard six per cent as the highest rate compatible with safety. In the south or west a higher rate is sometimes as safe, but unless each investment receives the same scrutiny of an honest expert the hazard is greater.

I have touched only a few of the more important methods of investing funds and caring for property. But these general principles hold good for every class of investment:—avoid speculation or great risks, thoroughly comprehend the subject in all its bearings, and then act with courage and decision.

Harriet Cushman Wilkie.



HOUSEKEEPING FOR TWO.



VERY many times I have thought that a moderate fortune awaits the person who will write a good book on the above subject. How many young wives there are, accus-

tomed to the lavish furnishing of the family table, and wishing to reproduce certain remembered dainties, who are utterly routed when the recipe is obtained from mamma, by finding that "a pound of butter," "a dozen eggs," etc., are called for. Of course it is very easy for an experienced housekeeper to "halve" or "quarter" the quantity, but when one is essaying a prentice hand, one likes to be able to follow a recipe exactly. Then if the dish is a failure, it is all the fault of the recipe!

But this sketch is only intended to deal with the subject in a very general way, in the hope that the thought that the same troubles have been gone through with before, may bring comfort to some one struggling in the midst of "the sea."

I shall not soon forget *some* of my mistakes. When I married, I thought that I was very experienced. I had "kept house" at home for a year, the housekeeping consisting in mentioning the luncheon and dinner hours, and my favorite dessert to the servants, who had been with us so long that they knew how we wished matters arranged, almost before we did. Therefore when I left the large house in the country, and came to live in the city in a small apartment, I scoffed in my happy ignorance, at the idea of having any trouble. My maid (I had only one) was also from the country, and partook of the hue of the verdant fields.

Never shall I forget the first dinner! I had decided to let the maid take her own way for the first night, that I might judge of her capabilities. But when she came to

the door and in an embarrassed way said "Dinner's ready," I thought with a pang of the white-capped Abigail whose soft "dinner is served" was the usual prelude to the meal, but I subdued the pang, and we went to the dining-room. John entered first, and I saw him give a slight start of surprise, but, good soul, he said nothing.

When my gaze fell upon the table I beheld a huge pile of plates, knives and forks in front of John's place, while grouped around were a steak, fried until it was about an eighth of an inch thick, and perfectly black, a few fried potatoes swimming in grease, a dish heaped with the large outside leaves of lettuce, and an apple-pie! Despair filled my soul, but John laughed, and finally we managed to finish the meal.

The next morning I began at the beginning, and though every step showed me my own ignorance; I put a bold front upon it, and showed Betsy exactly how I wished things to be done. And just here let me say one thing that I regard as of great importance in training a servant, *never* allow a mistake to pass unnoticed. You will be very apt to forget it until it occurs again, and a mistake twice made is twice as hard to correct. I never mentioned Betsy's mistakes in the presence of any one else, but kept a small slate by me, and jotted down any errors on it, then spoke to her of them when I found her alone. She was happily gifted with a good memory, and it was not long before she became an excellent servant.

My next trouble was learning to order little enough. The first time we had roast beef, I ordered a piece weighing ten pounds. I had never seen a smaller piece, and in fact did not know that one could be obtained. When Betsy brought it in, fairly staggering under its weight, we first gazed at it in speechless horror, and then laughed until we cried. It lasted us for a week. We had it cold, hashed, stewed, cold, hashed, stewed, until the mere sound of the words "roast beef" nearly made me ill. I now buy a neat little five-pound roast, and we have it for dinner one day, sliced cold, with lettuce, and mayonaise dressing, for

luncheon the next day, and the bone goes into the soup-pot, so that roast beef is really quite an economical dish.

John was a great help to me in my culinary trials. Like most men, he is very fond of good things to eat, but unlike most men, he knows how they should be prepared. At one time, my inventive, or rather my varying powers gave out and I ordered the same things day after day. John stood it patiently for a week or two, but when we had liver and bacon for breakfast for the eighth time, he rebelled. He said nothing; but when I went to my room shortly after breakfast, I found pinned on my pin-cushion a long list of breakfast and luncheon dainties. I found this such a help that I made a similar list of dinner dishes, and

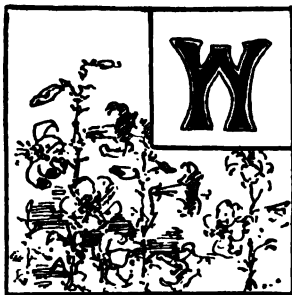
now when my brain becomes a void, I feel that I have something to rely on.

Another difficulty that I had was arranging the work so that one servant could do it all, but that is a matter that every one must work out to suit the requirements of the individual case. I found that matters rather arranged themselves after a time, and I think this will be the general experience.

And now one last word to young house-keepers—do not allow yourself to become discouraged! To paraphrase a French saying "Il faut avoir du courage, et encore du courage, et toujours du courage." And when mistakes are made, either by yourself or others, be sure that a hearty laugh will help the trouble much better than a flood of tears.

H. B. G.

THE WOMEN'S EXCHANGE.



AYS and means without number have been devised within the last twenty-five or thirty years by the generous, noble, whole-souled women of our country for the benefit of their less fortunate

sisters. In no way has this been more effectively done than through the establishing and maintaining of the "Exchanges for Woman's Work."

The need of an institution in which the many intelligent and cultivated women who are not, and never can be, artists, writers, or musicians, and who, when reverses come, demand that they shall help themselves, had been long and increasingly felt, when ten years ago Mrs. Choate (to whom great credit should be given), suggested to a few ladies to unite with her in organizing "The

New York Exchange for Woman's Work." So unparalleled has been the success of the "Mother Exchange," that similar institutions have sprung up in the cities and large towns all over the country, till now they are to be found from the Atlantic on the East, to the broad Pacific on the West, and number in all nearly thirty.

These exchanges have reached a class which no other organization could possibly reach, the struggling, impoverished, refined, educated women, whose change of circumstances or reverse of fortune necessitates their working with their hands "to keep the wolf from their door."

The object is to aid these gentle-women to support themselves—giving to them, not money, but suggestions and advice in regard to the best use to be made of their ingenuity and talents, and then furnishing them with a suitable place where their handiwork may be exhibited and sold. These exchanges are controlled by a President, Vice-president, Secretary, Treasurer, and Advisory Board. The several departments of these exchanges are under the

direction of committees, whose aim is to keep the standard as high as possible, there being absolutely *no* market for *inferior* work. Be it remembered also, that these exchanges are managed from beginning to end by women, and managed, too, in a satisfactory, business-like manner.

A subscription fee, usually from one to three dollars, entitles a person to send her own work, or that of a friend, for a year. By the terms of the New York Exchange, where the subscription is placed at five dollars, each subscriber is allowed to enter the work of three persons. The articles received are sold on a commission of ten per cent to defray the expenses. There are to be found in most communities good, kind-hearted people, who are often willing to pay the subscription fee for some poorer friend or relative. They look upon these exchanges as the medium through which their less fortunate sisters can be helped, and often devote much time and energy towards promoting the success of the enterprise.

All work is offered for sale without the owner's name appearing; a number is assigned to each consignor, and the number placed upon each article shown. In this way the names of persons are known only to the officers of the exchange, thus avoiding all publicity. A store-room is usually provided where work of all kind is offered for sale, or orders taken for anything that can be made by woman's skilful, dexterous fingers. Here we find the daintiest of drawn work, the most exquisite embroidery, every variety of decorated work, china, shells, and bric-a-brac of every description, knitted and crochet work, infant's wardrobes, babies' underwear, oil paintings, water colors,—in fact everything that is choice, new, and unique.

The question is often asked, "How may articles be consigned?" To this I answer, They may be left at the rooms of the exchange, or sent by mail or express, consignors putting their own price upon their work. Many of the exchanges have in connection a lunch-room, where tea, coffee, sandwiches, hot meats, vegetables, and dainty desserts are furnished to business men, clerks, and to ladies who have been out shopping.

In preparing this paper, I have written to various exchanges for items of interest, and they all agree that nothing pays so well as the lunch-room. Ladies who wish to send to this department, must first send a

sample of their cooking. Women living in the country often send butter, cheese, pickles, sausages, pies, preserves, jellies, and sometimes fresh eggs and chickens.

One lady that I know of sends from her Kentucky home to a Northern exchange, a large quantity of the famed "beaten biscuits," and so delicious are they, and so regularly do they come, that she has no trouble in disposing of all she sends. A personal friend of mine sends regularly eight loaves of cake a week, and feels well satisfied with her profits. So delicious are her fine cakes, that she has orders for private parties and receptions, when the amount is often doubled.

The Secretary of a prominent Southern exchange sent, at my solicitation, many interesting items for this paper. When this exchange was opened six years ago, there was imperative need of some organized method of helping women and families in reduced circumstances. From absolute starvation, by this means hundreds of women have become self-supporting. One of the first consignors to this exchange was a widow with a houseful of children, who at a venture borrowed the ingredients (so poor she was) to make a plate of cakes, which, folded in a white napkin, she carried to the exchange and offered for sale. This lady is now one of the most prosperous cake bakers in connection with this exchange, and her dainty cookery is in demand for parties, "high teas," and receptions. The case of the champion *bread maker* of this exchange is even more remarkable. When this lady made her first bread for sale, she was cooking on a small furnace, her stove having long since been sold as an expensive luxury. Her pan of bread she baked at a neighbor's. It sold as soon as she put it in the exchange, and so rapidly did her trade increase, that at the end of four months she was able to buy for herself a nice new cooking-stove. It will be of interest to know that this bread maker was formerly a wealthy and brilliant woman—the daughter of a former Italian consul, and in her youth she had travelled extensively and had been the recipient of all the honors poured at the shrine of wealth, culture, and station. When she became a bread-maker, she was a widow with one child, an invalid daughter. In the course of time she made money enough to have her child treated by eminent physicians, and some time since removed to a Northern city, where, from being a bread-maker, she

became a teacher of the languages, and is supporting herself and daughter in comparative ease.

A touching instance of the straits to which lovely and accomplished women reared in wealth have been reduced, and how benefited by the Women's Exchange, is furnished in the case of a young girl, the sole support of a family of six, who offered her artistic handiwork in the art department. For a long time the income of this family was only four dollars a week (a startling jump from the large sum formerly received), but her beautiful hand-painted menus, favors, and souvenirs have attracted to her a steady run of custom, and orders for her exquisite work come even from New York, the art-centre of the country.

The deaf and dumb woman who makes the most of the Mexican drawn work sold at this exchange, receives for her work about six hundred dollars a year.

It has helped *all* classes of women. Even the Choctaw Indians, in the heart of the pine forests, contribute beautiful Indian baskets of scented grasses and colored wickerware, and find ready sale for all their work.

But bear in mind that these institutions are not merely for the sale of goods; they seek to help women in every possible way. For example, the rooms in Boston are open day and night to all women. A library and reading-room, with daily papers and magazines, are to be found there. The Employment Department registers names of nurses, matrons, seamstresses, telegraphers, governesses, music teachers, etc. The Direction Agency stands ready to give information in regard to localities, schools, boarding-places for women, etc. The Protective Committee investigates complaints of dues unjustly withheld from working women, such as claims for housework, table-service, laundry-work, dress-making, and copying. The Industrial Department attends to the sale of useful and ornamental work, and food of the best quality. Many of our exchanges cannot carry on the work as extensively as it is done in Boston, Buffalo, and other large cities, owing to a lack of money; but everything is done that can be done to further the interests of women.

Orders are received for all kinds of sewing, patching, darning, repairing of garments, washing, ironing, house-cleaning, and through this medium women can be employed to make and hang draperies.

upholster furniture, and to make over and mend carpets. Orders are taken for directing and sending out invitations to parties and receptions.

Women are also employed to assist ladies in writing, to read to invalids, and to help in the care of children.

A few weeks before the holidays there is usually a special sale or bazar, and then a good opportunity is offered to see how varied and beautiful are the articles offered for sale. In many of the large cities the wealthy ladies make it a point to buy most of their Christmas presents in this way, thus securing beautifully-made articles at a fair price, and at the same time feeling that they have helped in a good cause.

From the New York Exchange I have gleaned the following: The ladies of the Committee on Suggestions and Criticisms have sent to persons at a distance many designs to be copied, with instructions for all details, thus rendering it possible for those in remote places who rarely see anything new and pretty to make and dispose of many attractive articles. One of the most successful makers of infants' slips has received nearly all her instruction by letter, and the perfect finish of her work is a source of true satisfaction to the manager, who has been, in part, the means of her attaining it. Another consignor to this room, makes a specialty of infants' wrappers, for which she has received \$469.00 in the last year. Her first work brought to the exchange was barely *passable*. With each year the kindly suggestions and encouragement of those with whom she has come in contact have wrought a marked improvement in its character, until to-day it would be difficult to find fault with a thing that comes from her hands.

To a consignor of fine drawn work, living at a day's journey from New York, the sum of \$611.00 was paid in 1886. Another, now fairly successful in doing drawn work, sent her first piece so soiled and altogether inferior that it could not be used.

She was, however, encouraged to persevere, and told what to make, and has now so much improved as to have earned \$200.00 in the course of the year.

One person, for small objects, such as brooms, brush-cases, pen-wipers, etc., in which her good taste and careful finish are well known, has received over \$300.00. Another has received for painting screens, \$900.00. In the embroidering of initials

alone, four persons were constantly employed from November till June, and two were busy all summer, one of them receiving \$450.00 for the single item of initials.

A case added to the rooms two years ago is that of commenced work, including several kinds of embroidery. In this the improvement has been nearly as perceptible as in the drawn work, and the sales have been so large as to employ two persons in preparing the embroidery.

What all this money means to those who receive it, it is not difficult to imagine. It means burdens lifted and lightened that would otherwise be crushing; it means healthy independence, instead of support hard to receive, because grudgingly given; it means comfort in many homes, where but for these exchanges there would sometimes be actual suffering and want.

Annie Curd.

SUMMER BOARDERS.



HERE we shall spend the summer having been decided, the next question is, "What shall we take with us?" One must take some thought as to "Wherewithal shall we be clothed?" ; but

to get the most real good of your summer, you have probably learned that simple flannel outing-suits, with a few changes for evening, are the most satisfactory outfits. Perhaps you have made up your mind, for the sake of bracing air, out-door life, and freedom from the demands of fashion, to be content for the time with very plain surroundings ; but there is no reason why you should not have a few bits of home comfort. Being "far from the madding crowd" means in many cases being far from the thousand and one little conveniences so easily procured in the city, so impossible to obtain at "the store"; so if you are wise you will provide for possible contingencies.

If there are children in the party, don't forget that they are liable to accidents. A roll of old linen, soft flannels, mustard-leaves, a bottle of arnica or one of Pond's

Extract, and Jamaica ginger, stowed away in your trunk, will in all likelihood be resurrected before the end of the season. By the way, do you know that a piece of flannel saturated in Jamaica ginger and heated is a good substitute for a mustard plaster? In cases where hot applications are desired, instead of risking scalded hands by wringing cloths out of hot water, wring several thicknesses of flannel out of cold water and lay between papers on a stove or register ; they will heat quickly and retain the heat for some time. Of course, if you have a hot-water bottle, you will take it. If not, a woollen bag filled with heated salt or corn-meal is a tolerable substitute.

The London *Lancet* says that sponging the body with a weak solution (6 or 7 per cent) of carbolic acid is a perfect protection against the stings of gnats, mosquitoes, etc. Ammonia takes out the poison, but prevention is better than cure. The acid being poisonous must not be left within reach of small children.

If you are in the mountains, it will be well to remember that common plantain-leaves, bruised and bound on, will cure the inflammation produced by poison-ivy. Olive-oil is also very healing in such cases, but almost impossible to find in out-of-the-way places. I once drove for miles around the country to three villages, and sent a boy to a fourth, taking the precaution to

write "Olive-oil or salad-oil" on a paper, as he had evidently never heard of either. My search was unsuccessful, but the boy returned triumphant with a quart bottle of *cod-liver oil*. I couldn't help asking, "Do you suppose any one ever dressed salad with this?" He looked dubious, and then drawled, "Well, city folks eats queer things—I dunno."

One or two hammocks and a pillow will repay you for the trouble of carrying them. Eider-down pillows are very light, but uncomfortably warm for summer use. A small hair pillow covered with china silk is pretty and comfortable. If you like, a slip cover may be buttoned over this, made of cool linen, or of blue denim (scalded several times to take out the stiffness) outlined with an all-over design in white or red working cotton, and bound with braid to match.

A shawl-bag may be made of $\frac{3}{4}$ yd. of linen or denim, with circular pieces, 7 or 8 inches in diameter, forming the ends. Line with muslin; stitch pockets inside the ends; bind with braid. A row of braid with brier stitching on each side is a pretty finish, all around the bag and the ends. Lap the edges, and secure by at least three buttons. Two straps serve as handles. Besides the extra wrap this will hold a small pillow, various packages which "wouldn't go into the trunk;" the end pockets will hold small bottles; and indeed it will prove a veritable *omnibus*, with room for "one thing more," to the last minute. An extra inside pocket may be utilized for railway tickets, and a pocket-book with a small sum for unforeseen emergencies on the road.

You will find a small alcohol lamp or stove very useful. On your little excursions around the country it will be much less trouble than making a fire for boiling coffee, eggs, etc. The nightly glass of milk for the semi-invalid, water for shaving or in case of sudden illness during the night, can be heated in five minutes. One young lady declares hers worth its weight in gold, solely for heating her curling-irons. Indeed, after once having one you will never willingly go without it.

A hammer, gimlet, nails, screws, a paper of tacks, a ball of string, a strong, sharp knife, and a pair of shears will take up very little room, but the want of them will be felt more than once if you leave them out.

If you have ever tried the soap at the

average summer resort, you will not need the advice to take your own. Ink and shoe-polish may be bought immediately on your arrival; but if securely corked and wrapped in plenty of soft paper, I find it more satisfactory to take them with me. Country stores, for some occult reason, usually have very pale or else vivid blue ink.

If there are children in the party, it is well to provide shoes a size larger than those they are wearing, if you expect to be out of town more than a month. A few large towels can be folded around clothes in packing, and will probably be welcome additions to the country supply, which is apt to be small both in size and number. One or two heavy shawls, a scarlet or waterproof blanket, should not be omitted from the outfit; they will be found almost indispensable.

As you may unexpectedly find yourselves literally "twelve miles from a lemon," it is well to take some with you; if wrapped separately in tissue paper, they will keep some time. If inconvenient to take the fruit, you may make your own lemon syrup by boiling 2 lbs. sugar with one quart of water till clear, then add 1 oz. citric acid and one tablespoonful extract of lemon. When cold, bottle, and take a tablespoonful to a glass of water for lemonade.

If you care for chocolate, take a can of some "instantaneous" preparation with you. It is powdered and sweetened, and can be prepared at table by stirring a spoonful in a cup of boiling milk and water.

A few books, photographs, a pretty pin-cushion, and a stray scarf or two will take away the bare look of the average boarding-house room. Don't think I mean to advise a wholesale removal of household effects; but the lack of just these little things makes the ordinary lodgings "exceedingly comfortless."

Don't fail to provide employment and diversion for rainy days, for they will surely come. But until they are needed, keep the fancy work and the games for the children for a pleasant surprise. Don't be one of the great army of women who spend days and weeks on hotel verandas, gossiping, reading trashy novels, idling over fancy-work. Don't come home from mountain or beach with the record of so many novels read, so much embroidery done, as the sole result of your stay. You might as well have remained at home. Learn to know the trees

and flowers and birds ; walk, ride, drive, row; live of out-doors. Absorb all the sunshine and fresh air possible, that you may give it out to warm and brighten your home in the coming winter.

Last, but by no means least, take with you

a determination to ignore petty vexations, to make the most of small pleasures, and to watch for opportunities to do small kindnesses if no great ones come your way.
H. T. D.

SPRING RENOVATING AND INTERIOR DECORATIONS.

NOW that the dreary winter is over, the thoughts of all good housekeepers turn, most naturally, to renovating and re-decorating household interiors.

I think, as a general rule, house cleaning is done too early in the year to be entirely satisfactory. By waiting till the bright sunshine is a regular visitor, we may get rid of the "moisty, misty weather," and find, as the summer days advance, that our rooms still retain their freshness, not having been marred by several weeks of damp and dust.

In these days of beautiful and cheap wall-papers, pretty enamel and water paints, lovely scrims, cretonnes, and art muslins, many of which are very clever imitations of the real article, every one, even with but little to spend, can do some renovating each year to make home beautiful.

It is not so much the cost as correct taste, and what has been termed "the seventh sense,"—good judgment, that affect the pleasing changes which we all like to make in the spring.

When the cleaning, painting and papering are all done, and the carpets laid, we are then ready for those artistic touches which convert a stiff-looking, cheerless room into a bright cosy apartment, and make a truly pretty room out of an ugly one. In arranging the furniture, try to vary the position of some of the pieces. This alone, often makes a wonderful change, besides in some cases causing the carpet to be worn more evenly.

If your sofa stood by the wall during the winter, place it corner-wise this season. A large easy chair and a fancy table may take the old place of the sofa.

Avoid a bare corner in your room. A table with a few selected pieces of bric-a-brac upon it will look well here. In my sitting-room, in what was once a dull corner, stands one of the pretty cabinets, now so often seen, hung with dainty curtains of plush, lined with satin. The shelves are filled with books, bits of bric-a-brac, etc., the whole making a most attractive feature of the room. A long mirror is sometimes highly effective in brightening a dark corner. Let it be draped in some artistic manner with soft bright silk, with here and there a fan of harmonizing color. Place a fancy chair near one end, and opposite this, a stand of some quaint design, containing a large vase of flowers, one or two framed photographs, or a good piece of statuary. Of course some other arrangement might be equally attractive, but that just described is simple, and sure to be liked.

Have you a lounge in some cosy nook of your room? This is, perhaps, more suggestive of comfort than any other piece of furniture.

One covered with a chenille curtain, draped gracefully at the head, is artistic and durable; and its pretty colored cushions will do much toward brightening the room. Golden brown, pink and silver-gray are colors that harmonize well. In front of the lounge place a rug of soft, cool-looking colors, to be replaced by one of rich warm red, for winter use. It is an excellent plan to banish red, as far as possible, from household furnishings from spring till autumn. This vivid color so suggestive of cheer and warmth is then doubly



"A MOST ATTRACTIVE FEATURE." (Page 225.)

welcome when the chilly November days appear.

Not every one is aware of the charming results which may be obtained from the use of enamel paint, which comes in such beautiful tints, and at small expense. [A half-pint can be sold for twenty-five cents.] Perhaps it is most commonly used on chairs, but it is also useful in decorating palm-leaf fans, which take color so easily, art-pots of odd shapes and small frames for photographs, of which two or three of different tints are sometimes seen on a table or cabinet.

Ivory white, old rose, old blue, amber and pale yellow are all good colors, and add generally to the appearance of the photographs. An especially pretty frame came to my notice a short time ago. It was made of flat wood, twelve by eighteen inches, to be hung against the wall, or

placed on a small easel on a table. It was first given a coat of old blue enamel paint, for the ground. Upon this were painted apple-blossoms and swallows, and you can readily imagine that it suggested spring. [For a winter frame, robin-red-breasts on a bough might be painted.]

Pretty colored fans and dainty throws are always highly decorative in a room if used judiciously; but in their use be careful not to decorate decorations. Never tie a gay colored ribbon on the handle of a bright fan, nor drape a silk throw, figured with flowers and leaves, over an oil painting. I have on an easel a painting of a jar of bright red roses. Over this is carelessly draped a scrim throw with crocheted wheels in the ends. [The scrim is cut out beneath the wheels to give a lacey effect.] The creamy tint of the throw makes a beautiful contrast to the glowing red of the roses.



"SUGGESTIVE OF COMFORT." (Page 225.)

Over a steel-engraving is fastened a large black fan, with gay colored flowers and leaves painted upon it. A bow of ribbon here would mar the whole effect.

Great care should be given to window arrangements, as these often give character to the whole room. It is at this season of the year that we freshen our rooms with

those cool-looking curtains of delicately tinted art muslin, gayly colored cretonnes and chintzes, on a light ground, or the curtains of soft creamy Madras muslin, which are so well suited for the bedroom. These look remarkably well caught back with a wide scarf of soft silk, in yellow, pale green, light blue or any color that will blend with the other furnishings. If desired, sash curtains to match may be used. These are pretty in almost any window, and may vary in color and material to suit the fancy of the house-wife.

If you happen to have an odd window with a large single pane, the following arrangement is good:

Have a small brass rod fixed across the window. On one side, hang a sash curtain of art muslin in soft oriental colors, with threads of gold.

On the other side, where there is no curtain, fasten a bracket, on which place a ruby colored art-pot, containing a plant of pretty foliage.

In the lower corner of the window, place a widely opened fan of amber color, ornamented with blue and gold, and through the sticks draw loosely a scarf of pale yellow silk. This window will be "distinctly artistic." If preferred, a quaintly-shaped pitcher filled with field daisies, or other flowers of the season, might take the place of the fan.

I might mention several novelties in fancy-work, which aid so much in "touching up" a room: but these will no doubt suggest themselves to the mind of every housewife having good taste and an eye for the beautiful. *Anna M. Bradford.*

ONE HOME-MAKER.

WHERE the mountains slope to the westward,
And their purple chalices hold
The new-made wine of the sunset,
Crimson and purple and gold,—
In the old wide-open door-way
With the vine-boughs overhead,

The house all garnished behind her,
And the plentiful table spread,—
She had stood to welcome our coming,
Watching our upward climb,
In the sweet June weather that brought us,
Oh, many and many a time.

glad to enjoy it, though not in its ideal state.

The best way to serve this universal favorite, is the simplest. Sprinkle sugar on the ripe berry, and eat it, forthwith. "Only this, and nothing more," unless, indeed, you would like to pour over the dish of "sugared fragrance" a golden veil of cream; but beware, lest in your desire for perfection, you share the fate of the virgin Tarpeia, and suffer from too great riches! There be few stomachs, in these degenerate, dyspeptic days, that can rejoice over strawberries and cream.

How sad to think that the season is so short, and that it is so hard to preserve the delicate flavor of this fruit! But if you will "do as I tell you," as my old nurse used to say, you will find that strawberry jam is truly a sort of "Angel Food"—much more so than is that sponge-like and tough mixture of eggs and flour commonly called by that name.

STRAWBERRY JAM.

For six pounds of fresh berries, take four pounds of finest white sugar. Place the sugar in a porcelain-lined kettle, with just enough water to moisten it. When the sugar melts into a hot, clear syrup, drop the berries in slowly, so that they will not be too much mashed. When this is done, set the kettle on the back of the stove, and let the contents simmer. It will not be long until the juice, if tried by dipping a little into a saucer, will be found to thicken and jelly. Then take it off the stove at once, and proceed to bottle in self-sealing jars. The old-fashioned way of cooking jam until it would keep without sealing is now out of date. We can have the jars in small sizes, and thus save ourselves the long stirring, and also secure a much better flavor for the fruit.

STRAWBERRY JAM NO. 2.

Squeeze six pounds of strawberries through a flour-sieve into a porcelain-lined kettle. Add four and a half pounds best white sugar; place over the fire, but on the stove-lids; stir constantly with a large silver spoon, and boil twenty minutes after it begins to bubble up. It will grow thick, and when it does, seal up at once. This kind will keep for some time without sealing, but the best house-keepers now invariably seal up everything. It insures success in keeping, and also a better flavor.

I very much fear you will exclaim "Jam satis!" But I must give one more receipt.

STRAWBERRY AND CURRANT JAM.

Take two pints of the clear currant juice, and to it add an equal quantity of best white sugar. Place in the kettle, and when hot, add a mixture of eight pounds of strawberries, mashed up with five pounds of sugar. Let this be boiled until thick, all the while stirring with a silver spoon. Seal while hot.

CANNED STRAWBERRIES.

Make a clear syrup of sugar, measuring pound for pound with your berries. While hot, drop in the strawberries, a very few at a time, and carefully, so that they will not be mashed. After they boil up once or twice, dip the berries out of the syrup, and let the latter boil until quite thick. Then replace the berries, and, while hot, proceed to can in the self-sealing jars.

Have you ever tasted a strawberry pie?

Line your pie-dish with a first-class crust. (I assume that you know how to make that.) Lay the berries in the crust so that they are snugly pressed in one layer. Be sure not to heap them up carelessly, for that will make too much juice. With your hand, sprinkle sugar thickly over them, for although the raw berry may be sweet, it seems to grow sour in heating.

This pie needs no cover save narrow strips of pastry; and no water, for the heat will draw out juice in abundance.

Serve this pie with a dressing of whipped cream, and you will find that it is a dessert worth remembering.

A STRAWBERRY JELLY.

Any kind of clear gelatine in jelly may be used, but it must be made a little sweeter than usual.

Place a quart mould in a pan and surround it with broken ice. Pour jelly into the mould to the depth of half an inch. Let it grow cold, and when a little thick, cover the top with a layer of firm, large strawberries. Over this pour enough liquid jelly to cover them, being careful not to move the berries. When this jelly is cool, and the layer becomes fixed, add another layer of berries, and proceed as before. Continue to add jelly and fruit in turn, until the mould is full, and cover the whole with broken ice.

When ready to serve, dip the mould in warm water, and turn out in a glass dish.

Served with whipped cream, this makes an elegant dessert.

STRAWBERRY MERINGUE CAKE.

Take any simple cake receipt, and bake

the cake in two jelly-cake pans. While it is in the oven, crush a heaping pint of fresh berries, and make them very sweet. When the cakes are done, spread the crushed berries between them, and over the berries spread an icing. The berries and icing are also spread on top, and the whole placed in the oven a few minutes. Serve while warm.

There are many ways of serving the uncrushed berries.

In a large glass bowl arrange fresh strawberries, sprinkling sugar between each layer. Over the whole pour sweetened orange juice, and set the dish on ice for an hour or more.

Some people substitute different kinds of wines.

A strawberry Macedoine is made thus: A layer of strawberries, another of sliced orange, another of bananas, sprinkled with sugar, and all the seeds of the orange carefully removed. Set on cracked ice until served.

With pineapple instead of banana, still another variation may be made.

We close by giving a receipt for

STRAWBERRY TARTS.

Mash one pint of fresh berries, and stir in four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar; add the whites of two eggs beaten stiff. Line your patty-pans with rich pastry, fill with the strawberry mixture, and bake.

E. A. Matthews.

CHOICE RECIPES.

STRAWBERRY PRESERVES.

10 pounds of strawberries.

10 pounds of white sugar.

Pick the berries early in the morning, weigh and spread them on four dishes, sprinkle over them one half of the sugar. In an hour or two pour off the juice that has run, and moisten the remainder of the sugar with it. Simmer this over a slow fire, and while it simmers put in one fourth of the berries. Let them become clear, return them to the dish to cool, and put another dishful into the syrup.

When all have been cooked until clear, boil the syrup down to a rich consistency. Put the berries into it, remove from the fire, and at once seal up close in small glass jars.

CHERRY PRESERVES.

Select large, fine, ripe cherries, remove the stems and stones, weigh them, and to every pound of cherries allow one of white sugar. Put sugar and cherries in a porcelain kettle, and simmer slowly for twenty minutes, skimming well. Then with a perforated skimmer take the cherries out and

spread them on dishes to get cold. Let the syrup continue boiling until it is thick, put the cherries back into it for about five minutes, then seal them up while hot in glass jars. The flavor of the cherry, and its consistency, are perfectly retained when preserved in this way.

CUCUMBER CATSUP.

2 quarts of cucumber pulp.

$\frac{1}{2}$ pint of grated white onions.

$\frac{1}{2}$ pint of grated horse-radish.

$\frac{1}{4}$ ounce of ground black pepper.

6 tablespoonfuls of sugar.

Salt to taste.

Select tender cucumbers and peel and grate enough of them to make two quarts of pulp. With a wooden spoon press it lightly until the juice stops running. Throw the latter away and season the pulp with half a pint of grated white onions, half a pint of grated horse-radish, half an ounce of ground black pepper, salt to your taste, and six level tablespoonfuls of sugar. Have ready three one-quart glass jars, put one third of the pulp into each, fill full of the best cider vinegar and screw the tops on perfectly tight.

Anna Alexander Cameron.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR EDITOR: Will you kindly advise a subscriber of the best course to pursue, that she may acquire a grammatical education and general knowledge of the English branches; and the books from which she can derive the most benefit? She is anxious to improve, and having read your valuable book, felt you were the best one to consult.

Yours respectfully,

Y. W. X.

Your best method is to consult some experienced teacher, or in default of this, to learn from the catalogue of some good school the books which are to be studied during an undergraduate's course. Procure them and devote yourself to them as diligently as if you had to pass an examination in each one. It would be a great benefit to you could you put yourself under a tutor's care, but much may be done even with private study.

EDS. THE HOME-MAKER,

SHOULD WOMEN VOTE.

EDITOR HOME-MAKER: The thoughtful article by Rose Terry Cooke in the March *Home-Maker* commends itself to every thinking woman, but she makes some statements which do not seem to be borne out by facts. For instance:

"It is considered a hard thing that women should not in law own the money or property of any kind which they have earned or inherited."

It would, indeed, be a "crying injustice" if this thing were true, but one should remember that the old common law as expounded by Blackstone has been largely superseded by statute laws; and in the enlightened State of Michigan, at least, and presumably in all her sister commonwealths, the property-rights of women are already fair and equitable, and becoming more so every year as the world moves on.

She can buy and sell, hold property in her own name, and conduct her business in every way as freely as any man. To be sure, she must have the consent, real or tacit, of her lord and master, but that is

but a small relic of barbarism which still clings to our statute.

If a woman dies, leaving property and also having children, the father is obliged to support them from his own means until they are of age, when they come into possession, each of his share of their mother's money, which is required to be kept at a reasonable rate of interest for them. If a father dies, a mother need not pay one penny toward the support of her children, but can use the property left by their father for their maintenance. It seems to me in that this case the woman has all the rights there are.

By a new law lately passed, a man's property if he leaves no children, is given, half to the widow, and the remainder to his heirs-at-law, doing away with the old "dower" or life-interest. If he leaves children, the widow after reserving several important rights, shares equally with his children in all personal property; in real estate taking her dower under the old law.

If a man makes a will, cutting off his widow, or leaving her less than the statutory provision, she can waive the will as to her own rights; and take the provision made for her by statute. The disposition of the courts in regard to all disputed matters leans more and more toward the interests of the wife.

Some twelve years ago, while one of the many temperance "crusades" was in progress in a small town in Michigan, the crusaders managed to shut up every saloon in the village, heavy fines being imposed upon the proprietors, or imprisonment in case of non-payment thereof. The wife of one of them, who was in jail, opened his place of business and taking charge of matters herself, dispensed alcoholic stimulants to the thirsty as freely as her husband had done. Being brought before the court and fined, she having no property of her own, refused to pay, whereupon she, too, was sent to jail, but her lawyer immediately had her released upon a writ of *habeas corpus*, it not being at that time legal in this State to imprison a woman upon any civil process. After that Biddy held the

fort against all invaders; and another woman of the same ilk, being of an enterprising turn of mind, and wishing to turn an honest penny, opened a saloon of her own. The crusade came to a sudden end, for it was only a question of time how soon the old saloons would all be opened with a woman at the helm of each.

In regard to the "irrevocable will," it is not possible under our present laws to make such a document, the will of latest date holding in all cases, unless it can be proved that the testator was mentally incompetent.

A better way under existing statutes, would be to "insist on" a *deed*, actually delivered, but which may be placed in trust to be put upon record only in case of the husband's death. This deed would stand in preference to any later deeds, unless signed by the wife, and could not be held for any debts contracted by the husband after the making and delivery of the deed.

As to women not being able to vote on account of stress of weather, this would also be an argument against her entering any sort of occupation. The fact is that we do see working women going out every day in all sorts of weather, about their daily avocations. The objection to women voting rests upon a stronger basis than this.

I have criticised upon these few points, but have only praise for the clinching arguments and excellent logic of the rest of the paper, believing with its author that women are asking for a dangerous toy when they clamor for suffrage, which in the hands of most of us, would, I fear, be but "playing with edged tools;" and I sincerely trust that the time may never come when this heavy burden shall be laid upon our reluctant shoulders.

Priscilla.

A QUESTION OF COURTESY, AND ONE OF TASTE.

EDITOR HOME-MAKER: (1) Is it a "hall-mark of breeding" to criticise one's neighbors in print in such a way that they may be recognized?

(2) Also is it a like sign to use French phrases in writing for the professed benefit of English and American masses?

Yours respectfully,

I. B. G. C.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Answer:

(1) It is neither kind nor courteous to "write up" one's friends and acquaintances. Few have such perfectly-balanced tempers as not to be offended at recognizing themselves in invidious print. It should be added, however, that authors are often accused of portraying others in sketch and story when no such portraiture was intended. It is not only he who degrades a noble art to the purposes of private revenge or unscrupulous fun-making, who is assailed by angry readers, fired by the imagined resemblance to themselves in this or that article. Dozens often fit on one and the same cap, which was intended for none of them.

(2) This is a matter of taste, not breeding. While the English tongue is copious and strong enough to meet nearly every reasonable demand, it must be remembered that it has been enlarged and refined by the adoption of many words and phrases which were once known as foreign terms. Witness such words as *envelope*, *dépôt*, *menu*, *table d'hôte*, *ennui*, *bon mot*, *finesse*, *venire*, *subpœna*, etc., etc., in such common use that few think of them as Anglicized—not native.

EDITOR HOME-MAKER: DEAR MADAM: In the April number, a correspondent invites information on the subject of oatmeal. The taste of it is disliked by many, both adults and children. Many who do like it, as your correspondent says, cannot eat it, because it disagrees with them. Besides, oatmeal is undoubtedly heating to the blood, and conducive to skin diseases; therefore not desirable as an article of food in summer.

Preparations of wheat are lighter, and more delicate in taste. Some families change regularly from oatmeal in winter to wheat in summer. One, which we find nutritious and palatable, my children make their breakfast every morning. It is simply a finely granulated wheat. It has also the advantage of being economical; any left over we make into little cakes, or fritters, and find them nice for luncheon. I can give the receipts, if wished.

Now, here is an open secret. Most of the preparations of granulated wheat are exactly alike; bought in many cases of the same miller, and put into packages bearing various high-sounding names by the manufacturer who represents his own as having divers singular virtues, above all others.

Any of them your correspondent will find an excellent food, if *fresh*; and probably agreeable to her children.

E. L. C.

DEAR EDITOR: Will you please ask A. R. C., and F. A. L., and W. to write to me. I would like to correspond with them a little.

L. B., 1146 Broadway.

DENVER, COLO.

EDITOR OF THE HOME-MAKER:
I send you a few receipts that may be some of your readers would like to try.

GRAHAM PUDDING.

1½ cups of graham flour.
¼ cup of molasses.
¼ cup of butter (melted).
½ cup of sweet milk.
1 egg.
1 teaspoonful of soda.
1 good cup raisins, seeded and chopped.
1 teaspoonful of cinnamon.
½ teaspoonful of cloves.
Pinch of salt.
Steam for two hours.

SAUCE.

1 cup of sugar, and one tablespoonful of butter rubbed to a cream.
Yolk of one egg.
Add white of one egg beaten to a stiff froth, and one cup of whipped cream.
Flavor with vanilla.
Nearly as good as suet or plum-pudding, and certainly much more wholesome. I

sometimes add a little citron to the pudding.

APPLE BATTER PUDDING.

1 cup of flour.
1 teaspoonful of baking powder.
A pinch of salt.
Mix together. Into this rub one tablespoonful of butter. Beat one egg and stir into scant one-half cup of milk. Stir this into the dry mixture. Pour into buttered pan. Pare and slice two sour apples. Press into dough. Bake about one-half hour.
The beauty of this pudding is, you are always sure of success. This receipt makes enough for a family of four.

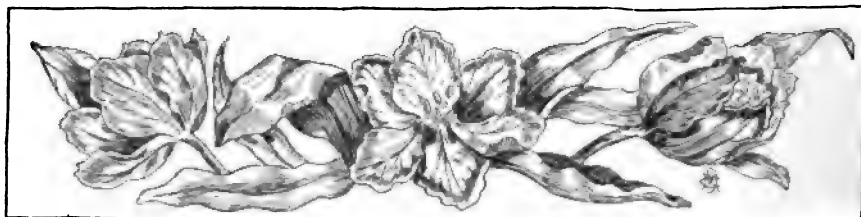
SAUCE.

1 cup of sugar.
¾ cup of butter.
2 tablespoonfuls of flour.
3 gills of boiling water.
Boil 3 minutes.
Flavor with cherry-juice or wine.

HAMLETS.

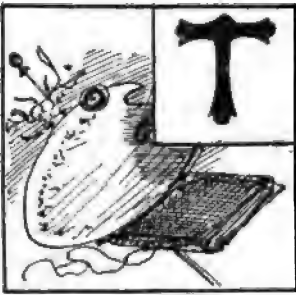
1½ cups of sugar.
¾ cup of butter (packed).
1 cup of chopped raisins.
2 eggs.
1 teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, and nutmeg.
1 teaspoonful of soda dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of sour milk.
Mix with flour and roll out like cookies.
Use only enough flour to handle.

A Subscriber.



OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

THE FIRST EXPEDITION OF THE ELSTOW DRAWING CLUB.



THE main thing," said Kathie Blake, as we all stood together on the steps of the studio, one bright spring morning, "is to come early; we must leave here at ten o'clock. Helen,

you and May will bring the sandwiches, Jennie and Ethel, the cake; I will take fruit and Cornelia Howard is coming, so we shall be just a half-dozen. Don't forget anything; your paint-boxes, a stretcher, and a camp-stool will be enough to carry. I want the sketching party to be a success!"

"Oh, Kathie," said Jennie Hart, a tall slender girl with fluffy yellow hair, "you know that sketching outfit that Uncle Bob gave me? It will be just the thing; it's rather heavy, but as long as we're going to take the cars, that doesn't matter, and after we get there it will be delightful to have a complete outfit."

"Where are you going?" asked Mabel Lloyd.

"Up to the woods back of the old millpond. There is lovely scenery there and it's only half an hour's ride in the street cars. I expect we will get there at eleven and we needn't leave until four or five. Good-by girls, don't forget anything and be at the studio early! I am going to Cornelia's;" and Kathie, who had been unanimously elected M. C. (Mistress of

Ceremonies), walked briskly off, while after a little animated conversation the impromptu meeting broke up, each member bent upon artistically distinguishing herself on the following day, for this was the first sketching party of the season, held by the Elstow Drawing Club, and we were all determined to have it a success if possible.

Wednesday morning dawned bright and clear and I heaved a deep sigh of relief as I dressed speedily, ate a hurried breakfast, and, gathering my numerous packages together, set out for the studio where Kathie Blake was waiting for us.

"There," I said, hastening to get rid of my various burdens, "let me see: I have the chicken sandwiches; May will bring the tongue; here is my paint-box and camp-stool, and a shawl which mamma insisted I should take—Katherine, I am making a beast of burden of myself for the sake of art."

"I couldn't get any decent fruit in this old hole of a town," answered the M. C.; "but I have a box of caramels instead, and Corney promised to bring a basket of their delicious cherries. See, here she is," and we both went forward to meet Cornelia, a short, dumpy girl, who carried an immense basket of magnificent red and white ox-hearts.

"You had better leave *some* for lunch," said Corney placidly, as we made a simultaneous plunge at the basket. "You cannot be so dreadfully hungry, it's only half-past nine. I think we are in splendid time. Here come May and Ethel. Girls, *girls*, you *must* leave those cherries alone!" she commanded, as the new comers made a rush for

the fruit, bearing off several handfuls in triumph.

"Oh, Corney, you're a darling," said May, eating and talking at once; "we were *sure* we'd be late! I stopped for Jennie, but she wasn't ready and I didn't dare wait. I met Ethel at the corner, and—"

"Goodness gracious! girls, here's Jennie; but what under the sun is she carrying?" cried Kathie from the window, near which she stood. We all ran forward to look. There was Jennie, staggering up the street under a load of what seemed to be a small clothes-horse, several fishing rods, a basket, a shawl and a paint-box.

"Gracious me! What *have* you got, Jennie?" we exclaimed as she entered the studio.

"Oh, dear!" said Jennie piteously; "it's Uncle Bob's sketching outfit, and it's perfectly diabolical. I am all tangled up in it; I don't know how to get out. Don't laugh, girls! *please* try and undo me."

After various attempts we at last managed to extricate the poor victim from the grasp of her "outfit."

"Oh," she said, with a sigh of relief, "I thought I would never get here, but would drop a corpse on the way. How *shall* I carry it?"

We looked at one another in hopeless bewilderment; but the difficulty was solved by the M. C., who proposed that it should be divided among us, each taking a separate portion of the complicated machinery. "For, you know," she said, "we have not far to carry it. When we get to the cars it can be just stuck up in a corner. Do you know how to manage it when you want to draw, Jennie?"

"I suppose so," said Jennie dolefully, "I guess I can. Anyhow, after we get in the cars it won't bother us any more, and it's time to go now." And we set off.

No one who was not there can have any idea of what that "outfit" made us suffer; it seemed possessed by some evil spirit. We tried in vain to manage it in the cars, it made vicious lunges at unoffending old gentlemen, it fell heavily on old ladies' toes, it dropped on wide-eyed babies, frightening them half out of their wits; until we were crimson with our convulsive efforts to control it, and poor Jennie was almost crying with mortification. "I feel just like Frankenstein," she whispered tearfully to me.

The passengers, in the meantime, went off into gales of subdued merriment at our

vain attempts to master our property and manage our bundles; that is, those whom we had not yet injured thought it excessively amusing; those whose toes we had crushed, and whose babies we had frightened, found consolation in glaring at us and making whispered comments about "a lot of silly girls—no business to bring—murdering contrivances—in horsecars—a perfect shame—"

Our spirits were considerably dampened by the time we arrived at the woods beyond the mill-pond, but they soon rose in the delightful excitement of choosing a suitable sketching place. At last we arranged our stools and canvasses, and set to work. We had established ourselves in a pretty lane fringed with willows. On the left was a large pasture, on the right a farmhouse surrounded by trees, in front of us lay a wide stretch of meadows through which a little brook ran gurgling; picturesque, gnarled old trees surrounded us, and in the distance were hills rising one above another and fading into a soft blue. It certainly was an ideal spot, and we went to work with much eagerness.

For several hours we worked in silence. Kathie was ahead of us all; her charcoal sketch was finished and the painting well advanced, her hand moving in the quick true manner which made her head of our studio. I came next; my picture certainly *was* good, I thought, surveying it critically. The sketch was done, I was to begin the painting, and opening my paint-box I slowly squeezed the necessary colors on my palette, when Jennie rose with a despairing gesture.

"Girls," she said, "I have suffered in silence until now, but its no use. I *cannot* stand this depraved, abominable, sketching outfit. I can't sit on the stool, it wobbles and sticks into me, and the easel is no good; it *won't* stand still. I have had to rub out my sketch five times and I just *can't* stand it any longer. Let's have lunch."

"Yes, do; we're famished," chorussed May and Ethel, while Corney added, "I suppose we might as well; it's half-past one."

"The motion is carried unanimously," I said; and, leaving our pictures, we unpacked baskets, set out the lunch, and criticized each other's work. Everything was soon arranged and we were just seating ourselves when the M. C. said:

"Girls, what shall we drink? That water is horrid; May and I went down and tasted it, and we haven't any lemons."

"I know!" exclaimed Ethel Winter,

"Let's buy a quart of milk over at that farmhouse; it will be just the thing. Kathie, if you will come too, I will go for it."

"That will be delightful," we assented, and Kathie and Ethel departed for the farmhouse, while we seated ourselves around the lunch and nibbled cherries. Our ambassadors soon returned, carrying a tin can and a kitchen cup, and we attacked the provisions with vigorous appetites.

"Do you know," Kathie said, thoughtfully, as she raised the can to pour out another cupful of milk,—*"I believe that farmer cheated us; he made us pay two cents more than we pay at home for milk, and I am sure he didn't give a full quart."*

"Let's measure and find out," I suggested; "four cups make a quart; we'll see how many cups there are in this. We have had two already, there should be two more; I'll see." And I filled the third cup, which emptied the pail.

"Oh, the old cheat!" cried Jennie, indignantly, "it's half a pint short. I would just like to pay him off." While May, who had been sitting silent, suddenly exclaimed:

"We can! You know the little brook down there? Well, when Kathie and I went down for water we saw three big cans of milk set in the stream to cool; just come down and we'll help ourselves. I am sure they cheated us shamefully. Come, Jennie." And she rose, taking the pail with her, and ran quickly down the path, Jennie following.

We looked at each other. "Well," said Kathie, "I don't think it very bad; he *did* cheat us, and we won't take *very* much; besides, it's just what we want to drink with the cake."

"Bah! of course we're justified," exclaimed Corny, while I said: "My dear Katherine, they'll never know; and if they do, what difference does it make? They will only have been done by as they did, so drink and be happy."

Kathie laughed, and soon May and Jennie returned carrying the pail full of delicious, cool, creamy milk, which certainly did form a delightful finish to our feast, and which we enjoyed without the least compunction.

"Suppose I go and get a pailful of water to wash our hands?" suggested Ethel, as we were seated around the remains of our repast, and, seizing the can, she started towards the spring.

"Do you know," I said, "I enjoyed this

lunch so much that I fear I am not in a frame of mind to finish my picture. What a funny noise! What is it?" I asked, as a quick, rushing sound struck my ear.

Jennie turned leisurely and looked down the lane behind us, then with a wild plunge she sprang to her feet. "Oh! Oh! What shall we do?" she exclaimed; "it's two wild bulls, and they're coming right at us. Run, girls, *run!*" and she dashed down the lane, followed by May, both uttering horrified screams.

Now, if there is one thing I'm afraid of it is a cow; and as for a *bull!*—! The moment Jennie uttered the word "*bulls*," I turned and gazed frantically down the lane. Yes, there they were! two horned monsters, their tails out straight behind them, their heads down, galloping right towards us. Corny had disappeared. "Oh, run, Kathie, run!" I screamed and dashed for the fence, sprang over, and ensconced myself behind some bushes where I crouched, breathless, trembling, my eyes tight shut.

There was a gallop, a crash, a pause, and a rush as the animals dashed by; then a peal of ringing laughter echoed through the woods, and I peeped from my hiding place, to see Kathie leaning against a tree, shaking with inextinguishable merriment, while four wild-looking, shaky, dishevelled figures were slowly emerging from different places of concealment.

I climbed the fence cautiously, and approached the M. C.

"What's the matter, Katherine Blake?" I demanded. "I suppose *you* think it's fun to be chased by wild bulls. I don't, and it's a great wonder we weren't all killed!"

"Oh, dear—Oh, dear—!" gasped Kathie, quivering with mirth, "they weren't bulls at all. They were just cows. Oh, dear—Ha, ha, ha!"—and she went off into another peal in which she was joined by the others, who by this time had regained their equanimity. I turned upon them.

"*You* needn't laugh," I said; "Kathie can, for she wasn't afraid, but you girls were just as frightened as I was, and the only reason you didn't climb the fence was because you didn't know how. Besides, Jennie Hart, it was you who first gave the alarm. Anyhow I don't believe they were just cows. What made them run so?"

"I don't know," said Kathie faintly, "I suppose they wanted to have a little race; they went down to that pasture: a man was waiting for them there. Oh dear! how



"LET'S PICK UP THE REMAINS AND GO." (See page 239.)

you *did* run!" and she indulged in another fit of laughter.

A dismal shriek from Corney interrupted her. "Oh, dear!" she wailed, "they have eaten the cherries, and we had half a basketful: they are all gone! Oh, the abominable, detestable *beasts*!"

"Well," I said forlornly, "there's no use crying over spilt milk; let's pick up the things and go on with our sketching. I think mine looks very —Oh!" I exclaimed in blood curdling tones, "*Where is it?*" I left it on this stool, and it's *gone*! Kathie, you were here, *where is it?*"

"Oh—Oh—Helen," gasped Kathie, struggling to subdue her mirth, "it's—it's—I am *dreadfully* sorry, Helen, but I couldn't help it, it's—it's—in the cow!"

"*W-H-A-T!*" I demanded, while the others crowded around, horror depicted on their countenances.

"Yes," said Kathie, "I *couldn't* stop them; they just dashed right through everything. I guess most of our things are ruined." A shriek ensued, followed by a wild hunt for our treasures. Then arose a confused chorus of wails, sobs, and despair.

"Oh! Oh!" wept May, dissolved in tears, "my palette is broken, my camp-stool is smashed, and my sketch is torn to bits."

"They have *eaten* my picture," I answered despairingly, "they have smashed my palette and licked off the paint. Oh, I hope, I *hope*, with all my heart, it will kill them," I added fiercely.

"My things are all right," said Ethel, "except three paint brushes and a bottle of oil that are broken. How are yours, Corney?"

"They have eaten my cherries, spoiled my paints, daubed my picture, and gone right *through* my paint-box," answered Corney. "What are your woes, Kathie?"

"Well," replied Kathie, who by this

time was reduced to a sober and serious state, and was regarding her shattered canvas with filling eyes. "I am just as badly off; my picture is utterly ruined, my stool is broken, and I have a dreadful pain in my side from laughing too much. It is your turn now, Jennie."

"As for me," answered Jennie, "I am all right; they didn't hurt my paint or palette. I didn't have any sketch, and, just think, girls, they have smashed my sketching outfit into scraps!"

"Let us be thankful for small mercies," I groaned, "I suppose we might as well go home: there's nothing to stay here for."

"No," said Kathie grimly, "there isn't. Let's pick up the remains and go; the sketching party is all spoilt, and I will never, never, have another."

"Oh, yes, you will," said Ethel gayly, "it wasn't *our* fault it was spoilt, you know; it would have been delightful except for those cows, and I hope they will die in violent convulsions from the paint they have eaten. Next time we will go where there are no cows."

"There's one good thing about it," Jennie remarked solemnly, "my sketching outfit is gone, never to return, and we certainly *have* had lots of fun."

Helen Haines.

HISTORIC MOTHERS. No. 2.



UPWARDS of a hundred years ago, a passer along the streets of Edinburgh might have noticed, perched at a window, a pale childish face, lighted by deep, blue eyes and framed by sunny, clustering hair. Had the passer en-

tered the house he would soon have seen a slender, limping figure descend from his perch (where he had climbed to watch his companions as they started on some boyish expedition), and turn with a beaming smile to a fair woman whose responsive smile was as bright as his own. The child was Walter Scott, the woman, his mother.

A delicate child, lame from infancy, Sir Walter spent the larger portion of his time with his mother, who encouraged his fondness for romance, trained his imagination, educated his taste, and so converted the

accident which threatened such depressing results into a blessing, not only personal and temporal, but which shall be as enduring as English letters and as general as the rays of the sun. She gave impetus to the sunny current of humor and humanity which gladdened his life; and she inculcated in the child the energy and perseverance which prompted the old man to take up his pen to write out a debt of half a million.

Sir Walter said of her. "She had a mind of natural brilliancy, well-stored with much acquired information. She had an excellent memory, and could draw, without the least affectation, the most striking pictures of past ages. If I have been able to do anything towards painting the past, it is owing to the studies she gave me and the influence she exerted over me."

Sir Walter records many instances of his mother's tenderness, and gives many evidences of his devotion and gratitude to her. After his death, his executors found in his desk, arranged in careful order, a number of little objects so placed that his eye might rest on them as soon as he raised the lid. Prominent among them were the old-fashioned bottles that had garnished his mother's toilette table, when he, a sickly child, slept in her dressing-room, and the silver taper-stand which the young advocate had bought for her with his first five-guinea fee.

When the heart is thrilled with those vivid pictures of Border and Feudal life; when the imagination revels in the splendid portrait-gallery where Louis XI., Elizabeth and Richard Cœur de Lion stand forth in historic fidelity, and Jeanie Deans, Col. Mannering and Dominie Sampson invest fiction with the force of reality, let the reader remember her whose guiding hand led to those fair and fertile provinces, and who, in the words of Richter, "furnished the clew to his genius."

The man, who was destined to add a fresh and a higher charm to the lovely shire where Bruce was born and Burns was buried, Thomas Carlyle, thus writes of his mother, "I am *proud* of my mother, though she is neither rich nor learned. If I ever forget to love and reverence her I must cease to be a creature worth remembering. She never shrank from me in my desolation, never tired of my despondencies, or shut up, by a look or tone, the expression of any real or imaginary grief. She stands

out in my memory as beautiful in all that makes the excellence of woman."

Mrs. Oliphant has given a charming description of Ecclefechan, "where the low, gray hills close in around the little hamlet," but a far more charming description of the old village—the Entepfuhl of "Sartor Resartus"—has been left by the inimitable artist, who spent there the happy days of his childhood, when, in his own language, "Time was no fast hurrying stream, but a sportful, sunlit ocean."

There, in the humble cottage, the peasant mother, wise as she was patient, moulded the character of the vindicator of Cromwell, and the most brilliant historian of the French Revolution. It is said that the father wanted Thomas to "gang and work," Thomas wanted to keep to his "buiks;" the mother sided with the boy, and her influence prevailed.

There can be no doubt that Carlyle owed much that was best in his nature and his writings to his mother. She possessed strong common sense, clear judgment, stern adherence to truth, and a rare faculty for classifying and assimilating knowledge. She had long been a great reader, but was unable to write when Thomas was born, and taught herself writing for the purpose of corresponding with her son. The strength and independence of her mind are indicated by the fact that she suggested to her son the new theory in regard to the character of Cromwell, which he was the first to make public.

Dr. Gilfillan records a pleasant visit to Carlyle: "I had the great pleasure of meeting Carlyle's excellent mother in company with her illustrious son, and beautiful it was to see his profound and tender reverence and her motherly love, and to hear her fine old Covenanting accents concerting with his transcendental tones."

When the "inevitable hour" came, and Carlyle's mortal remains were consigned to the dust, they rested, not amid England's great and kindred spirits in Westminster, not in Haddington by the wife he so tenderly loved, but by his request in the burying ground at Ecclefechan by the side of his mother and in the midst of his kindred.

The products of skill, the treasures of nature, the material wealth of the universe, have a purchasable value and may be accurately estimated; but the vessel that brought Louis Agassiz to our shores bore a treasure inestimable, imperishable, unpurchasable.

His greatness was not an accident; according to the logic of events it was a natural conclusion from certain premises. "The reason firm, the temperate will," of the mother fashioned the character in the old home at Neufchatel.

Having lost her first four children during infancy, she watched over Louis with intense anxiety. She discovered that his love of natural objects was not a child's propensity to make playmates of the animals around him, but a strong intellectual tendency destined to give bent to his life. She aided and encouraged him in his childish researches, often preparing herself by study to give the information he sought. From sympathy with the lower animals, she developed that sympathy with human beings which so conspicuously distinguished him.

From her he inherited the wonderful personal magnetism which Lowell has so aptly expressed in a single line, "Where'er he met a stranger, there he left a friend."

The following is an extract from a letter written by Mme. Agassiz to her son: "To do all the good you can to your fellow-beings, to have a pure conscience, to gain an honorable livelihood, to make those around you happy—this is true happiness: all the rest are but mere accessories and chimeras."

When Agassiz was separated from his mother, he kept her advised of all his undertakings, and his work was none the less interesting to her when the ocean rolled between them than when he was able to discuss it daily with her. She remained his most intimate friend to the last hour of her life, and he survived her only six years.

Prof. Silliman visited Mme. Agassiz in 1851, when she was nearly four-score. As soon as he told her that he was the friend of her son, and that his adopted country looked upon him as one of its choicest possessions, she was overcome with emotion. "The next morning she came, walking alone some distance in the rain, to bid us farewell. . . . She brought for Mrs. Silliman a bouquet of pansies, and bade us tell her son that her *pensées* were all for him."

Some men are born to good fortune, and to this class Lord Macaulay may be assigned with great propriety. Blessings stood thick around his cradle and pre-eminent among them was a mother—a woman, pure, patient, and cultured.

She believed that the training which

is most effective begins in the cradle, and as an evidence of her practical application of this theory, we find the three-year-old Thomas lying on a rug with a book before him and a piece of buttered bread at a reachable distance.

Nelson sailing a miniature boat on a farmyard pond, did not more clearly foreshadow the glories of the Nile and Trafalgar, than Macaulay at seven years writing a Compendium of History, gave promise of that superb intellect which prompted England to bestow for the first time the title of Lord as a recognition of the power of letters.

Mrs. Macaulay was perfectly conscious of the wonderful precocity of her son, but she refrained from betraying such knowledge to him, and instead of unduly commending him she tried to protect him from the flattery of others. She writes to a friend, "we never appear to regard anything that he does as more than a school-boy's amusements, though the extent of his reading and the knowledge he has acquired are astonishing in a child not yet eight."

Going to school was a great trial to the youthful Tom; he infinitely preferred his mother's society and the congenial volumes which "home" afforded, and, on the least suspicion of rain, he would plead eloquently to "stay at home." But there came always the stoical reply, "No Tom; if it rains cats and dogs you must go," and a loving kiss emphasized the answer.

The education of young Macaulay was most symmetrical. There were no conflicting angles, no vacant spaces, no excrescences; he learned the golden rule along with the rules in the Latin grammar; history was to him a system of philosophy teaching by example. Physical enjoyment and exertion were encouraged; and his taste, aesthetically trained, saw beauty in a bit of wayside lichen or a rose-hued sunset, while his ear was attuned to the melody of the sky-lark's note or the rustle of the wind-swept leaves.

In his thirteenth year, his mother wrote to him as follows: "I know you write with great ease to yourself and that you had rather write two poems than prune one. . . Spare no time or trouble. Render each piece as perfect as you can and then leave the event without one anxious thought. . . Do your best, because it is the will of God that you should improve every faculty to the utmost."

She lived until 1831, when his first great

speech on the Reform Bill proclaimed him destined to renown. Without her, though fortune smiled and hope allured, life assumed a sombre cast, and to the last he missed the presence which had lent a "fresh greenness to the grass and a new glory to the flower."

The springing of a poet, with almost matchless gifts, from a clay-built peasant's hut has been reckoned more miraculous than the fabled birth of Minerva; but that peasant's hut, poor though it was, was permeated with love and hallowed by peace—fit soil for the seed of pathos and poetry. Let the sceptic read "The Cotter's Saturday Night."

In this peasant's hut, near "the banks and braes of bonnie Doon," a peasant woman trained the voice of Scotia's sweetest singer. She is represented as a woman of great sagacity, forethought, and serene temper, with a memory well stored with old songs and traditions to which her imagination gave coloring and her voice lent music. These she rehearsed to little "Robbie," as he followed her with tottering steps, and the child absorbed the material which he afterwards embodied in his marvellous creations.

The following extract from a paper written by Mr. Stewart, Professor of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh, will be of interest—"His (Burns's) memory was uncommonly retentive. He frequently recited to me long compositions with minute accuracy. They were chiefly ballads in our Scottish dialect; the greater part of them he told me he had learned in childhood from his mother, whose poetical taste, rude though it probably was, undoubtedly gave direction to her son's genius."

Her religion, cast in the stern Covenanting mould, enabled her to build in her son's mind a tower of invincible theology, which neither his own vices nor the opinions of others could shake. Not even Latimer

and Luther dealt heavier blows at false systems than did this brave singer.

For her gift to the ages let us offer her the tribute of gratitude. When pæans of praise rise to the memory of Robert Burns, let the refrain ascribe honor to the mother who gave the brilliancy to his imagination, the pathos to his notes, and the fire to his eye, and who builded so much better than she knew.

No two men of letters were ever more totally unlike than the peasant poet with his impassioned genius, and the English scholar, timid and sensitive, over whose mind Reason at times held no sway. The one was fifty before he began to write; the other had done with earth at thirty-seven.

Saddest picture in history's portrait gallery is a little face, pressed convulsively against a window-pane, watching the hearse which bore his mother from his sight. Fifty years afterwards, the old man, shattered by care and disease, bends in a paroxysm of tenderness over the picture of his mother; while fond memory, "to her duty true" brings back with unerring distinctness the little incidents which made up those few happy, childish years. He recalls the mornings, when "wrapped in scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capped," provided with "biscuit and confectionery plum," she had sent him to school. He remembers the nightly visit to his bed that she might know him "safe and warmly laid," and he feels again the "plash of fragrant waters" upon his face each morning.

Her memory and her influence were never weakened; and is it too much to believe that during her brief custodianship of that child, the fond, pure mother instilled thoughts and principles that manifested themselves years afterwards? The kind heart, the sympathetic spirit, the delicate courtesy, the poetic faculty, these were her legacy.

Charlotte Davies.



A WORD OF ADVICE TO OUR GIRLS.

As June advances, the doors of our institutions of learning all over the land are opened wide, and a throng of lovely maidens rush forth with their eager, earnest faces, with hearts full of hope, with hands ready and willing, all searching for "new worlds to conquer."

Dear hearts! They deserve all honors, blessings, and power. But alas! It cannot be.

Happy accidents sometimes raise one no more worthy than the rest, to the topmost round of the ladder, but the majority must work hard, work unceasingly, and by their own efforts achieve greatness.

It *can* be done. Keep up hearts of courage, seek out the occupation most suited to your tastes and attainments, stick to it, bend all your energies to *one* point, and victory is sure.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime."

This may be true, but one thing is sure, to *be* anybody, to accomplish *anything*, work we *must*, and that too not always in the most congenial ways.

For the ridicule of some, for the amusement of others, for the encouragement of but one perhaps, I write.

I think many will agree with me, when I say that in no time of life does a young woman feel more important or sure of success than when on her graduation from school, she starts out to show the world what can be done and how to do it.

When I was graduated from school, I was fully impressed with my importance and strongly convinced of my own true worth, and I started bravely out to convince the world of the fact. Had I not my diploma and testimonials stating my proficiencies? Had I not been a faithful student and brilliant scholar?

So confident was I of my attainments that I expected the world to recognize them immediately. I thought to find "my sphere" without loss of time or patience.

I could not think of filling an inferior position.

After some months of longing for immediate greatness, common sense came to the rescue, and I gladly accepted the little scraps by the wayside. I gave writing lessons in a private school for a mere pittance. I taught two ladies, whose early education had been neglected; they were sensible enough to recognize the fact and not ashamed to learn, although one was a married woman. For a few weeks I filled a vacancy in the Orphan Asylum, and teaching the little ones was a real pleasure. Two young boys were anxious to do more than regular school work and to them I taught Latin for some months.

It was more endurable to be employed in these small ways, than to sit idle hoping for greater things. My books had not taught me everything, for the lessons of life were harder to solve than the sciences to master. For eleven weeks in mid-winter I walked back and forth through drifting snows and driving rains, to a district school in a country town in New England, teaching everything from A B C's to higher mathematics and English, French, and Latin.

In after years when the position for which I longed was given to me, and I may say, the honors to which I had aspired were bestowed upon me, I could look back and see plainly that each little step had led to higher things.

So to the many starting out this year on life's rugged road, I say, "Despise not the day of small things." Be "faithful in a few things." With cheerful patience and resolute perseverance the toilers at the bottom are sure to rise and succeed. And whatever you undertake, do your *best*, no matter how humble the work may be. George Herbert says:

"Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and th' action fine."

Ruth Beecher.



EDITED BY MRS. MARY C. HUNGERFORD.

SASH CURTAINS WITH RIBBON DECORATION.—RETICULE WITH RING-WORK.—DESIGN FOR SOFA CUSHION, INTRODUCING RING-WORK.—A BED-SPREAD OF RICK-RACK WORK.—KNITTED AND CROCHETED LACE.

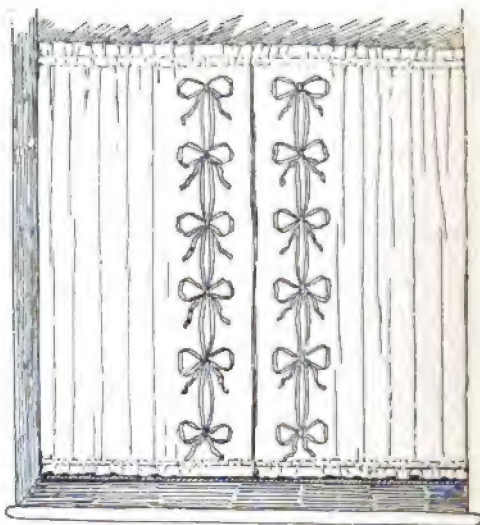
SASH CURTAINS.

"You can make your own sash curtains," said a German lady to me, "by crocheting them in a pretty pattern with fine thread."

Then, mistaking the surprise in my face for delight in her information, she told me that in her father's house in Antwerp, hung nine pairs of long window curtains, all crocheted by her mother and two sisters, whose lives, I thought, must be very full of emptiness, or they never could have given up so large a slice of it to ornamental handiwork.

Fancy-work should be looked upon as recreation and, unless taken up as a profession, should not be allowed to absorb the time and attention to the exclusion of better things. But there are social hours and idle, waiting moments, and quiet home evenings which can be agreeably and profitably filled with decorative fancy-work, and a house tastefully supplied with refined evidences of womanly handiwork is certainly attractive. I use the adjective advisedly, for where refined taste does not govern the display most dismal are the results. No decoration at all is better than showy trash.

The sash curtains which are here illustrated are so easily made and in such true taste, that they are to be commended for imitation. They are in the style of the Louis XVI. period, and are particularly pretty for the windows of rooms



SASH CURTAINS.

where the white and gold decoration of that day prevails.

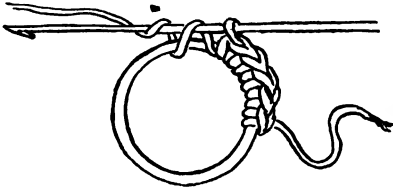
The material is the close fine scrim which appears to have a round, well-twisted thread. The decoration is done with soft all-silk ribbon about three-quarters of an inch wide. The ribbon should be a deeper shade of cream than the scrim, but not really yellow. The bows are tied, and then sewed down on each edge of the ribbon with very fine thread. In place of the ribbon can be used a sort of braid or inserting made of a scrim-like material with an openwork selvage.

It will be shown at upholsterers as a beading to separate rows of lace in curtains.

For a book-case or a corner cabinet, this style of hanging will be very pretty with a broad hem and no shirring on the bottom.

RING-WORK.

So many questions about the application of ring-work to various decorative uses, have been addressed to the ADVICE COLUMN, that a little farther discourse upon the subject seems in order. One correspondent asks to have a whole article devoted to it, but room is precious in THE HOME-MAKER.

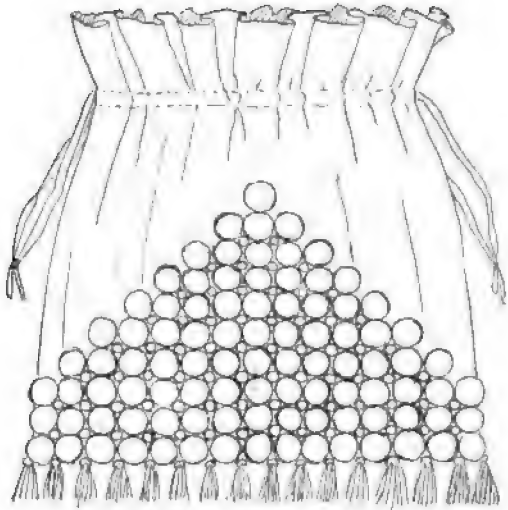


CROCHETED RING.

Slender brass rings from the size of a silver quarter, to a little circle smaller than a lead pencil top, can be bought where fancy-work materials are sold. To cover these singly with a crochet-stitch in silk or linen, is the pleasant part of ring-work, for after a few have been made the work becomes nearly mechanical and can be done without much help from the eyes. As the rings are finished they may be joined together with the crochet needle, or after enough are covered they may be united by a few stitches taken with needle and thread. The method of covering the rings is fully shown in the illustration of detail and will need no further explanation.

SATIN RETICULE WITH RINGS.

A square, plain bag with wide frill at the top made by the string casing is the best shape for decorating in this way. There should be a thin silk lining in the bag and after the piece of ring-work is sewed on, the material underneath may be cut away leaving that part transparent. In that case, to have a good effect, the rings and satin should match in color, but if the bag satin material is left on, some shading or contrast is very pretty. It will also be as well to provide more opportunity for the under color to appear by omitting the small rings that occupy the spaces between the large ones. The bag when finished may be ten inches long, including the

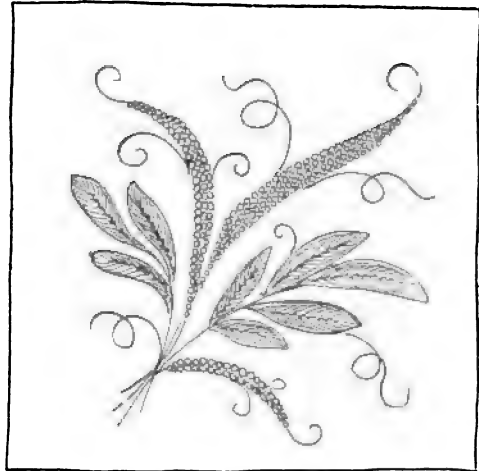


RETICULE WITH RINGS.

frill, and eight inches wide. Into a line of small rings on the bottom, strands of silk are tied to form a flat tassel. Even if the small rings are omitted elsewhere, they should be added there to make a finish. If the bag is light in color, the large rings may be a shade darker and the small ones darker still. If the bag is dark the rings may be light, but this is if the satin of the lower portion is cut away.

DESIGN FOR SOFA-CUSHION INTRODUCING RING-WORK.

The material of the square is a twilled satiny fabric called art sheeting. It is



DESIGN FOR SOFA CUSHION.

made of cotton and is very possibly called by another name in some places. Its tint-

ing is generally neutral. The design is done in two shades of olive silk. The leaves are outlined with dark olive in Kensington stitch. The stems and tendrils are the same. Within the leaves are long single stitches taken with very light olive, and held down by a line of briar stitches through the middle. The long figures are made of crocheted rings similar to those just described. Graduated sizes are used, the largest in the center of the figure and small ones at each end, and all are joined together, first in the required form, and then laid upon the cloth and sewed down slightly. The two shades of olive are used in crocheting on the rings. It is often possible in using large designs to substitute ring-work for some of the appliqué or embroidered figures.

A SPREAD IN RICK-RACK WORK.

Persons who enjoy making this trimming may be glad to hear of this new application of it, suggested by a friend of THE HOME-MAKER.

The spread, she says, is begun with a square of rick-rack twelve inches each way; surrounding this is a six-inch wide border of rick-rack inserting made of much finer braid. Outside of this is another pattern of inserting made of coarser braid. In all six patterns of rick-rack inserting are used, and four sizes of braid are employed. Sixty yards of the inserting are required to make the spread. Nothing was said about making the patterns, probably those best known to workers are selected. The spread might be as effective and would be much easier to make if every other row of inserting were replaced by a band of plain linen.

FEDORA LACE. (KNITTED.)

Cast 22 stitches.

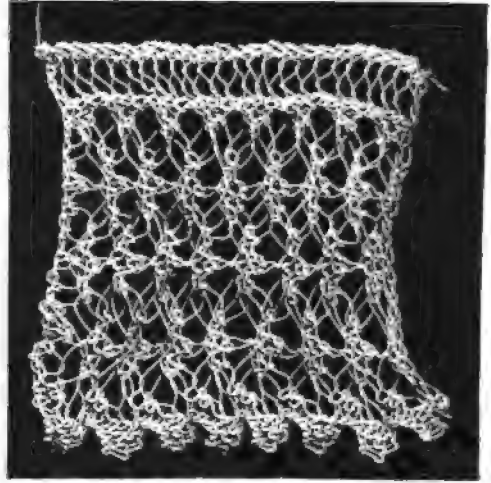
Knit across plain.

1st row, knit 3, thread over, narrow, knit 1, thread over, narrow, knit 1, narrow, thread over, knit 3, thread over, narrow, knit 1, narrow, thread over, knit 3.

2d row, knit 3, over, knit 1, over, slip 2, bind the 2 slipped stitches, thread over, knit 5, over, slip 2, bind as above, over, knit 4, over, narrow, knit 1.

3d row, knit 3, over, narrow, knit 3, over, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 3, narrow, over, knit 1, over, knit 6.

4th row, knit 6, over, knit 3, over, nar-



FEDORA LACE.

row, knit 1, narrow, over, knit 3, over, narrow, knit 3, over, narrow; knit 1.

5th row, knit 3, over, narrow, 2 (twice) over, knit 5, over slip 2, bind the 2 slipped stitches, over, knit 5, over, knit 6.

6th row, bind until only 22 remain on the left needle. Knit 1, over, narrow, knit 3, narrow, over, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 3, narrow, over, narrow, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 1.

ADVICE COLUMN.

MRS. E. A. You will find your request for ring-work illustrations, replied to in the fancy-work articles in this number. It would hardly do for us to give you addresses.

BETTINA. Only brown shades in a room would seem monotonous. Some rich yellows would be desirable on the frieze and among the decorations. A yellow sofa cushion and blended yellows in a table scarf would assuage the general brownness agreeably.

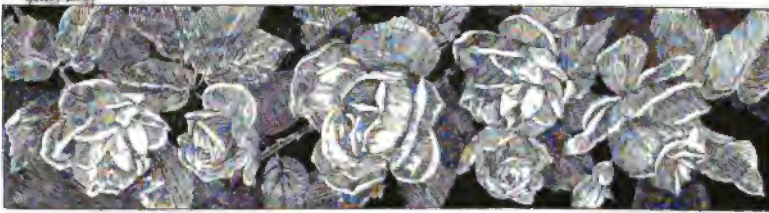
M. A., MONTREAL. You can buy the colored Bolton sheeting at any shop in New York where fancy-work materials are sold. It is generally one yard and a half wide. We are told in the shops here that it is made in England, so undoubtedly your dry goods or fancy-work dealers will have it. Please accept thanks for your appreciative words of HOME-MAKER.

E. F. GREENFIELD, MASS. Read answer to Mrs. E. A. If you have no other use for your tall mirror try putting it across a corner of your little parlor. Put a shelf over it if there is room under the

ceiling, and arrange some articles of pottery on it. Then, if you like the idea, cover the sides of the frame by a breadth of light drapery; the material which imitates India silk will do. Give the effect of curtains having been pushed aside. Throw a rug on the floor in front of the

mirror. Your room will look larger for this arrangement.

Mrs. D. Undoubtedly a professional shopper would buy fancy-work materials for you as willingly as dress goods, and for the same commission.



CHILDREN'S QUESTIONS.

"MAMMA, may I watch you make pies?"

"Yes, Jimmie, if you keep quiet."

"Mamma, are we going to have them for dinner? Why can't we eat them all to-day? See pussy watching you; do you think she wants some? Mamma, won't you tell me about Grandma's cat that ate the mince-

pies? Mamma, why don't cats have five legs?"

"Jimmie, you'll drive me wild. Stop asking such silly questions, or you can't stay here. You've asked about twenty in five minutes."

Jimmie is naturally aggrieved. His mother certainly appears to be interested

in pies and cats, or why does she make the one and keep the other?

Of course he asks questions. He hasn't been in the world very long, and I'd like to know how many grown people, if they were suddenly transported to a strange planet, wouldn't display a little natural curiosity about matters there—that is, unless they were pretty stupid.

What right have you to snub a child and call him silly when he wants to know why cats don't have five legs? It's an interesting speculation, and you probably didn't know yourself when you were seven years old. It may be better for all parties that he should evolve a reason out of his inner consciousness, but you needn't hurt his feelings.

Dear me! of course it's a terrible tax to answer children's questions when one is busy; and very often no one but a walking encyclopedia could do it; but it wouldn't take any longer to say, "You must not ask questions now; I will answer them some other time," and keep your promise, than it does to answer twenty at random and then snub them.

To be sure, very few people have the amount of leisure which the model parents in the Rollo books seem to have rejoiced in; but I am inclined to think that it is principally their rather stilted style that gives the impression—that Rollo's father knew what he was about, and that the lecture on the theory of interruptions was a good investment and saved time in the end.

If you *can't* answer a child's questions, you'd much better say so "right out." A child won't lose his respect for you because you say you don't know, but a quick-witted youngster sees through the shifts people resort to to conceal their ignorance.

A certain teacher was once giving a lesson in geography to a certain class of girls.

They were using for the first time some maps in which the mountains and the lowlands were differently colored, "for identification." Presently one of the girls asked: "Miss Blank, why is part of that colored green and part brown?" Whereupon Miss Blank replied: "How do I know? Sit down and don't ask such silly questions. Perhaps they didn't have any more green paint!"

The pursuit of knowledge under sarcasm is up-hill work, and it is possible that this child "surrendered the attempt to master the art" of geography; but we may hope instead that she carried her questions to a more patient or honest listener.

Don't answer them flippantly, either. Children generally ask their questions seriously, and believe the answers. If you want your jokes appreciated, you might better make them to some one else.

"Mother," said a little boy, "what is sugar made of?"

"Sugar, my child," said his mother, with a twinkle in her eye, "is made of marble dust and a few other things."

Now that style of joke is fagged out anyhow, and needs rest, like other ancients. I suppose they talked about the rain getting into the milk in the ark. The boy didn't want to know about any concrete sugar on the table before him, he meant sugar "as is" sugar, and he was only bored by the joke.

To answer questions well is an art in itself, and the first requisite is to put yourself in sympathy with the questioner, and never let him suspect that his ignorance, however great, is being looked down on or ridiculed. Many a sensitive child has been rendered stupid or backward by dread of this sort of thing.

M. Helen Lovett.

THINKING IT OUT.

A TALK TO MOTHERS.

UPON removing from the city to the country for a short time, I had a great dread in leaving our family physician, who had attended my two little daughters, aged six and four, since their advent. But when I confided this to him, he answered, "Do you good! It will make you depend more upon yourself and less upon the doctor. Mothers ought to know more about their children than the doctors do, but nine-tenths of them sit down, and pin their faith to medicines, when good nursing and common-sense would do infinitely more good."

Which gruff speech set me thinking.

Fortunately the children were both rosy and strong. Long sleeping-hours and plain, careful diet had taken care of that. But the older one was of a nervous temperament, and the younger—it was supposed—had weak bronchial tubes. We found out better later on.

Our little house in the new location was back in a beautifully shaded yard, and as it was summer when we reached it, we turned them, in decidedly undress uniform, loose in this lovely playground, supplied with hammocks, croquet, and swings.

Our breakfast, at seven o'clock, consisted, for the infantry, of bread and milk and fruit, and at noon they ate a luncheon, equally simple, with perhaps cookies and a little rice and lemonade as a treat. Then they were stripped and put into their night-gowns, and to bed in a cool dark room. There they slept usually for two of the warmest hours of the day. I made a mistake at first in trying to get them to sleep at eleven o'clock, before luncheon; but with their stomachs empty they could not sleep, whereas if I captured them at once after luncheon, they fell asleep in five minutes. And if an animal can be found that ever tries to sleep before eating, I shall be glad to know it. Then why should not our little two-legged animals be lulled to sleep in the same manner?

After they had awakened they were "tubbed," rubbed down, and freshly dressed, then turned out-of-doors again. At five they ate a dinner without dessert, with the family, and at half-past eight were ready to go to bed. So the dreaded hot summer went by without a day's or hour's illness.

This last winter they have both been in school, and when that terrible scourge,

diphtheria, appeared, we drew each breath in fear. At last the baby fell ill. Her breathing was labored, and her face flushed, and we dreaded the worst. The doctor was out of town, and we had to fight the disease without him. We bound cloths wet with turpentine and sweet oil around her chest and throat, we put mustard on her feet, we gave her alternate doses of the homœopathic tincture of aconite and belladonna every fifteen minutes. Then we recollected the simple remedy, of which we had read, of burning equal parts of tar and turpentine, as a sure cure for diphtheria if taken in time. We had no tar in the house, but we took turpentine alone, and burned it on a shovel over the child's bed. The room at once filled with a dense black smoke, and after it had cleared a little she fell asleep. When the doctor came in, somewhat later, she was throwing off solid particles of black mucus. "You have broken up malignant diphtheria by taking it in time," he said as he examined these particles. The little maid slept quietly for the remainder of the night, and awoke comparatively well next morning: and that was the last of the diphtheria symptoms in our family that winter.

As precautionary measures we burned sulphur each day in all the rooms, and looked most carefully after the drainage.

The younger daughter, as has been said, seemed to have weak bronchial tubes, and when she was sick it was very puzzling to the doctors, because the same remedy would never prove efficacious twice; but we began to notice that the child's trouble began with indigestion, and it finally dawned upon us that if we doctored the stomach, the cough ceased. The greatest help we have had has been from a teaspoonful of lime-water in everything that the child drinks, during a siege of this kind; and also, if very severe, by the use of a cloth wet in turpentine, placed near her nose, so that she can constantly inhale the fumes. If the cough continues obstinate, one drop of turpentine upon a lump of sugar has always conquered it.

If mothers would only watch childish symptoms, it would be so much better for the children's stomachs than crowding nauseous drugs down the poor little creatures' throats.

H. E. Chittenden.



MY ONE WHITE ROSE.

THE yellow grain fields lay in sunlight deep,
Until I looked that one should come to reap;

And even while I paused beside the wheat
A step came down the way with rhythmic
beat.

From out the purple east with laggard pace
One came in stately wise, with hidden face,

On, on, until I saw, with slow surprise,
He passed the yellow field, nor turned his
eyes;



"THE REAPER BENT AND PLUCKED MY ONE WHITE ROSE." (*See page 252.*)

On, on he came, and then like some swift knell,
I felt the drowsy breath of asphodel;

And ere my heart could beat its first wild
throes

The reaper bent and plucked my one white
rose.

Nor tears nor prayers availed, he would not
stay,
But with my rose close-pressed he went his
way.

Once ere he left my sight he stayed his pace,
And, turning slow and calm, he bared his face;

Lo, there in sheltered peace it lay at rest,
This one white rose of mine upon his breast;

And at his tender voice my grief grew dumb,
"I keep this rose," he said, "until you come."

Lucy E. Tilley.



AMERICAN COAST SCENERY.

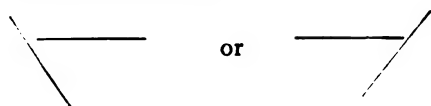
A WELL-KNOWN artist said once to the writer that American coast scenery consisted for the most part of a stretch

of sea with a rock on one side or the other. I suppose that may stand, in a general way, for almost any coast in the world.



A BIT OF NEW ENGLAND COAST.

We have primarily:



Variety lies in the diversification of these two lines by incidents of interest peculiar to various localities. The human face—than which there is nothing of equal charm in art or nature—consists of an almost equally simple combination of lines: I

Yet what diversity of expression may be got out of them, and how much of tragedy or sentiment may be told by them!

The painter who deals exclusively with surf—and many there are whose pictures consist of little else—can find an infinitude of expression in the line of a breaking wave, or the beady shallow, which plays along the sand where the water has been thrown far forward and recoils in graceful lines and dazzling color. Enough is here for the thoughtful man to work happily on for a lifetime, and by no means tediously to the public.

Another treatment of the coast may be from more of the landscape painter's standpoint, where the sea is subservient to sky and shore, and may be used as a mirror or a foil for other charms. It gives the

painter, when used in this way, space over which to work his magic effects of atmosphere and light. It may be used to echo the tints of pearl and gold of the overarching sky. With its profound blue it may set off the russet and red of an infinite variety of vegetation which finds its home among the rocks along the shore.

The longer a man lives the simpler grows his composition. He finds so much in every handbreadth of earth or sky that he feels it takes a brave man, or an ignorant one, to grapple with phenomenal scenes.

I would say, then, in the first place, choose a simple subject and try to get all out of it you can. If you endow a few simple lines with grace and poetry it is you who have spoken. If you choose magnificence of scenic effect, it is nature who has spoken through you, and probably she has been misinterpreted through the feebleness of her medium.

In the two sketches I have presented, I have tried to illustrate two methods of treatment—gradation and contrast. In No. 1 the focal point of dark is found in the group of old cedars, and the gradation is to light at the outer edges.

In No. 2 the dark is contrasted strongly at the focal point of the picture against the sea which reflects a luminous sky.



AT PIGEON COVE, MASS.

The material in these two is of the simplest kind, but gets its interest from the

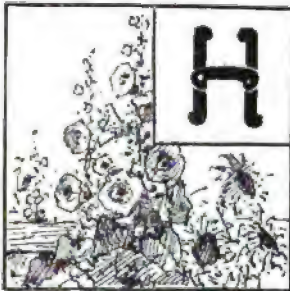
different methods of using light and shade, and, in painting, in the harmony of tints.

Geo. H. Smillie.





ADDRESSED TO THE THRONE.



HER Arm-chair and Footstool form Grandmamma's throne. There she is promoted a queen; she is not a condemned prisoner when she occupies them. She has been through the conflict, and

is a veteran, be-medalled and retired. She has taken all the degrees, and is an honorary member of the great fighting army. She becomes the comforter of the children; the adviser and confidant of father and mother; the sympathizer and helper of every one who comes to her for a few words of gentle admonition, or a few minutes of rest when tired of the heat and burden of the day.

Grandmamma's position is not an easy one. She can advise, but the advice is not always taken; she can direct, but the direction is sometimes not followed. To Grandmamma, who understands life's complications, and sees plainly the shortest way out of them, who mourns to-day that she cannot begin all over again with her present knowledge, this doubtless is a strange thing. She has bought her experience dearly, and she longs mightily to save those she loves the hard and bitter

lessons she has learned herself; yet when she offers the wisdom she has garnered, it is often scorned.

Somebody says that to accept the results of another's experience is like drinking champagne after the froth is off. We possess an inborn perversity which makes us determined to "see the folly of it" for ourselves, and to take nobody's else word in the matter.

Perhaps that is one reason of the slighting of Grandmamma's counsel—this slighting which is hard to understand, and which sometimes grieves her tender heart.

But there are other reasons which she does not always appreciate. If she would give them due consideration, she might not think so hardly of the sons and daughters who take their own way and not hers.

The conditions of life and society change every day slightly, making great changes in the course of years. The rules that could govern conduct, or be of use in superintending the affairs of others, fifty years ago, are not of the same value to-day. School-children are not treated as they were fifty—yes, twenty-five years ago. Witness the wonderful stories fathers and mothers tell of the way they were made to behave and were forced to study when they were young. Nor are the children of a family governed by the same kind or degree of authority that was in vogue at that time.

The manners and customs of that age could not possibly be carried out to-day. Housekeeping could not be done, servants ruled, or children trained by the exact methods that our mothers used twenty-five years ago. Which of us could keep the peace a week if we tried it?

More than this, the circumstances surrounding each case, and the conditions under which each person works, must decide action to such an extent that the experience of another (even Grandmamma), cannot be accepted as an absolute rule in every difficulty. The best guides amid perplexities are those from within and from above; not—I say it with firmness—from without.

But Grandmamma—dear old lady—doesn't always think of this. She cannot see why the plan of her own housekeeping isn't the best Martha can find to-day. She won't be convinced that the laws she enacted among her own servants couldn't be enforced with propriety in Martha's kitchen. She is hurt that you won't employ the same means she took to "break Will's temper" in dealing with Harry. And she thinks that children could be "seen and not heard" as completely as when she was young.

She even (bless her for the mistake!) tells us what good and amiable children we used to be ourselves; how far superior in mind, morals, and manners (to say nothing of education) to her own grandchildren. But at this point we kiss her hand and retire. Whose memory but Grandmamma's holds us in the same kindly regard?

There are a few Grandmamas—I mean there is just one, here and there, who does not stop at offering her advice, or even at lamenting that it is not taken. She complains *to the grandchild* of the obstinacy or mistaken views of his parents. She may tell him how badly he is treated by such a course of action as his mother adopts; or how queer it is of his father to do such things. If the parents happen to be conscientious people, this is a great trial to encounter, particularly when the child brings out the speech to justify himself in proceeding against his parents' wishes: "Grandmamma says I ought to do it!"

"Grandmamma says Papa shouldn't do that!"

If the parents are differently situated with regard to money matters from Grandmamma, it is rather disagreeable to hear, "Grandmamma says I ought to have such a thing!" "Grandmamma says you never did that when you were little!"

It is not easy to steer between Scylla and Charybdis. To uphold grandmamma's dignity and infallibility to these clear-sighted youngsters, and at the same time to force upon their minds the fact that Papa and Mamma must be the best judges of their own children's behavior, as Grandmamma was the best judge for her own children—this is no light task.

Grandmamas should consider that although they can see so clearly where their children are making mistakes, it is often the part of the wise to let them learn as they learned themselves—by experience.

Eva Lovett Carson.



OUR GRANDMOTHERS' NEEDLES AND OURS.

FROM the earliest days, women have used their needles to produce results which in their own time were called beautiful. If we fail to find our ideal of beauty in some of their work, it is because "The old order changeth, giving place to new," and our tastes have been cultivated to fit our own day and generation.

Not to the marvellous Flemish tapestries, or the hand-made laces of the old world, or the weaving of India rugs, do we refer, but to the wonderful industries that filled our grandmothers', and great-grandmothers' days.

What household does not possess heirlooms, faded and worn perhaps, or possibly bright from careful preservation? And do they not tell much of the care, the activity, the skill, and even the thought of the last generation? What one of us as children has not chosen the pretty blocks of delaine in grandmother's quilt, with the "I take this one" and "I choose that," which make possession in childhood? Such vines and flowers and bright colors are not found now, and there is no one to put them together if found.

Then the samplers that one will still find in many a "spare room" in old fashioned country houses; what selecting of colors, and trying of eyes, many times by the dim light of a tallow candle, they show; what skill to set each stitch just right so that the pattern should not be spoiled; and then the name and the age of the maiden who worked it, with its date of long ago! Who can study one of these bits of old-fashioned fancy work without an interest in the girl of the past, who wove into it much of the brightness, perhaps much of the sadness, of the life which surrounded her?

A never-to-be-forgotten sampler was one studied at intervals through a long night-watch, in a country house. An imposing tombstone, with the names inscribed of those who had departed this life and those who might reasonably be supposed to do so within an allotted time, held the central position. Clustered around were three

weeping women, their faces so covered by handkerchiefs that only the flat curls arranged at either ear remained visible, while the lack of elbow joints in the arms, gave an exceedingly stiff appearance to the mourners; and the covered faces suggested the thought that the artist felt doubtful of her skill in facial expressions. A very little boy, with trousers to his heels, also weeping but unprovided with a handkerchief, completed the picture. The effect produced was indescribable. The midnight hour, the jointless, weeping women, the sorrowful boy, and the ghostly suggestion, produced an impression that only time can efface, and spoke volumes for the success of the fair worker in carrying out her design, if not in the cheerful choice of a subject.

The album, and log-cabin quilts, wax-flowers and shell-frames, crocheted and knit counterpanes of marvellous patterns, each had its day, but the needlework in worsted and silk shows forth the manner of life, and occupied the thoughts beyond the other efforts of their time.

Will not the craziest of all crazy things, the crazy quilt, elicit as many smiles from our grandchildren as our grandmothers' samplers do from us? The wild chasing of fancy stitches over its surface cannot compare in real fineness to the shadings and care in the older fancy work. Perhaps there will be a similar enjoyment to that we take in the old delaines, when our quilts are mellow with age and the silks have become old fashioned. However they are viewed they will have to take their chances with the rest, for they seem to be the style of work this generation will leave as heirlooms.

Not only in quilts but in sofa pillows, tidies and even in pillow shams, has the crazy fever held sway. While spending an evening in a distant city, some years ago, a pretty quakeress said to me as she ran her needle in and out of a crazy patch, "Is thee fond of crazy work?" Upon my answering and inquiring about her own tastes, she said, "I have made nine crazy

sofa pillows in moments that otherwise might have been called wasted." With an inward smile I felt that some of our busy lives would hardly admit of nine crazy sofa pillows, but we can not judge another's life by our own, and they certainly had not been idle moments.

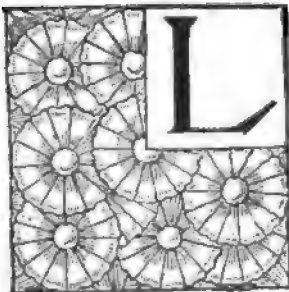
Some of the fine bits of linen, doilies, and covers, and pretty afghans, will doubtless find their way into the next generation, together with some of our pretty outlining and embroideries, but much of our fancy

work follows the fashion of a season, is used, then thrown aside, or given away.

Would it not be a pleasant occupation for many of our girls to fashion something, the best of its kind, in the style of the days they live in, so well, and so prettily, that it would be worth keeping as a reminder of these days when they are past, and we ourselves are among the old-fashioned things; and would also be worth sending down the time as our grandmothers' things have come to us?
H. E. D.



SUMMER COSTUMES.



LIKE a ghost of past folly has come back the very long skirt, touching all the way around, and brushing the dusty pavements, till the wearer reminds one ludicrously of a new-fangled street-cleaner. Luckily, these secreters of

dirt are made severely plain in style, the shopping and travelling-dresses being laid in long, English folds, while the visiting, carriage, and house-gowns have little or no drapery. It is allowable to have the skirt caught up on each side to relieve the plain, round appearance, but the only trimming must be around the bottom, which is cut in Greek or Van Dyke style or finished with a plain band of velvet or braid. Short, round waists, without visible darts, accompany these skirts. For a slender, graceful girl this kind of dress is undoubtedly becoming, but a stout woman

could hardly look worse in a Bloomer costume. Women who incline to *embonpoint* would do well to remember that, as they have not sylph-like figures, they cannot wear loose, full draperies, and should not try to conform to fashions set by some sister who has a "lean and hungry look," and wishes to conceal it.

The tailor-made waist is handsomer and more man-like than ever, and a boon to girls who rejoice in a masculine cut to their apparel. It is double-breasted, with a *revers* collar showing shirt-waist, standing-collar and cravat. The back is very long, forming tails about nine inches in length. At this rate our brothers will soon have to support a placard inscribed, as children label their drawings, "This is a man."

The materials for travelling dresses are of cheviot, English serge and Scotch tweed and if good wearing-colors are chosen, are the most useful dresses imaginable, as the dust may be easily shaken from them and they seldom fray and grow "shiny."

Calling and reception-gowns are of plain and satin-striped grenadine, India silk and camel's-hair serge. Some of the grenadines have colored borders and are made up over silk of the same shade as the border. While these are pretty the wearer wearies of them sooner than of the plain black grenadine, which is, after all, one of the prettiest and most serviceable materials for the warm weather. The woman who possesses this, handsomely made, has a heart for any fate in the way of calling, driving, church, etc.

The new lace gowns have large sleeves and Figaro jackets of colored silks heavily embroidered in jet and velvet. Black polka-dotted lace is made up over black silk covered with polka-dots of a light shade and the trimming of transparent jet is of the same color as the dot in the silk. One of these net gowns is draped over black silk with a yellow dot and trimmed with gold jet. Another, of white lace, is made up with white silk dotted with violet and trimmed with violet *passementerie*. Striped laces arranged in the same way with shot-silk linings are striking.

One costume is of bronze satin, covered with bronze silk tulle, and trimmed with velvet of the same shade. Gloves, stockings and low shoes to match, with a toque of forget-me-nots and buttercups complete this outfit.

There are new and strange combinations in materials and colors this season. For instance, China silks are trimmed with face cloth and are worn with heavy serge coats of dark blue or blue faced with duck, showing wide *revers* and fastened with large white pearl buttons.

Dark blue and olive green form another bizarre combination. This is illustrated in a gown of dark blue China silk with an insertion of black grenadine banded with olive velvet ribbon. The skirt opens on the left side over a finely pleated and *jaboted* panel of olive *mousseline de chiffon*. The right side of the waist is laid in folds which cross over to the left and are fastened with a large rosette.

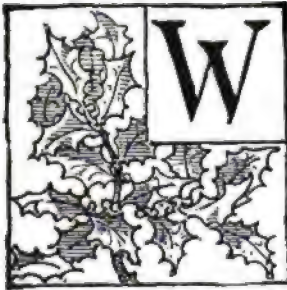
Another dress is of old blue and black striped silk. The plain skirt is finished above the hem with three bands of blue cloth. The cloth habit-shaped waist has silk sleeves and a small Valois collar and fastens in a double-breasted form with two rows of pearl buttons. The elaborate sleeves are so high and full that it is almost impossible to wear a coat over them, so a sleeveless vest of the same tone and material as the gown is necessary. The Medici vest-collar may be of velvet or of silk. Shoes and stockings to match this costume may be worn in the house.

Hats are very large, the brim caught up in the back where it is narrower than in front. The sailor hat is still popular, the crown being lower than it was last season, and the brim perfectly straight. The trimming is worn at the side. Flower toques are fashionable. One of the newest is composed of the leaves, stems and blossoms of the clover, with a little puffing of velvet around the edge, and a soft rosette of *mousseline de soie* on top.

For information in this department thanks are due Madame A. Barnes, 57 West 22d St., New York.



AN OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN.



WHAT with Chippendale furniture, Queen Anne houses with mottoes, dates curiously carved on the outside, and mediæval costumes borrowed from the Pre-Raphaelite painters, or the quaint Kate Greenaway figures, it does seem indeed, as if the wheels of time had run back. To complete the illusion there should be old-fashioned gardens, the like of which were common in our great-grandmothers' time, and may even now be seen in remote, out-of-the-way country places, where they have not yet learned to follow the later fashion of riband borders and stiff flower-patches. It is like a page out of a story-book to stroll into one of these old gardens in a hot July day.

It was in such a one as this—a "garden wild"—that I was allowed to visit as a great treat, when I was a child. In one corner knee-deep with rich, blue-green sward, and umbrageous with the low sweeping boughs of two or three old apple and pear-trees, were some bee-hives; and on a sultry afternoon the low, monotonous droning of the bees, as they went out or in, laden with rich spoils, was particularly somnolent in effect.

Nature here seemed to run riot. The flowers invaded the kitchen-garden, and the homelier denizens of that domain were not at all abashed, but cultivated the acquaintance of their betters in the edge of the parlor-garden. There were no set beds or borders, but everything took its own sweet will, and sprang up any where, and there was a charm in that "most admired disorder."

Here was a wilderness of roses, moss-roses, damask-roses and others whose names I have forgotten in all this waste of years; there were clumps of gaudy hollyhocks, white and red phlox, London pride, marvel-of-Peru, blue larkspurs, gay columbines, fleur-de-luce of regal memories, and yonder, a place odorous with the spicy breath of the clove-pinks. Ah, never since have I seen such pinks; they fairly intoxicated one with their sweetness. Lilies, too, the tall, stately day-lily, with her pure white bells, amaryllis, red and white, and flaunting, blazing tiger-lily lent their beauty to the scene.

Nor must we forget the honeysuckles, tulips, the marigolds, the lady's slippers, the bachelor's-buttons that all flourished, and lived amicably together. Yonder, where, earlier in the season, the lilac and the guelder-rose bore sweet sway, you would see the modest sweet-pea, and the delicate forget-me-not. In that long narrow border, under the low window, grew and bloomed in sweet profusion the crocus, the hyacinth, the narcissus and the golden daffodil, all push-



ing up from under the sod early in the spring to see what the world is about. The mere mention of their names brings up reminiscences of classic fable. Mrs. Browning, you remember, makes of daffodils, "A brazen helm" for her hero Hector. All these gave way, later in the season, to a thicket of evening-primrose which in the late afternoon "made a sunshine in a shady place."

Whichever way you directed your steps, you would come upon a mass of bloom and color and sweetness; and anon you would come plump against a stone-wall hidden by vines and shrubs, or perhaps an apricot tree trained upon it, giving you visions of luscious sweetness. All the paths led somewhere, you were only sure of that; you might wander about in a miz-maze for some time and then cut across, thinking you could see a way out, and you would find yourself amid the currant and gooseberry bushes. Ah, me! what quantities of ruby and golden fruit did I pluck in that garden, and what tarts and jams rewarded my labors.

I liked especially to bury my face in the tall clusters of the bergamot to inhale its fragrance; and then, close by were patches

of every herb you have ever heard of, or read of,—rose and rosemary, sweet-marjoram and sage, thyme and mint, saffron and sweet-basil. I never think of this last without thinking of poor Isabella.

I have perhaps confused my senses in describing that lovely garden as it really existed, and as it now exists in my memory. I see it all yet, the violets in the grass, the elder bushes down by the little brook that flowed at the foot of the garden, the damson trees near the side door, the poppies by the front gate, the many tufts of striped riband grass, and all the other flowers and plants and trees which I have enumerated. It was like that famous garden in the *Fairie Queene*.—

"No daintie flowre or herbe that growes on groundes,

No arborett with painted blossoms drest
And smelling sweete, but there it might be
found

To bud out fairer, and throwe her sweete
smiles all around."

I want every woman to be in love with such a garden and forthwith resolve that she will set about creating one, if she has a plot of ground which she can call her own, in town or country. She will have for her pains not only herbs and flowers, and vines and shrubs and trees, but health and beauty; and as years pass by it will gather up its associations. It will be for her a paradise of delights, a pleasaunce, the name we sometimes see in old English stories. The birds will build their nests there, and sing for her their sweetest songs; the bees and flutterflies will flaunt on dress-parade and spend their short lives there. It will be a place for the children to play and to grow up in; it will be a place for neighbors and friends to meet for social converse, and to take sweet counsel together; it will be a place for happy lovers to take their stolen interviews, and where

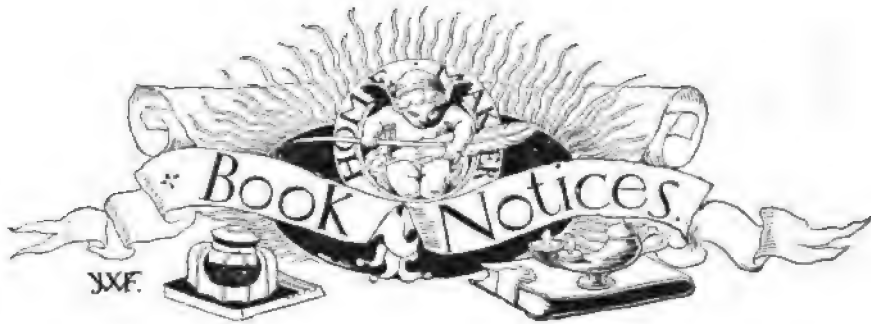
the old story, ever new, will be whispered into willing ears. Every tree-crotch and arbor and alley will have its story.

But if some practical woman will make objection to all this poetry and sentiment, she will not find it unprofitable from a money point of view.

The flowers and currants and gooseberries, the damsons and apricots will find a ready market, the sweet-smelling herbs will be caught up by eager buyers for cosmetics and culinary uses. If women in the country or in the suburbs of towns would spend but part of the time taken up in chasing after retractory turkeys, to raising early vegetables, spinach, asparagus, lettuce, peas and beans, they would be largely the gainers in pocket and sweetness of temper. Country people themselves live on from year to year on the same diet of pork and salt-fish and potatoes, spoiling their digestion and consequently their looks; when by only a little outlay of time and attention, they could secure a varied and healthful supply of food from the kitchen-garden at their doors.

Mary Lloyd.





(*Marie Bashkirtseff. The Journal of a Young Artist, 1860-1884.* Cassell Publishing Co., New York.)

The "Journal" is a psychological study that does not increase one's reverence of human nature; "a view of an interior" which moves the philanthropist to disgust with Momus's suggestion of a window above the human heart. If the brilliant linguist, artist and beauty, who will be remembered by this diary longer than by her pictures, really wrote down just what she felt, thought and believed, she was selfish, greedy and ungrateful beyond the average of her kind.

"This is the first occasion during my life on which I have shed tears free from egotism or anger," she says after witnessing a death-bed scene.

This may be morbid injustice to herself, but we cannot attribute to such a mood her consistent depreciation of the mother who, biographers tell us, still mourns her passionately, and whose patient love seemed to have acted upon her daughter like a fretting thorn in her side.

"Mamma has a good deal of intelligence, very little learning, no knowledge of the world, no tact whatever; and her faculties have deteriorated through thinking of nothing but the servants, *my health* and the dogs," is one of the mildest expressions of the petted child who cries out again and again: "Nobody loves me! I am so weary of life that I should like to die. Nothing interests me, nothing amuses me!"

Her family were a ceaseless trial, for more than any other reason because they were fond and proud of her; she ridicules them, one and all, calculates cleverly upon her diplomatic abilities in the management of her father, and coolly analyzes the tears

she shed upon hearing of his death. In short, her supreme egoism is like a cold nightmare to the reader after the fact becomes apparent that it is her one and only passion. Her religious aspirations are hysterical, her ambition takes no higher flight than, "What I want is to be famous! I will be famous!" Her levies upon friends, kindred, country, lovers—upon Heaven itself, are for food for this monstrous self-love.

"A God who sees everything that takes place, who interests Himself in our affairs, to whom we may pray for what we desire—I should like, indeed, to believe in such a God; but if He existed, would He suffer things to be as they are?"

That is, "Would He not minister to Marie Bashkirtseff's desires and whims? Would He allow her to cry out, 'I have always been unfortunate in everything?'"

"To Die!" thus she rages at thought of leaving the life at which she yet rails incessantly. "To die, my God! to die! To die like a dog—to die as a hundred thousand other women have died whose names scarcely survive upon their tombstones!"

No sadder cry was ever prompted by an ignoble ambition. Hers was pessimism of the dreariest type.

Mr. Gladstone has committed himself to the assertion, "It is a book without a parallel." For the honor of our common humanity, let us believe that the subject of the queer autobiography left few copies of herself upon the earth when she fulfilled her own prediction, and "died with the dying year."

(*Warp and Woof, or New Frames for Old Pictures.* By Frances Hartson Wood

and Eva Paine Kitchell. Published by F. H. Wood, Boonton, N. Jersey.)

A book which uses its story chiefly as a vehicle for conveying opinions upon social questions to the readers can hardly be judged from the standpoint of the ordinary novel. The temperance banner is waved in nearly every chapter of "Warp and Woof," and woman suffrage, negro emancipation, social purity and divers political issues all receive their share of attention. The plot of the book is almost nothing, a mere thread serving to connect chapters of reminiscences and of dissertations upon society evils and their reforms. Here and there is a clever bit of character-sketching or of description, as the following. The author is speaking of a certain young preacher.

"His sermons I seldom heard, but I have most vivid recollections of his prayers on great occasions, so long that I used to feel a childish pity for the Great Listener. They were very instructive in a geographical way, for they took the congregation all over the globe. And to quote Uncle Tim once more, 'he reely had no idee how big the arth was until he heard the parson pray. Moreover, he was thankful that nobody hadn't found out for certain that the planets had inhabitants, for then Rev. B'd feel it his duty to remind the Lord of 'em every Sunday in addition to the "dwellers of the icy north" and the "islands of the South Sea." There's some as du say,' Uncle Tim concluded, 'as how he don't reely give himself time to pray for Keni-way, poor Ackerman, and such, he's too busy, kinder ballooning it over the four quarters of the arth. But law! he's young yit. He'll larn.'"

Even to those who do not fully accord with the views held by the writers, the book will be found pleasant reading, while those who advocate its tenets will doubtless be enthusiastic in their admiration.

(*Asolando Fancies and Facts*, by Robert Browning. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

This little volume has perhaps as its chief interest the melancholy one connected with its being Browning's latest published work. Abounding, as does much of his work, to the uninitiated, in involved phrases, difficult of comprehen-

sion, the book yet enshrines several jewels which having once found, the lover of graceful verse would not willingly lose. Among these may be reckoned such poems as "Summum Bonum," "Bad Dreams, I.," "Poetics," "Humility," "Speculative," and a few others. The print, paper and binding are all attractive.

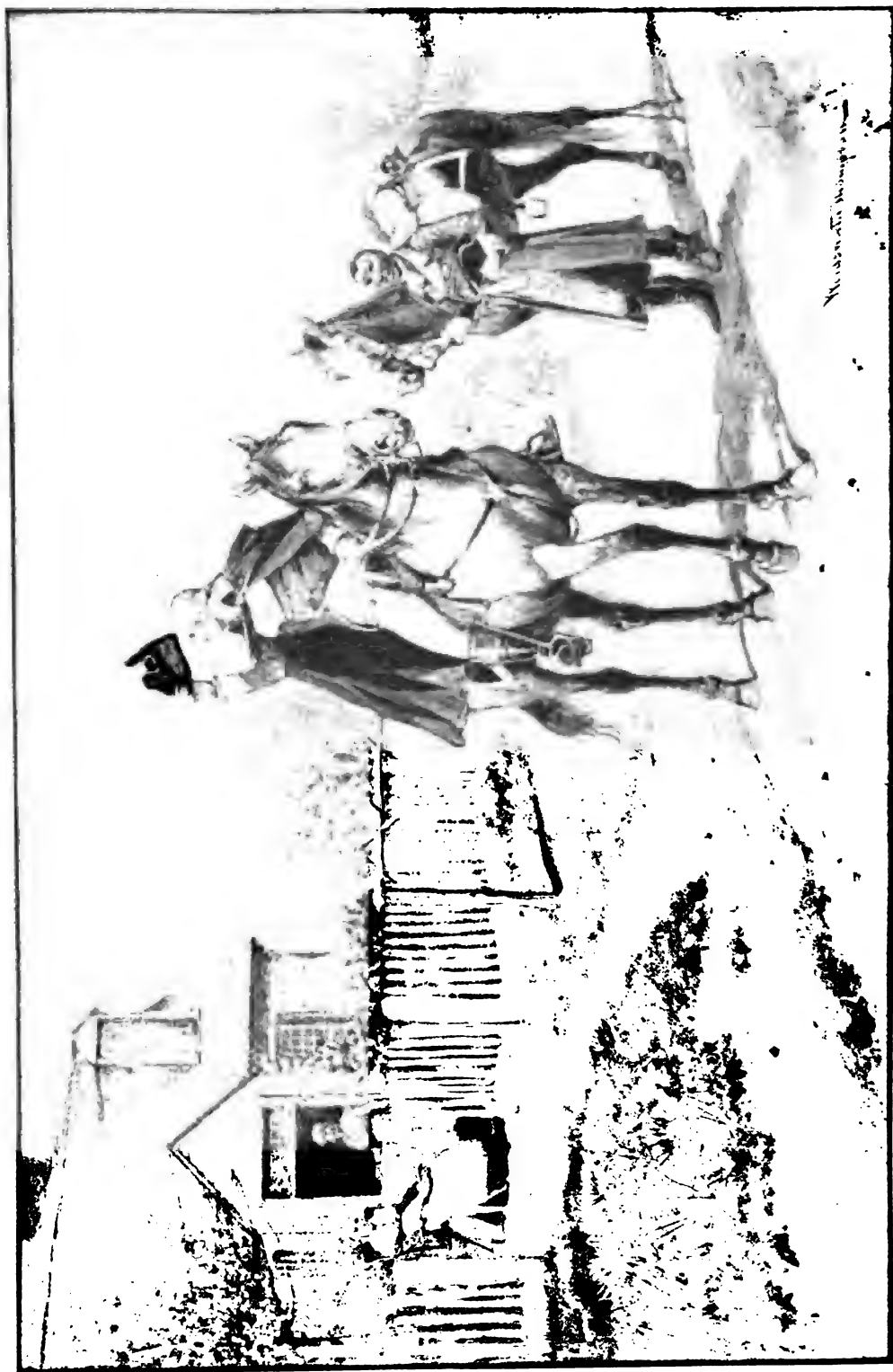
(*Little Saint Elizabeth and Other Stories*. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

Mrs. Burnett has so long been *facile princeps* among children and story-tellers, that it has about come to the point when commendation of her work in this line goes without saying. The daintily bound and illustrated volume will only endear her more to the hearts of little men and women everywhere. Her childish Saint Elizabeth well deserves a place by the side of Sara Crewe, and the fairy tales which fill the rest of the book are charming even to the adult reader. How much more delightful then, must the children find them!

(*The Wisdom and Eloquence of Webster. Wit and Wisdom of Bulwer*. Compiled by C. L. Bonney. Published by John B. Alden, N. Y.)

In this day, when we must take our knowledge of many so-called standard works from samples, as women judge of a whole dress by the inspection of a fragment of the material, such compilations as the above possess a value they would have lacked in a day when books were fewer and leisure more abundant. Who, except the political student, reads Webster's speeches nowadays? Who has time to familiarize himself with Bulwer, if he wishes at the same time to keep abreast of contemporary literature? But in these two neat volumes, the casual reader will find extracts from the utterances of the American statesman and from the writings of the English novelist that will give him a clear idea of the style and thoughts of both, while he is spared the time and labor the compiler must have undergone in extracting these gems from the dust in which they must often have been embedded.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had children, she gave them Castoria.



"LATE IN ANOTHER MORNING HE PROCEEDED ON HIS JOURNEY."

(*Martha, the Wife of Washington.*— See page 278.)

THE HOME-MAKER.

VOL. IV.

JULY, 1890.

No. 4.

EDITORIAL.

TO BE READ ON THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.



It is not practicable to publish all the excellent suggestions which come to this office from correspondents whose interest in the MARY WASHINGTON

MONUMENT Fund is active, and not merely sentimental, but the editors make room for two which are especially seasonable.

A patriotic man says:

"People—some of whom ought to know better—are mixing up Mary and Martha Washington. Why not give a line of definition in the July HOME-MAKER on this point? Tell them that Mary was GEORGE WASHINGTON's mother, and a woman among ten thousand. That she moulded and guided the growing boy, that she counselled the lad in all important things, that it was the pith she put into him which enabled him to hold the helm of the Ship of State firm, and guide her into port. If any one doubts the effect of her influence, put to him strongly one question: What would have been the result upon America had MARY Washington died when her eldest son George was twelve years of age, and his father, Augustine Washington (an estimable but commonplace man) been left to bring up the boy?

"Why not call the coming Fourth of July '*Mother* Washington Day,' and ask every reader of THE HOME-MAKER to enclose to you on that holiday, fifty cents, or a dollar, as a thank-offering to her who gave us the best thing Our Country has ever produced?

"These are merely suggestions. Do with them what you will."

A woman—also a patriot—says:

"If you were to issue a Fourth-of-July call to each one of your readers, man or woman, whose mother bore the name of '*Mary*,' to send you a contribution to the Mary Washington Monument Fund, the result would astonish the country, provided, always, *it were possible to get the money*. I was much impressed by the simple eloquence of the line accompanying Messrs. Woodard and Jack's gift of a base for the memorial stone:

"'In memory of all good mothers.'"

Imagination totters at the estimate of the sum which would be poured into the treasury of the "Fund" were every man and woman in the United States who owes whatever is best and highest in him or herself to a "good mother," to send even a dime-token of appreciation of the benefit.

Those whose memories run back to the purchase, by an association of patriotic women, of the home and burial-place of WASHINGTON, do not overlook the fact

that while it was partly in consequence of the eloquence of one man, EDWARD EVERETT, and the letters of one invalid woman, MISS CUNNINGHAM, that the sum was raised to buy Mount Vernon, the major part was paid in donations of one dollar each, from those to whom members of the association made personal application. Printed appeals, however powerful in diction, do not reach the masses who give money for benevolent or national purposes. Were it otherwise, the Grant monument would not remain a myth, nor the mother of WASHINGTON have slept for a century in a nameless grave. It is upon individual effort that success in such enterprises must ever depend. This, those who have at heart the holy duty of re-building the ruined tomb of MARY WASHINGTON, invoke from each woman who reads these lines. A dozen words uttered at breakfast upon the Nation's Birthday, the trifling labor of enclosing cheque, postal order or even postage stamps for whatever amount may be convenient, to *Marion Harland, care of THE HOME-MAKER Company, 44 East 14th Street, New York*, represent the labor to the individual. The aggregate will swell the fund to a degree incredible to one who has not tried to count rain-drops, or to compute the millions raised yearly as "Peter's Pence," and the "Day we Celebrate" in this year of grace, 1890, will be marked with a white stone in the history of the effort to undo a national wrong.

"UNANSWERED."

Most methodical correspondents divide their letters into two piles, or file them apart as "*Answered*" and "*Unanswered*." With the best intentions, the busy man, or the woman whose time is never her very own for one quarter of an hour in the twenty-four, allows a disheartening accumulation upon the debit side of the letter-book. If he or she occupy a public or official position, it is simply impossible to keep the account balanced without the aid

of stenographer, amanuensis, and typewriter.

"I do not pretend," says the autocrat who is renewing his youth and his readers' "*Over the Teacups*," "that I receive six hundred, or even sixty letters a day; but I receive a good many, and have told the public of the fact, under the pressure of their constantly increasing exactions. . . But what does not one have to submit to who has become the martyr—the Saint Sebastian—of a literary correspondence!"

It is not the purpose of these lines to treat of the case of such eminent victims of what even our sweet-hearted autocrat calls "well-meaning, but merciless task-masters." Neglect of, say twenty out of the sixty that must be opened, *per diem*, especially if the neglected third do not inclose stamps for reply, is more than pardonable. It must be many times, inevitable, if Saint Sebastian pretends to be anything more than an eleemosynary scribe.

It is, however, asserted as a general principle which is tenable, that a civil letter should have a civil reply, by the hand of the one who receives it, or through his secretary. Even the man who writes to borrow money, or to solicit a subscription, if he be an acquaintance of him to whom application is made, and couches his suit respectfully, does not, in offering it, forfeit his right to courteous treatment.

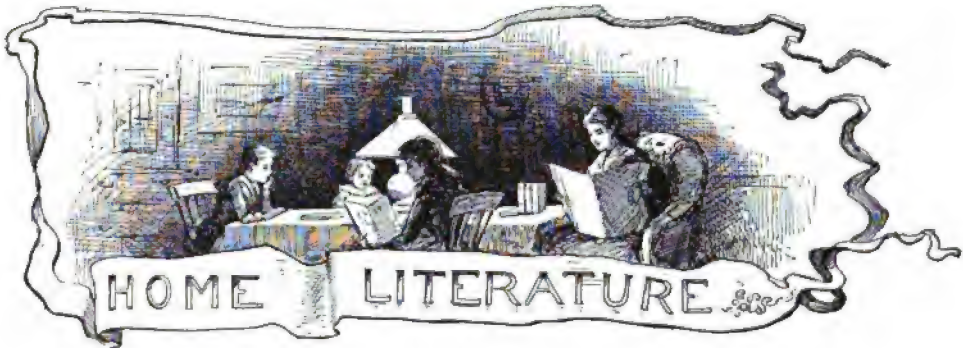
A request for an explanation of what in business or private life perplexes or wounds the writer, should take rank with "confidential debts." Silence, after the receipt of such a communication, penned in a reasonable spirit, is an insult. Anything else is preferable to mute oversight of that which costs the correspondent so much anxiety that he could not rest without putting it in black and white. The man who fails to recognize this by-law of good breeding, founded as it is upon common humanity and honesty, is a boor, or culpably careless.

Remissness in a duty so obvious as to be

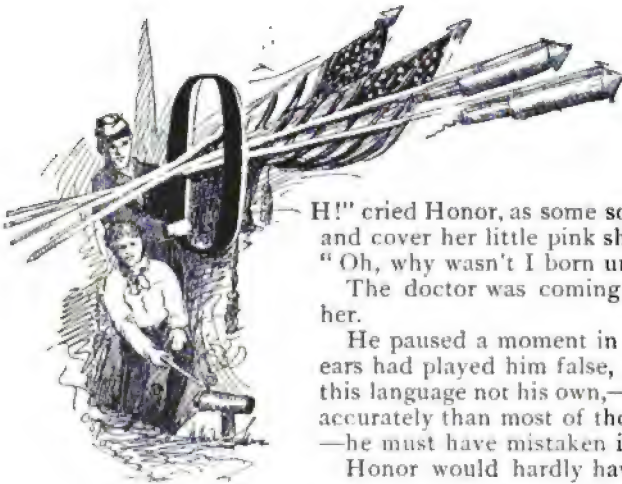
self-evident is one of the commonest of social failings, and the excuse of "no time to attend to it," not the least egregious of social lies. Napoleon's habits of not opening a letter for three weeks, in which time he usually discovered that most of them had answered themselves, was as heartless as most other affectations attributed to the Prince of *Poseurs*. The Duke of Wellington allowed not even a note to pass without being read, if possible, on the day in

which it was received, and answered nineteen-twentieths of them with his own hand.

It is the recognition of the minor obligations of society and family that makes breeding even-threaded and durable, warranted to wash and to wear. Disregard of them produces such incongruous fabrics as travellers bring home from barbaric nations,—a thin, coarse web, made stiff and gaudy with embroidery in gold and silver threads.



HONOR AND THE FOURTH.



"H!" cried Honor, as some sort of a gun again made her start and cover her little pink shells of ears with her white hands. "Oh, why wasn't I born under a despotism!"

The doctor was coming down the stairs and he heard her.

He paused a moment in a bewildered way, as if his own ears had played him false, or as if,—familiar as he was with this language not his own,—so familiar that he spoke it more accurately than most of those do whose mother-tongue it is,—he must have mistaken its meaning now.

Honor would hardly have cared to be overheard by this person, had she thought before she spoke. For his unknown history, his grand manner, and his heroic build had caused many a fancy of hers to flutter round him. With his youth, his learning, his great stature; his fair, cold beauty,

his bold and noble cast of countenance, he had seemed to Honor more like some Scandinavian god than an ordinary mortal; and she saw in his slightest action indications of a fineness of breeding which spoke of very different usages from those about him now.

Dr. Basil had not been long in the town, to which he had come quite unheralded; but he had already conquered his place there, and had then exhibited, to those desiring or deserving it, certain credentials which announced in a way admitting no dispute that Dr. Basil was a man of family, of honor, and one whose word was intrinsic truth itself. Of course there were all sorts of wild rumors afloat concerning him in the large old country-town: he was a Russian; he was a prince; he was a revolutionist. But at length the popular belief had accepted the fact that he was merely a Polish student who had been too much interested in politics, and had come to this country to better his fortunes. But whatever he had been or was now, he went about his professional work with a concentration of purpose that gave him small time for play; and no woman in all the place, save Honor herself, had ever seen that blue eye of his lingering on her, or that face softening, and gravely stern again as he addressed her. And now it was she he heard uttering that profane sentence in this consecrated air, on this holy day! "Oh, why wasn't I born under a despotism!"

"Honor! Honor! Honor!" rose the response from the whole family,—at least from so many of them as had breakfasted together, for Florio had just gone out, and Tom had not yet come in, and Ben had already gone to bed *hors du combat*—it was his head the Doctor had been called to sew up.

"You, Honor," said her father, "the child of a free country!"

"I wonder where you'd be," cried the indignant and patriotic Ted, "if you *had* been born under a despotism? Picking the buttermilk out of your teeth!"

"Theodore!" said his horrified mother, who had just left Ben with the Doctor and the boy's Aunt Mercy, Florio's mother, impressing upon him the fact that they who take the sword must perish by the sword—and had come down for a late cup of coffee.

"She'd have been nobody and nothing," muttered Teddy, irrepressibly. "And hear her! on Fourth of July morning!"

"Oh, Ted finds his own account in his patriotism," said Honor.

"I'm afraid he has the right on his side," said his father, "for all his rude expression. I must say I am shocked myself."

"I have been shocked," rejoined Honor; "I have been shocked all night long, and all this morning, and shall be all day. It has been one succession of shocks since midnight. There were the whole crew of the grammar-school boys on the fence yelling for Ben, firing off pistols and blowing horns, till he and Tom tumbled down and out with them. I think such mothers as theirs ought to be kept without sleep for a week!"

"I was one of them," meekly suggested her own mother, leaning her tired head on her hand.

"Poor little mother! You couldn't help yourself, and you've reaped your reward already! Papa could have helped it. My quarrel is with papa,—he'll go to sleep this afternoon when I read him the paper and never know he was awake all night. As for me, the moment I dropped into a little nightmare, a horn, or a pistol, or a long fusillade of fire-crackers waked me; I was all worn out when the joy-bells began to ring at five o'clock and kept it up for an hour, and then the cannon gave a salute for every State, and at every report Mrs. Norcross's baby shrieked in terror; and good gracious! papa, how many States there are! Oh, I wished half had seceded and Canada had swallowed the rest! And then there were guns and torpedoes and yells on every side, and a parade of Calithumpians with a band of discords at that unearthly hour, and in comes Ben with his head laid open by a ramrod, and we shall be lucky if there are as many fingers and toes and teeth and eyes in the family to-night as we started with in the morning!"

"Oh, *shall* we?" said Ted, in a fine rage now.

"I think," she went on, "that old John Adams must have been beside himself when he advised that the Fourth of July should be celebrated with gunpowder. I am *sure* I wish I had been born under a despotism where they had nothing to celebrate, and didn't celebrate with explosions and accidents when they had!"

"No queen's birthdays," said her mother, "no royal salutes—"

"No broadsides, no bombs, no nothing!" said Ted.

"You would rather have dynamite," said her father.

"At any rate, there'd be no floral processions for me to attend to now," returned Honor. "And I'm worn out with settling the claims of "Persia" and of "Greece" as to oleanders or roses on their platforms, and the pretensions of "Italy" as to going before "Spain," and the determination of the girls in "England" to go without a canopy, for fear they won't be seen, and of the girls in "Hindustan" to have a canopy for fear they'll be tanned. I must hurry now in all this heat, and help start them. They're as happy as they can be, but I pity them. Aren't you coming, papa?"

"Do you think it will be worth while, to see a parcel of anachronisms? and you in such a frame of mind!"

"Oh!" said Honor, laughing, and showing her teeth, white as rice-kernels. "I have scolded myself into the best of moods, and you needn't be afraid. I suppose another charm of this delightful day is that there'll be no dinner served."

"Why, Honor, you wouldn't keep the servants at home and at work to-day?"

"Oh, no; it's Independence Day—it's all right. We only pay them for staying at home and at work to-day. It's part of the free-country business. But, as I said, I wish I'd been born under a despotism!"

And she ran off for her hat and parasol and the starting-point of the flower-people's parade.

Poor Honor's ill-humor was not a very serious affair; the sunshine was always just behind the shower with her. But to-day it was not merely the loss of sleep, but in the great tent, where they were trimming the platforms for the procession, last evening and the evening before, had this young Dr. Basil come near her? After having brought her to the place by an accident that threw her into his charge, had he not left her, at Mrs. Scott's bidding, and then suddenly vanished?—and if it had been a patient that had called him out, had he taken the trouble to explain it? Instead, had he not simply stayed away from the whole thing as if all engaged upon it were too trivial for his remembrance? And what had put her particularly in an ill-humor was the fact that she cared. And why should she care? Why should a stranger coming to the place, without friends, without money, have made himself such a power that his friendship was distinction to any of the men, his rare smile sunshine to all of the women?

To all the women? To one of them at least! A yellow-haired young giant, of despotic manner and strange learning who had already done wonderful things in his profession, and who seemed wrapped in that or in his gloomy thoughts, he never sought her society, loitered by her side, or gave her, to her knowledge, a second glance. It was humiliating to a girl who had had all her little world at her feet, and—and—and it was heart-breaking!

Dr. Basil, who had stood in the doorway during these various remarks, looking from one to another a little wonderingly, came out of the house with her,—a cloud upon his face.

"When I have children," said he, with the least possible accent distributed over his words, "they shall always keep the Fourth of July with fire-crackers, and toy cannon, and Greek fire, and—"

"And broken noses and torn fingers," said Honor, who had looked up in surprise, but accommodated herself to the medical point of view. "You will lose a great deal of practice on that day, then, for it will take your time to amputate their limbs, and bind up their bones, and cool off their burns."

"They will be Americans," said he. "They will be proud of their country. They will be glad of their freedom. They will emphasize the vastness of space between the old world and the new, as if America were another star in the immensity. Words will not be able to express their joy. Nothing but gunpowder, gunpowder which destroys tyrants, will express it!"

"Gunpowder doesn't destroy tyrants," said Honor, stopping to pinch out a spark that was burning a hole in her skirt. "It never destroyed one. All the tyrants that have fallen, the real tyrants, have fallen by cold steel. Gunpowder is their weapon, they reign by means of it, they make slaves and keep them with gunpowder!"

"All the same, their thrones are built on it—"

"Then I should think some one would touch a match to the sub-surface—"

And just then the doctor was accosted and taken away to repair some damage caused by an infinitesimal portion of the mighty agent, and Honor went on alone to her flower-people and passed the next hour in a din and clamor of rival beauties, till before the platforms trundled away she was so tired she could have cried.

They were all off at last; and Honor thought she would go home and hide herself in the dark and the cool and go to sleep if she could. She didn't want to see one of the things again, and she was sauntering along her way when there was Dr. Basil once more, driving his black horse, though now reining up and alighting beside her.

"Now," he said, "let me take you to see these flower-nations as they pass."

"With that horse?" she exclaimed. "And torpedoes and drums and bugles? He is all afire now!"

"Do you think I am not his master? That I have named him Tzar to have him master me? An idle folly, that, though. There is no danger—pray believe me."

And perhaps the same thing in him that mastered the horse mastered her, for she let him assist her into the phaeton, though her heart misgave her, and when Tzar began dancing at the sound of a distant fife she was ready to beg to be set down again.

"You see what the dreadful day is!" she exclaimed. "The most frightful day in the calendar! A physician cannot even visit his patients with safety!"

"I don't see it," he said smiling. "My horse feels the music as I do. He is going to commit no more impropriety than I shall. Ah, here it comes. Now remember we are perfectly safe, and enjoy it."

It was true that the horse danced to the music; but with the controlling hand on the reins, he made no attempt at bolting, and Honor fancied that maybe he had an admiring eye for the lovely, dark-eyed girls surrounding Night in her black and spangled tulle, or for the blushing ones with all their blue and gold and silver and rose gauzes about Morning, or for the sea-nymphs, among their shells in their pale-green and foamy white. And then as the tableaux of the various nations came along, she quite forgot horse and fear and torpedoes.

"Here is the Orient," exclaimed Honor. "The Chinese women—"

"Whose feet are made their own jailers," said the doctor.

"And here come the Hindostanee—"

"Escaped to-day from their zenanas."

"Aren't they lovely with their gold-banded snowy muslins—"

"About their swarthy beauty? Yes. One would not think they were prisoners of almost the worst slavery that exists."

"Dear me!" said Honor. "Are you going to see only the moral aspects?"

"Do you want me to see the immoral ones?" he laughed.

"This is Persia now," she said presently. "You wouldn't think Sophie Lee would make up so well as that damsel with a dulcimer, would you?"

"The argent-lidded Persian girl. That is a very pretty harem scene. Yet if Russia were free, and had her rights as the head of the old Byzantine Empire, there would be no hareems in Ispahan or Constantinople."

"Ah, now you must see Russia!" she exclaimed, as the next platform rolled along. "Tell me, is it right?"

"Furs and sledges and snows and Cosack warriors and barbaric splendor," said Dr. Basil. "Ah, the directors of the scene have omitted a great opportunity. They should have had officials flogging young girls with a knout on the bare back. They should have had some young men on the march with their manacles biting into the bone—"

"As if there were any truth in such stories!"

He turned and looked at her, the color burning high on his cheeks, and the fire blazing in his blue eyes.

"As if every one didn't know," she continued, "that England is the rival and enemy of Russia, and pays for having these stories told!"

Dr. Basil was controlling himself by an effort that sent the blood spinning to his forehead.

"I suppose you would believe me," he said. "I myself have seen it. It was my sister Vera who was flogged till she fainted. Look here." And he pushed back his sleeve and cuff and showed her two deep and singular scars upon his outstretched wrist. "That is the bite of those fetters."

"Oh, Dr. Basil!" cried Honor. "Oh, I didn't know! How can you forgive me!"

"I will tell you all about it some time, if you care to know," said he, gently, as if no storm of memory raged within. "How we escaped, how I translated Vasili to Basil, gave up the idea of contending with the invincible, felt it easier to conquer the powers of sin and suffering than of an imperial government, and am here, and am likely to be here for a long and solitary life, since my sister is dead, and it is unlikely that any woman would wish to share my possibilities. But come!" said Dr. Basil.

with the air of waking from a dream; "we are losing the sights,—steady, Tzar, steady! Yes, they are very fine, these lovely girls of the Latin races, Italy, Spain,—but with their flowers and scarfs they do not tell the story that they are the creatures of ignorance and superstition. These ladies of France, these vine-dressers of Champagne,—through what blood they have had to wade to escape oppression! These pretty Irish peasant-girls,—they should not be so plump; they should be starving, exiled; there should be the old grandam turned out of the shieling to sleep in the bog. But to be sure, it is right; one should not obtrude such sights and scenes on pleasure. You must pardon me. I have been guilty of bad taste in doing so."

"Oh!" she cried, sharply, "you never can overlook it! I ought to have known! I ought to have known what you are in this country for! I ought—"

"What am I in this country for, Miss Honor?"

"For freedom, for safety, for happiness! Oh, Dr. Basil—"

"And now, you see," he said lightly, to break the spell of her confusion, "why nothing but gunpowder can express the feelings of those that know what it is to be born under a despotism when they see the sunlight come sifting through that flag splendid as a flower, and comprehend what a free country is, to what life and the race are lifted by it, what it is that women may become under it! The country of my fathers is vast," cried Dr. Basil, taking off his hat and letting the wind lift the wet curls, "a vast dungeon! This, my new country, is vast. I rode from sea to sea days and nights across its continental stretches; everywhere freedom, growth, homes, and to all of them the sunshine came through the bright stains of that flag which symbolizes the law and liberty of the stars in heaven themselves! Pardon me!" he said abruptly. "I never speak of these matters to usual people. I have not spoken of myself before since I have been on this side of the world. It is like trifling with sacred things. But to you—" he turned upon her with a radiant smile that changed to amazement when he saw the tears running over her face.

"You must let me get down!" she cried. "Indeed you must. You can never want to see my face again! I must go!"

And before he could put out a detaining hand, she had sprung from the low car-

riage, darted round the corner of the street, and disappeared down somebody's garden.

It was perhaps well for her that just as Honor reached their own gates a howl greeted her and high heaven, and Teddy, accompanied by a band of brothers, appeared, blistered with pain, his face blown full of black specks by a fuse which would not wait for him to retire before changing its conditions; and her mother being upstairs with Ben, it took her and the sympathizing cluster of boys a goodly while with warm milk and water and the points of pins and the heads of needles, and frequent successions of fresh howls, to remove the heavier deposits.

"Oh!" cried Ted, looking at himself in the glass, when they felt they could do no more, "I shall be tattooed for life!"

"No," said Honor. "We outgrow almost everything."

"Anybody'd suppose you'd been blown up yourself."

"You will be, when papa comes home and finds you half-peeled," cried Tom.

"Now," said Honor, "you had better go up and lie down beside Ben and keep quiet and cool. And I will bring you up an ice-cream when we have lunch."

"I'm sure I sha'n't!" answered Ted. "That's a nice way to make me forget how my face burns. Come, boys, we're losing lots of fun. It's Independence Day and I'm going to do just as I please before nother comes down and says no."

And whooping and whistling and snapping torpedoes to right and left, the young savages were on their lawless way again.

Honor went up-stairs and sent her mother down to rest under the shadow of the piazza vines; for Ben's scalp-wound was not so serious as to need constant attendance, and she could see to him now. He had just waked from a long sleep, and there was no time for reflection or remembrance in the flood of talk with which he overwhelmed her in recalling and rehearsing his accident. And there was no prospect of thought and solitude after that; for the rest of the children came trooping in and out, and the fireworks, stored in Ben's room, and to be let off that night, had to be handled once more; and then her father came home to lunch, and the bells were ringing again, and in a short interval of silence broken only by a far-off splutter of crackers and the lonely report of an occasional rifle, she read the paper



HE HAD JUST WAKED FROM A LONG SLEEP. (See page 273.)

according to custom. But before she had finished yesterday's news, a bunch of cannon-crackers sounded alarm under the windows and the whole hubbub had begun again.

"It certainly is a desperate day!" exclaimed Honor, laying down the paper. "All the freedom in the world can't make pleasantness out of noise and confusion, out of staying at home and doing your own work, out of being maimed and bruised yourself, out of fearing maiming and bruising for others!"

"Perhaps we shall outgrow it, as Ted will his freckles," said her father.

"By and by," she said, "when universal peace reigns, there'll be no gunpowder. And then we will keep the day with music,—with music and flowers and love of all mankind in our hearts."

"Very well, Honor," said her father; "you have advanced some way since morning in seeing the virtue of keeping the day at all."

At last Honor had the chance of going to her room and of sitting down with her thoughts. But whatever bad quarter of an hour she spent there, no one would have imagined it who saw her, when the maids had returned and the tea-bell rang, issue refreshed and radiant, in her snowy muslin, the color on her cheek, the light in her dusky eye, the dimpling smile about her lips, her dark braids shining like jacinth-stone. Perhaps, when alone in her room, an after-thought had come to her—not of what she had said to Dr. Basil, but of what he had thought it worth while to say to her, of the way in which he had looked at her in saying it.

He looked at her again in a few moments, although possibly not quite in the same way; for they had hardly sipped their tea, and her father had but just succeeded in partially extinguishing Tom's carefully arranged bonfire in the yard, when Dr. Basil drove up with Ted bandaged like a mummy, the stick of some one's prema-

ture rocket, together with a simultaneous tumble off a fence, having broken his collar-bone, and with him a companion in misfortune in the shape of Florio diffusing the odor of a grove of oranges from the remnants of the ether that had been administered to him during the trimming of the finger from which an ill-advised pistol had torn off the joint; Ted, still irrepressible, calling on the family to understand in relation to his mishap that it came about without any fault of his own, till he saw his mother sink into the white heap of a fainting-fit, when, feeling the foundations of the universe about to shiver, he began roaring with all his might. And then Dr. Basil and their father helped the boys upstairs, where Florio's mother was at hand, while Honor attended to her own mother.

It was already purple twilight when Dr. Basil descended; and silently from one distance and another great yellow stars were shooting up and emptying showers of jewels on the dark lapis-lazuli of the cloud beyond, whose low growls of thunder were too far away yet to signify. He lingered a moment, as though half irresolute, and it seemed to Honor as if there were a promise of some brief peace and rest. Suddenly it was broken by a rush of feet overhead and a wild outcry from Ted,—his Roman candles, his Bengal lights, his Catharine-wheels, his fireworks! And Ben was out of bed, and Florio, smarting with pain, was adding his voice to the tumult, and the father's promise that he would set off the fireworks for them himself was drowned in the clamor, and then Ted in a rage of desperation, was throwing the cherished fireworks through the open window, one after the other, as fast as his sound arm could fling them, the first one falling into the smoldering remains of Tom's bonfire. And then the father and the doctor had rushed out to scatter coals and embers and projectiles, and in another moment fire was running, spurting, sparkling, shooting in every direction, and bells were ringing, and men were shouting, and a fire-engine was racing up the street.

Not an instant too soon. For the sparks that had been sent among the dry roots and stems of the vines beneath the piazza, the light wood of the lattices, the posts, the pillars, the shingled roof, had done their quick work, the curtains blowing through the open windows had caught, and the inside of the house was in a blaze.

Honor, in a whirl of horror, conscious, even at that moment, that Ted ought to have a whipping, and that he was already suffering enough, and that he and the others must be saved at all hazards, and her mother's beautiful portrait, too, had darted up the stairs. The boys, however, had needed none of her assistance; they had comprehended the situation, and were swarming down one pair of stairs as she sprang up the other.

The open windows had given the fire free draughts; the smoke was rolling in volumes. Honor ran into her father's room to seize the portrait; she could see nothing; all was smoky darkness and suffocation; she turned, but could find no door; she must throw herself on the floor and creep out,—alas, which way! A stifled voice was calling through the smoke with an agonized intonation.

"Honor! Honor!"

"Oh, here I am!" she said. "Here! Here!"

And directly afterward Dr. Basil had her in his arms.

"Thank God, I have you!" he exclaimed. "Thank God, my darling!" and before she realized anything but that it was he, they were out-doors and safe.

For all that, he did not release his grasp of her, and she was clinging still to him, and half the town had seen them. And then the sudden shower of that thunder-cloud was falling blindly and drenching them to the skin, scattering the crowd and making the work of the engines easy.

"Oh, what a costly day it was!" sighed Honor, when she went into the little hospital of her maimed and wounded, improvised in Mrs. Norcross's, next morning.

"A priceless day!" said Dr. Basil, already there. "A precious day!"

"Humph!" muttered Ted. "I've heard of a man before that gave all his wife's relations to his country. These mattresses," he continued to Florio and Ben, "are first-rate. Now a somersault is done this way. But a hand-spring—"

"Quiet, Theodore," said the doctor. "You must be gentle. You excite the others. You hear me?" his blue eye brightening like steel at Ted's insubordination. "Then obey."

"I guess Honor needn't have wished she'd been born under a despotism," roared Ted, contemptuously. "She's got one

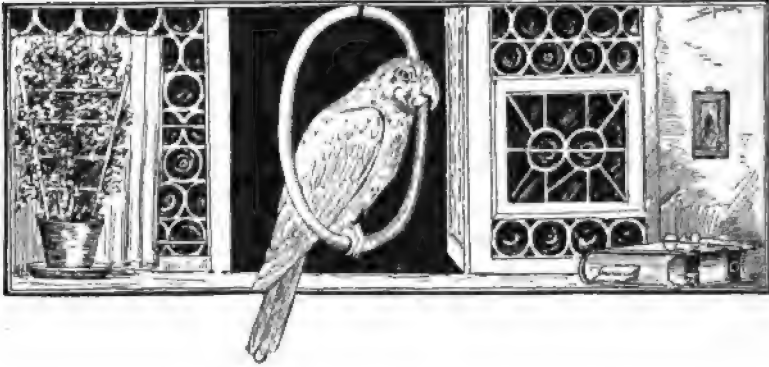
now. Say, Honor! Look here,—whisper. What day do you think is the King-pin of all the days of the year?"

And with the blush mantling all the ivory of her forehead, yet smiling up at the eyes

that were smiling down at her, Honor whispered back again,

"The Fourth of July!"

Harriet Prescott Spofford.



A DISCIPLE.

WITHIN the little space of two blue eyes,
My soul, long gazing, can see more of heaven
Than when, on days of storm, a cloud is
 riven

Far up the zenith, showing, as it flies,
Pure glimpses of unfathomable skies.

—What can I teach thee, looking up to me,
Dear, in thine angel-guarded purity,
And that great innocence that makes thee
 wise?

If thou could'st know the truth—meek as
 thou art—

My very soul is lying at thy feet,
Searched to its troubled depths by rays that
 dart

From those clear eyes, so dreadful, yet so
 sweet!

Oh, teach thou me that so my darkened heart
May worthier grow thy gaze, and God's, to
 meet.

Marion Couthony Smith.

MARTHA, THE WIFE OF WASHINGTON.



COL. GEORGE WASHINGTON was twenty-six years of age when, in 1758, he first saw Mrs. Martha Custis. Commanding the force of Virginia troops at

Winchester, he was preparing to join an expedition against Fort Duquesne. In urgent need of arms and every kind of equipment, he set out to visit Williamsburg, to lay the state of affairs before the council. He was superbly mounted for the long ride, and attended by Bishop, the servant who came to him from the service of the late Gen. Braddock. Not far from his journey's end, crossing Williams Ferry of the Pamunkey River, he was met by a gentleman of the neighborhood, Mr. Chamberlayne, who invited him to the hospitalities of his home. But Washington's urgent mission to Williamsburg compelled him, he said, to decline. The invitation was renewed, however, and the gallant young soldier, whose name and story were now familiar in every Virginia county, was urged to tarry at least to dine, and it was mentioned that a young widow of the vicinity would be of the party. Of the beauty and fascination of Mrs. Custis he must have heard, if he had not met her in some of his visits to the old Virginia capital; and lured as many a youth, before and since, he turned aside to meet his fate.

Martha Dandridge was the daughter of John Dandridge, a grandson of Governor Alexander Spotswood, and was born at Eltham, New Kent Co., Virginia, on Sunday, May 8th, 1732. Her mother was the daughter of the Rev. Orlando Jones. Her brother was Judge Bartholomew Dandridge, a judge of the Court of Appeals. Her sisters were Frances, who was first Mrs. Aylett and afterwards Mrs. Henley;

and Mary, who was Mrs. Burwell Bassett. In her young girlhood Martha developed into notable beauty and attractiveness, and was much admired in the social gayeties around the court at Williamsburg.

At the early age of seventeen she was married to Colonel Daniel Parke Custis, a gentleman of high social standing and a prosperous planter, whose residence was "the White House" on the Pamunkey River. Several children were born to her, and her first sorrow came in the death of the eldest, and this was soon followed by the death of the father. Col. Custis had been a most affectionate and devoted husband and father; and with a very sensitive nature, he seems never to have rallied from the loss of his child, and sank prematurely into the grave. Two children, John Parke, six years, and Eleanor, four years, were left to the smitten widow, and to her young hands was left the care of a large property. She had now to manage the landed and pecuniary concerns of a very large estate, which she did with notable ability and success. In such needful occupation, and in her devotion to her children, came the diversion needed to restore the natural elasticity of her nature. To the education and happiness of her son and daughter she gave largely of her time and effort.

Colonel Washington was in the prime of his splendid manhood, and the Virginia hero of many campaigns, and adventures in the western wilds. Mrs. Custis was younger than Washington by only a few months. She was small in stature, but extremely well formed, with a pleasant countenance, dark hazel eyes and hair, and with frank, engaging manners. In her young widowhood she was graceful and fascinating, with all the charm of high social culture, and the elegance of a refined taste. Other suitors there were, but the meeting with Washington at the dinner at Mr. Chamberlayne's sealed the fate of both.

"Young Lochinvar has come out of the West;
Through all the wide border, his steed was the best."

Whatever truth there may be in the

stories of Washington's interest in one or other of the daughters of Virginia, all previous impressions were effaced when he met the charming widow of "the White House."

Public business for once took a secondary place. When the horses were brought after dinner, they stood for hours unnoticed, and, when night fell, were remanded to the stables. Late in another morning he proceeded on his journey; and when a few days had passed, he returned to visit Mrs. Custis in her own residence. It is supposed that he did not have to ride far off to Winchester, and his rough and perilous military expedition, until he had urged and secured an acceptance of his suit.

The marriage was on the morning of the 6th of January, 1759—not at St. Peter's Church, as sometimes said, but at "the White House," the bride's home. The ceremony was performed by Parson Morson, then rector of St. Peter's. A letter from a venerable lady of the Chamberlayne family, containing some traditions of the wedding, preserved in that family, says: "Mrs. Custis wore a very fine white calico (cotton material), very highly glazed, which was the wedding dress of that day, and the ceremony was performed at ten o'clock in the forenoon. Mrs. Washington put on a magnificent brocade for dinner, large bunches of flowers over it."

For a few months the wedded pair remained at "the White House;" Col. Washington taking his seat in the Virginia House of Burgesses, of which he was a member for the town of Winchester. The property of Mrs. Custis, consisting both of

real estate and a large amount of funds, was entrusted to Washington's care; he becoming the guardian of the Custis children, and the trustee of their property—a sacred and delicate trust which he discharged judiciously and faithfully to the end. Soon they removed to Mount Vernon, Washington's home on the Potomac, which he inherited from his brother Lawrence, and which Lawrence had received from their father, Augustine Washington.

From Mount Vernon, Washington wrote: "I am now, I believe, fixed in this seat, with an agreeable partner for life, and I hope to find more happiness in retirement than I ever experienced in the wide and bustling world." Rather a sober reflection for a young man of twenty-eight years, we would think; but he was a man and a public surveyor in Virginia at sixteen. And however wide Washington's world was in those early days, one can hardly think of it as very bustling.

Mount Vernon must have for us and for our children an interest that can never fade. It was the home of Martha Washington for forty-two years: and there with her husband she lies entombed in a sepulchre which is the care of America's daughters, and the shrine of her sons.

Mount Vernon is on the south bank of the Potomac River, about sixteen miles from the capital. The river is two miles wide, and the mansion stands on a rounded bluff, about two hundred feet above the water. The central and main part of the building was erected by Lawrence Washington in 1743, and the place was then named for Admiral Vernon, an officer of the British Navy, under whom Lawrence had served.

Coming to Mt. Vernon in 1759, Mrs. Washington occupied the older and smaller house twenty-six years. After the Revolution, in 1784-5, the house was enlarged by General Washington by extensions north and south, with arcades curving backward and connecting the mansion with out-buildings and offices. It was also improved by the handsome colonnade in front. The mansion as thus enlarged was ninety-six feet



SOUTHEAST VIEW OF MOUNT VERNON.

in length by thirty feet in depth. To the west and rear of the house spreads the farm which Washington extended by purchase, until at the close of his life it embraced eight thousand acres. From the first, it was a charming home which Washington greatly admired and loved. The gardens and fields were rich and productive. The forests abounded in game. The swamps and inlets afforded the best of wild fowl; and the river yielded fish and oysters in abundance. Through the whole of his career, the very ideal of existence to him was such a quiet, rural life as this home, with its management and improvement, afforded. Irving says: "Mount Vernon was his harbor of repose, where he repeatedly folded his sail, and fancied himself anchored for life." In the earlier period of the life at Mount Vernon there were for Mrs. Washington only simplicity, order, and devotion to the daily routine of duties that came to the mistress of the home of a Virginia farmer.

We may be sure it was then as in later days, when the life at Mt. Vernon was far more public, and included the coming and going of many guests, and immediate contact with great affairs of war and state. The household rose from bed when the sun sent his first long glances across the broad river. And the young matron was early abroad, with keys at her side, visiting all the departments of her household work. There was the store-room and the giving out, there was the kitchen and the old Virginia cooking on the hearth, and the dairy with the morning churning, and the weaving-room with its whirring wheels and thumping loom, and the smoke-house, and the poultry-yard, and the vegetable-gardens. There was the daily visit to the cabin where some old servant waited for her kindly words and the bread or the tea she brought from "the great house," or to the cabin where some sick child lay and the mother needed the medicine from the mistress's closet. In the house was the care and culture of the Custis children, who were faithfully instructed by their competent mother. There were the cutting out and making of innumerable garments. There were unceasing stitching and knitting and embroidery. And in the later hours the entertainment of visitors, the family tea-table, a short evening in the drawing-room or on the lawn, and the long, busy day was ended. It was a busy hive of in-



MRS. WASHINGTON'S SITTING ROOM.

dustry, and the mistress herself was the head and the example of all.

You may still find at Mount Vernon the cookery book which Mrs. Washington brought from New Kent, and which is said to be the gift of her mother. It bears an inscription, "Frances Dandridge," and the date "Dec. 15th, 1755." The title-page reads: "The Ladies' Companion, containing upwards of 3,000 different recipes in every kind of cookery. Sixth edition, with large additions. Vol. I. London, 1753." It was sought and handled and carried to pantry and kitchen, until it was well worn and the back fell away, like the "Common Sense" in a Virginia home that I know to-day.

In simple dress of home-made stuff, of memorable neatness, Mrs. Washington was stirring, just, and faithful. She was a disciplined, exemplary woman, with well-regulated mind, and so a well-regulated household. Mrs. Washington occasionally accompanied her husband to Williamsburg, and to her home, "the White House," and her friends in New Kent. But there could be little time for such visits with the extensive cares that bound her to Mount Vernon. At home there were the river families, and the circle that gathered at the old Pohick church; and a few miles to the north was the society of Alexandria, and farther off to the south was old Fredericksburg, and Mary, the mother of Washington, in her well-kept home. And Mount Vernon was the attractive centre where were found an unaffected hospitality and many social charms.

The health and happiness of her children were special matters of concern to Mrs. Washington. As Miss Custis advanced to womanhood, she was the peculiar object of her mother's tender regard, and her

companion and joy. There was reason for solicitude, for in 1770, at the age when her mother was first a bride, death claimed Eleanor Custis. The sorrow of the bereaved mother was great, and left its marks upon her for many years to come. After this sad event in the family history the usual routine of life was unbroken, only things could not be as they had been. There was a dainty room upstairs, looking upon the river-front, which was vacant, and the key turned in the lock.

Seventeen years after the marriage at "the White House," the dark clouds of war gathered over the colonies with threatenings of the coming storm. When Washington left Mount Vernon to attend the First Congress in Philadelphia, Mrs. Washington remained at home, the indispensable head of the large household. After nine months of separation she was informed of her husband's appointment as Commander-in-Chief of the American Army, and determined to join the General at his headquarters in Boston. At Philadelphia she was met by a public demonstration, and, resting a few days among all manner of respectful attentions, she left the city Nov. 27th, 1775, and reached Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 11th, making the journey from Philadelphia in about fifteen days. She soon won the respect and affection of all about the General, and her universal popularity and gentle graciousness occasioned the name of "Lady Washington," which she always afterward had in the American Army. When the British fleet departed from Boston harbor, and the headquarters at Cambridge were broken up, she prepared to return to her long-forsaken home. It was a happy change from the public life with its military surroundings to the security and seclusion of Mount Vernon.

Here her knowledge of practical life, her sense of responsibilities to family and dependents, and her sincere sympathy with the patriot cause gave direction to all the energies of her being. She now established a domestic system suited to the exigencies of the war period. Her own dress, always remarkable for simplicity, was soon composed of home-spun materials, as was the clothing of the family, and of all the numerous servants. Sixteen spinning-wheels were whirling away in these Mount Vernon rooms, and more than one loom from early morning to the setting sun wove woollen and cotton and linen cloths. She

once exhibited two of her own dresses, composed of cotton, striped with silk, and woven in hand-loom on the place. The silk stripes were from the ravellings of brown silk stockings and old crimson damask chair-covers. When Washington arrived in New York to be the First President, he was dressed in a complete suit of home-spun cloth. In all the harrowing and threatening times of war, by her diligent and prudent administration of the affairs of home she secured the means of independent living for her large household, and of charity as well.

What a support and comfort to the chieftain, absent, engrossed, anxious! She was kept well informed of the events which followed in rapid succession, of the individual adventures of her husband, and of his personal apprehensions and hopes. She heard with joy of the passage of the Delaware, and with painful anxiety of attempts upon the life of the Commander-in-Chief. In the bitterly cold winter of 1780 Mrs. Washington was again at the headquarters in Morristown, and was first among the patriot women who labored to relieve the sufferings of the sick and famishing soldiers. With her own hands she knit the stockings so much needed, and set the example to all the ladies who came to her plain drawing-room. And again at Valley Forge, in 1783, she was in the hastily built quarters of the General, and went everywhere among the soldiers, ministering with her own hands to their wants as she was able, and cheering with words of sympathy and encouragement. Her example was one of influence to the ladies of the land, and her work one of aid to him who bore so great a burden.

The journeys to and from Mt. Vernon to these winter encampments were in her private carriage, with her own servants, and usually escorted by an aide sent by the General. They were long and slow and much exposed. About the close of the war, when all hearts were brightening with the hope of peace, another sorrow came to the mistress of Mt. Vernon. Her son, Col. John Parke Custis, had served with distinction as an aide-de-camp of Gen. Washington. During the siege of Yorktown, in October, 1781, he died of camp-fever at Eltham, New Kent Co., where his mother was born, and the residence now of her sister, Mrs. Burwell Bassett. The General came from Yorktown, hastily summoned, and writes: "I arrived in time

to see poor Mr. Custis breathe his last." To the young widow Washington turned, saying, "From this hour I adopt your two younger children as my own." Eleanor Parke Custis was now two and a half years, and George Washington Parke Custis (the late Mr. Custis of Arlington, and the father of Mrs. Robert E. Lee) was about six months old. Mt. Vernon became the home of Mrs. Custis and the four little grandchildren, who were thenceforth the object of Mrs. Washington's special care and affection.

On Christmas Eve, 1783, after a nearly constant absence of nine years, Washington returned to Mt. Vernon. The welcome, and the rejoicing, and the thankful, restful spirit of the master and the mistress it is not difficult to imagine. With what happiness all would greet the peace of that Christmas morning!

Washington wrote: "The scene is at length closed. I feel myself eased of a load of public care, and hope to spend the remainder of my days in cultivating the affection of good men and in the practice of domestic virtues." And again the husband and wife, now about fifty-one years of age, matured and settled in character, take up the interweaving of their closely related domestic duties.

But such retirement and attention to private interests are not long uninterrupted. His unselfish devotion to the defence of the new American States, his weight of character and reputation of achievement at home and abroad, his prudent statesmanship, his knowledge of leading men, are needed by the country he has delivered and led to independence. And once again he is called to serve his country, at the head of the new federation of American Commonwealths. On the 16th of April, 1789, Washington left Mount Vernon to become the First President of the United States. And on the 17th of May Mrs. Washington with her grandchildren set out in her travelling-carriage, with a small escort of horse, to join her husband in New York. Everywhere she was greeted with testimonials of respect and affection. From Elizabeth, in New Jersey, she was carried by water to New York, in the same splendid barge in which the General had been conveyed for his inauguration.

On the evening of May 29th Mrs. Washington held a general reception, at which there gathered all the distinguished in official and fashionable society. All

history and tradition testify of her simplicity and grace, her dignity and unaffected manner. Like her husband, her preference was for private life and "the still enjoyment of the fireside at Mount Vernon." During the two presidential terms Mrs. Washington was, first in New York and then in Philadelphia, at the side of the General, the centre of the social life and the object of universal esteem.

Journeys there were, again and again, to and from Mount Vernon, and the glad return to the home they both loved so well. There was the taking up again the round of homely duties, and the frequent gathering of relatives and friends under the hospitable roof.

At the close of the second official term, in 1797, the President and Mrs. Washington took leave of public life and the large circle of friends in Philadelphia, and with great satisfaction returned, for the last time, to Mount Vernon. While he found abundance of occupation in repairing and restoring, and in re-establishing his energetic and skilful administration of his large estate, not the less was she fully and pleasantly occupied in the familiar affairs of the extensive domestic management. And soon there came the current of guests, which flowed on almost without interruption. American statesmen came for counsel; old army comrades and trusted generals and other officers came to rest at his fireside; and the representatives of foreign lands came to visit the great Father of the new country, and go away charmed with the hospitality which could be so plain and unaffected, and yet so graciously and elegantly extended. If honor and gratitude and affection were poured in upon them from home and from abroad, not more grateful were these than the profound satisfaction with which they settled down to the home-life of Mt. Vernon. There was industry everywhere, and early rising, and early retiring too, and energy in every department, though neither the General nor Mrs. Washington was young.

On the 22d of February, 1799, the General's birthday, there was a wedding at Mt. Vernon. Major Lawrence Lewis, the General's nephew, the son of his sister Bettie, was united in marriage to Mrs. Washington's granddaughter, Eleanor Custis; and the General arranged to settle them on a portion of the Mt. Vernon lands.

A letter written by a Richmond lady

from Mt. Vernon, dated Nov. 22d, 1799, has lately been published for the first time. The writer was a friend, and for a



few days a guest, of the Mt. Vernon household. She speaks of Mrs. Washington as "venerable, kind, and plain," and the following description of the family life at that time is quite graphic and pleasing.

HOW THE DAY WAS SPENT.

"My mornings are spent charmingly, alternately in the different chambers: first, an hour after breakfast with the Lady dressing the pretty little stranger, who is the delight of the grandmamma; then we repair to the old lady's room, which is precisely on the style of our good old aunt's—that is to say, nicely fixed for all sorts of work. On one side sits the chambermaid with her knitting, on the other side a little colored pet learning to sew, an old, decent woman with her table and shears cutting out the negroes' winter clothes, while the good old lady directs them all, incessantly knitting herself, and pointing out to me several pair of nice colored stockings and gloves she had just finished, and, presenting me with a pair half done, begs me to finish and wear for her sake. Her knitting, too, is a great source of amusement, and is

so neatly done that all the younger part of the family are proud of trimming their dresses with it, and have furnished me with a whole suit, so that I shall appear 'à la domestique' at the first party we have when I get home.

"It is wonderful, after a life spent as these good people have necessarily spent theirs, to see them in retirement assume domestic manners that prevail in our country, when but a year since they were forced to forego all those innocent delights which are so congenial to their years and taste, to sacrifice them to the parade of the drawing-room and the levée.

AN EXCELLENT COMPARISON.

"The recollection of these 'lost days,' as Mrs. Washington calls them, seems to fill her with regret, but the extensive knowledge she has gained in this general intercourse with persons from all parts of the world has made her a most interesting companion, and having a vastly retentive memory, she presents an entire history of half a century.

"The weather is too wintry to enjoy outdoor scenes; but as far as I can judge, in a view from the windows, the little painting we have seen that hangs up in my friend Mrs. Woods's drawing-room furnishes a good specimen. Everything within-doors is neat and elegant, but nothing remarkable, except the paintings of different artists which have been sent as specimens of their talents. I think there are five portraits of the General—some done in Europe, some in America—that do honor to the painter. There are other specimens of fine arts from various parts of the world that are admirably executed and furnish pleasant conversation.

"Besides these there is a complete greenhouse, which at this season is a vast, a great source of pleasure. Plants from every part of the world seem to flourish in the neatly-finished apartments, and from the arrangement of the whole I conclude that it is managed by a skilful hand, but whose I cannot tell. Neither the General nor Mrs. Washington seems more interested in it than the visitors.

THE VISITORS.

"We have met with no company here, but are told that scarcely a week passes without some, and often more than is convenient or agreeable, where transient persons who call from curiosity are treated with



ROOM AND BED IN WHICH GEN. WASHINGTON DIED.

civility, but never interfere with the order of the house or the General's disposition of time, which is as regular as when at the head of the army or in the President's chair. Even friends who make a point of

visiting him are left much to themselves, indeed scarcely seeing him from breakfast to dinner, unless he engages them in a ride, which is very agreeable to him. But from dinner till tea our time is most

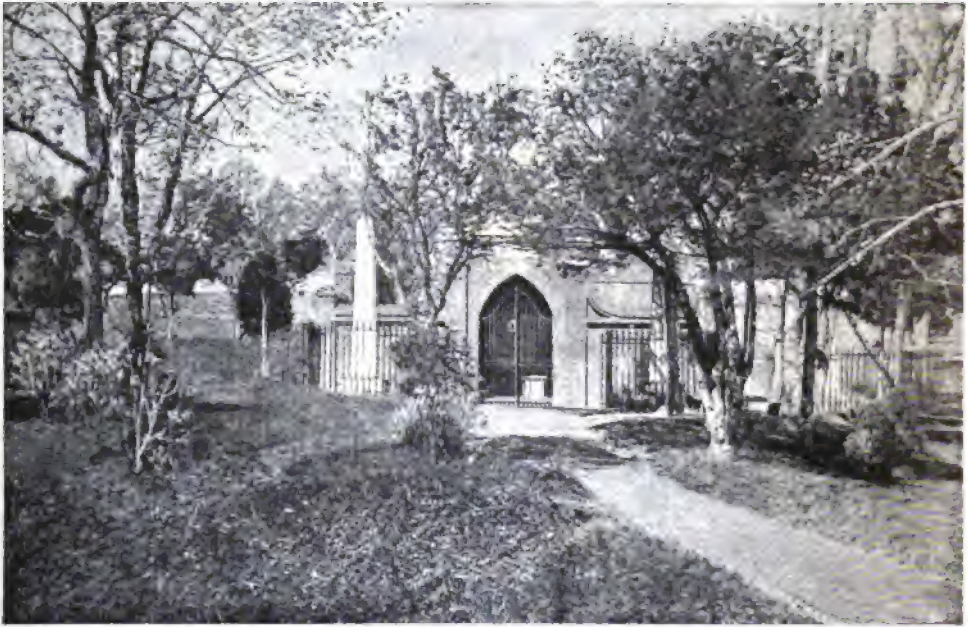


ROOM AND BED IN WHICH MRS. WASHINGTON DIED.

charmingly spent; indeed one evening the General was so fascinating, and drew my husband out into so many old stories relating to several campaigns where they had been much together, and had had so many inquiries to make respecting their mutual friends, particularly Koscuisko and Pulaski, who have always corresponded with Colonel C., whose characters afford great interest, that it was long after twelve when we separated. By the bye, I will show you some of those letters on my return, for I know you will find great pleasure in reading them.

"At breakfast I feel quite at home—everything is so plain."

There was a grief profound and changeless, but there was no withdrawal from the demands and duties of her station. She was in her sixty-ninth year when she was a widow for the second time. It had been nearly forty-one years since the gay wedding at "the White House;" and what a change these years had made! She was not as erect and buoyant as when she presided at the President's reception at Philadelphia, but rather care-worn and grave. There was no cessation of the active administration of household affairs, and still her hands were incessantly knitting or working embroidery. But time and grief were telling on her frame, and in 1801



TOMB OF GEN. WASHINGTON.

On Saturday night, Dec. 14th, 1799, late in the evening of the century he had made so illustrious, Washington lay in his chamber sore pressed by a severe and unconquerable attack of croup or quinsy. At the last, folding his arms upon his bosom and closing his eyes, he said, "It is well," and expired, gently as though an infant died. During his brief illness Mrs. Washington had been his constant attendant, and when the end came she retired in her grief to a room upon the upper floor. This was her chamber for the remainder of her life, its dormer window looking down upon the tomb where his body lay.

there was another death at Mt. Vernon. A sudden attack of bilious fever found Mrs. Washington without the strength to resist it. From the first, there was little hope of a favorable issue. Sustained and cheered by the consolations of religion, she was not unwilling to leave the world which had given her so many years of care and duty, and brought again and again such heart-felt sorrows. Scarcely reaching the threescore years and ten, she had lived a long, full life. Womanhood began early in her years, and well she had filled the measure of the duties assigned her. Wife and widow, mother and grandmother,

the faithful mistress of Mt. Vernon, the central figure of the President's drawing-room in New York and Philadelphia,—in each position she had borne herself with unequalled grace and universal admiration. Intelligence, fidelity, strength, a love of industry, a capacity for administration, a taste for simplicity, were well combined in her; and to these she added an unfailing sympathy for the sick and the aged in the Mount Vernon quarters, and the wounded or famishing Continental soldiers in the tents at Valley Forge; and all were crowned with an unaffected and steadfast piety, which was her comfort in sorrow, and her stay in her last days.

She made a home, which was to her illustrious husband a haven of rest, and to which he came back from fields of war

and from councils of state with unspeakable satisfaction; in which children and grandchildren were nurtured and trained, and bound to things right and gentle; in which servants and dependents found guidance and succor and a just consideration; and in which guests sojourned finding an exquisite charm and bearing away unfading memories.

Who shall say that her life was not more full of influence, and that its results upon the mothers and home-makers of the land, and through them upon sons and fathers, were not far more powerful and enduring, than the life of the great man who owed so much to Mary, the mother, and to Martha, the wife of Washington?

James Power Smith.

(The photographs illustrating this article are by Luke C. Dillon, Washington, D. C.)



WEST VIEW OF MOUNT VERNON.

A BRAIN-WORKER'S PLAIN.

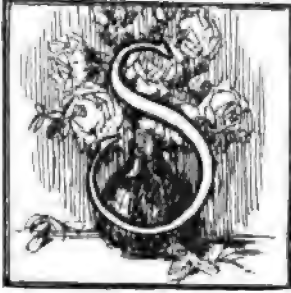
O TOILERS in fields, at forges!
O workers of wood and stone!
This battle for bread is a fierce one—
But you do not wage it alone.

I slave with my pen for a pittance,
I rack my poor brain for a thought:
And I secretly pine for the workshop.
When the song that I sing comes to
nought.

Estelle Thomson

SUMMER.

SUMMER RESORTS.



I G N O R A
F E R N A N -
D E Z, the
"Italian Sappho," remarks that "in dressing well, the first condition is the courage to defy the caprice of silly fashions;" and

with equal truth it might be said that the best plan in choosing a pleasant retreat from the heat of the summer season is the rule to keep away from the crowd of a fashionable summer-resort. Comfort is incompatible with ceremonialism. If it were not for the risk of occasional rain-storms, there would be no doubt that the berry-pickers, who bivouac in the highlands of the southern Alleghanies, spend the dog-days more agreeably than the guests of many expensive and "strictly first-class" watering-place hotels. But there are manifold compromise plans in a country where free camping-grounds can be found within fifty miles of any one of our twelve largest cities, and where comfortable summer cabins can be built at short notice, at a merely nominal expense, especially in the thickly-settled uplands of the Catskills and Alleghanies, where almost every farmer is a job-carpenter.

THE CAMP-CURE PLAN.

For sanitary purposes, the pure, cool air of a highland camp is indeed worth all the drug stores of a crowded watering-place. It might even be questioned if the absence of a mineral spring should not be included among the hygienic advantages of a private summer camp. Nine out of ten miraculous cures ascribed to the effects of such springs are in reality due to the influence of exercise and a change of diet, for there is no doubt that sulphur-water, as a remedial specific, is liable to all the objections against gastric stimulants in general—the principal of which objection is the risk of contracting a chronic stimulant habit; in other words, of making the organism de-

pendent upon the aid of an artificial tonic. It is a common experience of watering-place visitors that, upon their return to their city homes, their digestive organs prove to be more distressingly out of order than ever before, unless they should resort to the questionable expedient of daily medication. The fact is, that sulphur-water, chalybeate springs, and magnesia spas owe their aperient effect to exactly the same cause that deludes the dupe of the blue-pill vendor with the hope of restored health. The system works with feverish haste to rid itself of an obnoxious drug, and for a while simulates the symptoms of a vigorous performance of its organic functions; but directly after the accomplishment of the main purpose (the expulsion of the virulent drug) the organism relapses into a state of exhaustion, from which it can be aroused only by a larger dose of the mischievous stimulant. Hence the frequent experience that mineral waters at last lose their effects upon persons who have taken their permanent residence in the neighborhood of a "health-restoring" spring. Hence, also, the sad fact that all poison-habits are progressive. Finding this tonic apt to pall, the stimulant dupe is forced to increase the quantum of the dose. The opium-eater progresses from one to fifty grains, the brandy-drinker from an occasional dram to a bottle a day, till the constant irritation of the nervous system avenges itself in a hopeless collapse of the vital energies. Fresh air and exercise, on the other hand, are tonics that accomplish their effects without the risk of disastrous after-effects. Wood-cutters, who pass their days in the pure atmosphere of a highland forest, often survive for long years the pernicious effects of breathing all night the fumes of an unventilated house, and in a similar way the organism of a summer tourist seems to store up health enough to tide over a season of city life.

THE MOVEMENT CURE.

Roman historians speak of a physician named Asklepiades, who used to prescribe a special form of exercise for every disor-

der of the human organism, and agreed to entirely forfeit his claim to the honor of a medical philosopher if his friends should ever find him sick for a single day. That pagan Dio Lewis is said to have actually lived for a hundred years in the enjoyment of perfect health; but while our movement-cure doctors generally limit their prescriptions to gymnastic contortions, Asklepiades seems to have cured his patients by outdoor exercise: running, climbing, swimming, and horse-riding. Some of those prescriptions might ruin the popularity of a modern physician; but it cannot be denied that, in one respect, they serve his purpose far better than the systematic evolutions of a hygienic gymnasium: their entertaining tendency will beguile a patient into much more actual exercise. I have known pupils to resort to all sorts of subterfuges in the hope of avoiding the intolerable tedium of gymnastic crank work, while in a baseball match or a boat race the same truants would have undergone a ten-fold amount of hard work, not only without a complaint, but with all the evidence of unfeigned enthusiasm. In a summer camp that best of all movement-cures can be combined with the advantages of pure air and a wholesome country diet. Mountain-climbing, berry-picking, fern-gathering, and butterfly-chasing will call forth all the physical energies of languid young ladies who would turn sick at the mere mention of "calisthenics."

"Do you know that the Something Hill Seminary was burned last week?" a friend of mine asked his accomplished daughter. "Yes," said she, "I was near crying when I saw it in the papers. Is it true that half of their fine library is ruined?" "I fear it is; and their new gymnasium was completely destroyed, I hear." "The gymnasium gone? Well," said she, with a sigh of relief, "that's one consoling circumstance." But in Gainesville, Georgia, I once saw the three daughters of a well-to-do merchant shed actual tears when they learned that the cabins of their little summer camp had been demolished by a hurricane, and that they would have to pass their vacations in town.

PICNIC GROUNDS.

Many American families have a pardonable reluctance in accepting an invitation to a public picnic on account of the almost inevitable intrusion of uninvited guests, —tobacco-smoking idlers and votaries of

other stimulant habits. Business exigencies, on the other hand, may leave no leisure for more distant excursions; but the citizens of many west European towns avoid that dilemma by establishing private picnic grounds of their own: a grove with a summer-house, and a ten-pin alley, and similar outbuildings, but oftener still, a mere *Jaeger Hütte*,—a "hunter's cabin," on a fine prospect point, in the neighborhood of a good spring. In Rhenish Prussia, Belgium, and Switzerland, nearly every well-to-do paterfamilias thinks it a duty to his children to arrange a summer retreat of that sort, where the little folks—girls and all—can rusticate to their hearts' content, building tabernacles, or splashing about barefoot in a cool mountain brook. Nor do they wait for the "'cross-Broadway" period to realize day-dreams of that kind, but every business man begins married life by building his rustic Tusculum according to his means and opportunities. Frederic the Great laid aside the cares of kingcraft in his summer-house of Sansouci; the poet Goethe cured his fits of pessimism in the chalet of Ilmenstein, and the Swiss naturalist Tschudi often used to pass whole weeks in an old herder's cabin, which he had bought for the use of his family, and fitted up with book-shelves and cooking contrivances.

VACATION SEASONS.

The summer vacations of our public schools are pretty well timed to meet the popular demand for a few weeks' outing, and a difference of five degrees in the maximum heat of a midsummer day has an appreciable influence in swelling or contracting the exodus from the sweltering cities of our Atlantic seaboard; but, from a sanitary point of view, a rainy summer is an equally legitimate excuse for a temporary migration to a more genial clime. Heat and moisture were the first nurses of organic life, but, unfortunately, their propagative efficiency extends to all sorts of disease-germs. Under the combined influence of drenching showers and brooding sun-rays, our city slums become veritable hot-beds of contagious disorders. Children who have passed unscathed through the ordeal of a severe winter often succumb to the slum-malaria of a wet summer; and physicians well know how frequently summer catarrhs are apt to take the form of more serious lung affections. Native vigor of constitution is no guarantee against the

contagion of such disorders, for even horses fall victims to the air-poison of a sweltering stable when the development of its epidemic germs is favored by sun-heat and moisture. The southern extension of our American railway system has, happily,

made moist heat the most avoidable of all predisposing causes of disease, and in a day's journey even the natives of our reeking Gulf coast can reach the almost rainless region of the western table-lands.

Felix L. Oswald, M.D.



HELIOTROPE.

Go, Heliotrope,
Unto my sweet, and tell
How, like a harbinger of hope,
You come to dwell
Near her, and pray to rest
Upon her breast.

Tell her for me
In whispers of perfume,
How like the golden sun is she,
To which your bloom
Forever turns its face
Beseeching grace.

Say, even so
The blossom of my love
Looks from its land of doubt below
To her above,
Waiting one word to slip
Her scarlet lip.

Then if you feel
Her heart with joy beat fast,
Or, if with one sweet kiss she seal
Your lips at last,
And leave you stricken dumb
Until I come,—

Seeing you there
Upon her bosom, I
Shall know what answer to my prayer
She makes, and lie
Beside you dumb with bliss,
Sealed by her kiss!
Frank Dempster Sherman.



(*Heliotrope*.—See page 288.)

WITH THE BEST INTENTIONS.

CHAPTER XVII.



RS. CAMERON arose on Wednesday full of affairs and pious resolve. She buttoned her wrinkleless, tailor-made gown over a bust heaving strongly, but regularly, with matured intentions. Her face

was zinc-white and determined; her falcon eye said that the way was clear for her fearless feet. The angels had swept aside every pebble of doubt, dug up every shard of mistaken pity for the sinner whose day of doom had dawned. Mrs. Cameron had a just appreciation of her own talents, and knew herself to be equal to any emergency,—with the connivance and help of Providence—of course!

She ate no meat for breakfast that morning; and while discussing her fruit, porridge, Graham bread, and coffee, took occasion to observe that “persons of full habit would do well to confine themselves to vegetarian diet when there was any matter on hand which required intellectual effort and nerve-power.”

“I suppose your mother has a paper to prepare for the Chicago Convention,” Emmett said when Clara proposed a tête-à-tête drive, “mamma having another engagement for the forenoon.”

She colored and bridled slightly.

“Mamma is always active in good works.”

“Nobody can deny that, my love,” rejoined the generous son-in-law. “She is a woman of marvellous executive ability.”

He would have conceded much more in the relief of escaping for a couple of hours from the majestic muchness of her Presence. Reports of the meetings moderated by the inimitable executive officer, invariably spoke of her “fine Presence.” It was

upon her in force, encased body and soul as in triple mail, as standing at the window of her chamber she beheld the party of four set out upon their cliff-side ramble. Her agate-iron eye surveyed Karen with the gleam a hunter flashes along his gun-barrel when drawing a bead upon his game, but her calm lips were unstirred. Then she betook herself, netting in hand, to Mrs. Manly’s parlor.

The invalid’s sofa was drawn into the middle of the room facing the western windows, the blinds of which were open.

“I was watching my young people go over the hill,” she said vivaciously. “I notified them that I should, and they turned to wave me a salute from the highest point. They never forget the stranded hulk and her whims. What I shall do to console and interest Gem when Mrs. Dumaresque goes away, I shudder to think. She is a genius in chaperonage as in everything else.”

Mrs. Cameron’s netting was macramé lace, made of hempen thread as gray and as uncompromising as herself. She drew cord and lips tight before she replied:

“You admire that sort of person, then?”

Mrs. Manly was hurt and stunned by the moral brick-bat.

“Person! My dear Jane! Who does not admire and love Mrs. Dumaresque? Put the question to anybody who knows her! Refer it to the whole hotel!”

“She is showy, I grant, with a sort of meretricious beauty that catches the uneducated taste. Actress by nature and practice, she is never off guard, and courts universal approbation. It is quite the safest course in the circumstances.”

Her quick ear catching what she thought was a muffled rustle in the bedroom, the door of which stood ajar, she interrupted herself to ask, “Is there danger that we will be overheard?”

“No. That is, unless—Fanny!”

There was no response to the call; but Mrs. Cameron took nothing for granted. She arose, pushed the door wide open, and

scanned the inner apartment. There was nobody there, yet she made all safe by shutting the door of communication.

Mrs. Manly thrust down the shoulder-robe from her fluttering lungs, and fanned herself pantingly.

"My dear cousin! What do you mean to insinuate? Don't keep me in suspense! Suspense is the worst possible thing for one in my condition." She reached over to the table for her smelling-salts, pulled out the stopper, and inhaled the volatile contents between breaths. "Not that you could possibly know anything against a woman you never met, or heard of, until last night!"

"I know everything about her—and nothing in her favor." Mrs. Cameron undid a kink in the stiff thread with keen, broad finger-nails. "In the first place, she passes under an assumed name—a trick as clever as any she has practised, which is saying much. Retaining the spelling, she has altered the pronunciation. She was Mrs. *Demarick* when she lived in a frontier garrison with her lawful husband, and in outward respectability. She is Mrs. *Dumaresque* since she ran away from him with another man, and is queening it in Northern watering-places, her dutiful mother, with a saintly face and a reputation for wealth and social standing, ready to white-wash the wanton daughter."

"Great Heavens!" Mrs. Manly dropped the vinaigrette. The stopper rolled into the middle of the floor. Mrs. Cameron picked it up, fitted it into the bottle, and laid the latter upon the stand.

"Am I dreaming?" cried the shocked hostess, chokingly. "Are you sane? What horrible misunderstanding is this? I will not—I cannot—I *ought* not to credit one word of it! You have been grossly misinformed. You are talking of a different person than my Gem's best friend. Think of my child, Jane Cameron!"

"Think of *my* child, Jemima Manly! Exposed at the outset of her married life to the almost certain chance that the fact of this apparently intimate intercourse with a disreputable woman will reflect upon her all her days! And, but for my providential arrival, this might have gone on until the mischief was irretrievable. This creature's husband was here last week. You saw him. He mingled freely with the company in this hotel. He has changed *his* name, too—it is said to take that of an uncle who left him his heir. It is more likely

that he wanted to get rid of the name the wicked woman has disgraced. Captain Dale introduced him to you as Major Kane."

"Jane Cameron! No!" rising on her elbow.

"Jemima Manly! YES!" continuing to tie meshes of the hempen web. "He came to entreat her to consent to a divorce, that she might be made an honest woman in the eyes of the world by marrying the partner of her crime. She flouted the idea. She jeered at him and mocked him on that very piazza, within arm's length of your window. Do you recollect the night of the thunderstorm, when you were ill with headache, and Clara sat in here while you were asleep? She *saw* the husband and wife, and heard all I have told you."

"Merciful powers!" Mrs. Manly's defences were ground to powder by this last and realistic proof. "Whom can I trust? Oh, let me hope there is some mistake—somewhere! I think to believe it all would kill me!"

If she were a geyser of tears and declamation, her kinswoman was a dry Gibraltar.

"To believe it should nerve you to save your child, and to atone to society, in some measure, for the harm you have done by misplaced confidence in an adventuress. Prompt action is imperatively required of us all. I ask you to believe nothing without conclusive evidence. Compose yourself sufficiently to listen, and you shall judge for yourself."

She welded the links of Clara's discoveries and suspicions into a chain that rivalled in massive might Lord Stirling's celebrated boom stretched across the Hudson. No "castings" for her! Nothing but wrought-iron, and plenty of it, served her turn. No wonder honest Bertie detected the "ferruginous smack!"

It may have been half an hour thereafter that a prominent member of the august Chief Butler's staff, dubbed by that official, "My Assistants"—a spruce, supercilious mulatto,—passed the door of Mrs. Manly's bedroom just as a young woman of like complexion and jauntiness with himself stole forth on tiptoe. His exclamation of pleasurable surprise was checked by an imperious gesture.

"I was on my way to get a mossle of fresh air," she said, mincingly, when they were a few steps further up the corridor.

"May I be your escort?" divining her intent.

Had the cousins glanced at the open window, they could have seen the pair ascending the hill, deep in talk. It was the Assistant's "morning off," and Fanny could depend upon her mistress's indulgence should the bell be rung vainly during her absence. The trim Abigail was a treasure. She had lived with Mrs. Manly and The Idiosyncrasy for five years, and knew her place too well to emerge from the closet where she was arranging Mrs. Manly's trunk, after overhearing Mrs. Cameron's insulting query. Had she been tempted to answer her employer's call, the other matron settled the matter by scrutinizing the inner room. It was the action of a spy, not of a lady, decided handsome Fanny, holding her breath in wholesome indignation until the meanness of the transaction was climaxed by the sound of the closing door. With the practical appreciation of the specific purpose of the keyhole, innate in her class and profession, she so far gratified her love of a flavorful dish of scandal, that the story she poured into the willing ears of her admirer owed less to her imagination than might have been expected from Mrs. Manly's confidential maid.

The smouldering eyes of the dusky dandy kindled with the unfolding tale. The air of nonchalant superiority habitual to him while on duty in the *salle-à-manger* occasionally verged so nearly upon insolence, that Mrs. Dumaresque had overlooked him pointedly one day, when it was necessary to make an inquiry of an official, by "preferring to wait until the head-waiter should come in." The snub was as courteous as snub could be, but the mean mind never forgave it. He questioned eagerly, and his Dulcinea answered at length; the day was glorious, and their consciences were free from haunting thoughts of tasks undone; they wandered on and on, with the panther-like tread inherited from a savage ancestry, the brown carpet of the woodland path soundless under their feet, until Fanny drew back suddenly, with a low exclamation:

"Lordy! looky-thar!"

Another step would have cleared the clump of undergrowth behind which they watched the tableau set upon the cliff-brow, each line startlingly strong against the peerless blue of the island sky.

Karen, seated upon a stone, hands interlocked upon her knee, the sunshine falling like a blessing upon her bared head, looked far out to the water-gates on the

dim horizon. Mr. Romeyn stood a little space away, and was speaking earnestly.

The spies were too far away to catch a single word of the dialogue, but not a gesture escaped their greedy eyes until, alarmed by the abrupt motion with which Karen arose to hold out her hands to her suitor, they sped noiselessly back by the winding path.

"They ain't comin' yet!" panted Fanny, stopping to lean against a tree on one side, and the Assistant's shoulder upon the other. "We was scared for nothin'. I wisht we had a-stayed longer. She were jes' about to jump inter his arms—shouldn't you say so?"

"They always do, my dear!" said the expert, sagely. "But I say, ain't *she* a high one?"

In the race between good and evil tidings, the former is not only handicapped, but spavined. The whole Church, militant and triumphant, needs to cry continually: "Fly! fly! Thou Mighty Gospel!"

Scandal requires neither whip nor spur.

By the time Mrs. Gillette and her daughter alighted at the main entrance of the hotel after their afternoon drive, a hundred pairs of eyes were ready to gloat upon, or menace them. It was noticed by not a few that Mr. Romeyn had not been seen since luncheon-time, which meal he had taken, as usual, at the table with the Gillettes. Almost immediately after the ladies had gone to their rooms, he had emerged from the rotunda, looking pale and grave. One woman of inflammable fancy repeated to all who were not too busy tattling on the same string to hearken to her, how she had remarked to her sister: "That man has had a blow! I shouldn't wonder if the mail had brought him bad news!"—although THE STORY had not then reached her ears.

Another woman—a late arrival—had inquired, "Who is that saturnine individual who is mounting that fine horse?"

Mrs. Jo-McCarthy-Seth-Liggon had stepped at once into popularity that turned that moiety of her brain which up to now had retained an ounce or two of ballast. She held court at every halting-place by virtue of her whilome intimacy with that "magnificent, poor, dear Lutenant Demarick," and the acumen that had penetrated the disguise the designing creature had carried off so shamelessly.

Mr. Romeyn, then, had *thrown himself* into his saddle (all the stories agreed as to the



THE TABLEAU SET UPON THE CLIFF-BROW.—(See page 292.)

action) and galloped off toward the woods. He had not been seen since. Mrs. Liggon was the only one who openly broached the suspicion of suicide; but others had thrills of awful deliciousness in silently revolving the probabilities that out of first-class "shadiness" might be evolved high tragedy. The desire to be upon the ground when he returned, or when news of it should be brought, was second only to the curiosity to take another stare at the dethroned queen when word ran along the lines that her carriage was in sight.

She walked up the broad flight of steps with the mien of a reigning sovereign: more slowly than usual, because her mother leaned upon her, but she carried her head high; her lineaments were serene; her glance was free and clear. Mother and daughter were within two steps of the top

when Mr. Wilkes lumbered out of the door, hastened down to them, and lent his aid toward bringing Mrs. Gillette into the desired haven, by grasping her elbow and making an upward "haul."

The courteous crowd tittered; Karen's smile was grateful.

"Thank you!" said her soft, yet vibrant tones. "My mother is rather more tired than would seem excusable in any one upon this lovely afternoon. I hope Mrs. Wilkes and the young ladies are enjoying the sunset?"

Turning for a last look at it, she was in the full stream of warm, rich light palpitating from the burning west, yet a shiver ran over her—so people averred afterward—as if a frosty breeze had struck her.

Marion Harland.

MODERN POETS.



N enthusiastic admirer of contemporary poetry declares that we recognize no Keats or Byron in the multitude of youthful poets of this day, not because there is no such genius among them, but that it follows from the fact that they all stand upon a higher level than the mass of poets of any other day, and that posterity will single out many stars of the first and second magnitude where we are as yet confused by numbers.

Whether we would all agree with this opinion is extremely doubtful, if we are to confine ourselves to the youngest class of poets; but it is an unquestioned fact, at least, that less bad poetry passes for good now than ever before, and also that that unattached critic, the world at large, gains a more discriminating insight as he grows older. We do not deny that much trash is written and published, nor even that much of it pleases the popular fancy, and becomes well-known and often quoted: but, at the same time, we may claim that even the ordinary newspaper and magazine poetry is of a better class than it has been in the past, while few volumes of poems are now published which are entirely worthless from an artistic stand-point. Perhaps competition is doing in art what it has done in trade, and teaches the literary aspirant that his light will be eclipsed by the next man's shadow if it is only a rush-light masquerading as a star.

Not that anyone who has once contracted the literary fever is easily cured of it, but the would-be poet of to-day knows that he must have something to recommend him; that verses carelessly thought out and more carelessly executed will never make him a place among the earnest, painstaking men who never write lazily: Consequently those who, even if they have little to say,

must talk, at least exert themselves to do so as well as they can.

But there is one feature in the present phase of poetry which at first makes us a little sceptical as to whether the fittest is surviving this time. The tendency of the age is toward intellectual gymnastics of all kinds, perhaps, but in poetry it is particularly evident that this is the case, till we are tempted to think that of all the men in the arena, it is the skilful contortionist who gains the most applause. Looking at the matter superficially, we regret this, and long for less mechanism, and talk to ourselves of the beauty and dignity in the simple versification of the great masters, and after reading and re-reading some magazine rondeau or triolet in the vain hope of finding a thought hidden in its correct and intricate measures, we turn, perhaps, to Burns, with a sense of relief and refreshment.

A longer and more thoughtful consideration of the matter, however, makes even this tendency seem a favorable sign of the poetical times, and shows us that our first opinion was both ill-judged and unfair. How can we expect to find a Wordsworth or a Shelley in each rhymester? The man who writes an Italian sonnet without chiselling out one thought would not put any more inspiration into the veriest doggerel, and we can at least be grateful for the pleasure he gives our ear in his pleasing cadences, and should refrain from blaming him for not producing more than he has in him. One is inclined to think that the reason we expect more of these versifiers than we ever have of others of their class, is that they do such good work in this way that we unconsciously compare them with the giants they never claim to emulate. Is it not a gain that the periodicals should refuse all verse not free from at least grave faults of metre and rhythm, when we think that by this rule we are given nothing to lower our standard, nothing actually poor in every way? Such a restriction cannot discourage that genius which has an infinite capacity for taking pains.

Or when we study more carefully those marvellous works whose simplicity we admire, we discover more and more that it is the artlessness that comes from consummate art, the disregard of rule which proceeds from such a perfect comprehension of all rules as places the poet above them. Occasionally we meet with an exceptional genius like Burns, who seems to have known all the laws of poetry instinctively, but we gather this from our acquaintance with the circumstances of his life, not from his disregard of those laws which he followed scrupulously, although the knowledge and appreciation of them were born with him, not acquired. But in most poets, even the greatest, the very mechanical construction of the verse is studied, and few can hope for the title of poet who have not expended much labor in this direction. Tennyson's intricate alliterations and perfect smoothness are the result of such absolute knowledge that it becomes instinctive and without conscious effort, while even that breaker of all rules of rhythm and syntax, Browning, *knows how* to be musical and correct.

We laugh at the modern craze for sonnet writing, but never cease to love those of Wordsworth and Keats; we groan at the ever-recurring ballades and rondels, but must not forget that they are clever educators in the science of Versification, and that Pope warns us "Those move easiest who have learned to dance." Poetry is too great a queen for any of her courtiers to serve her in slovenly attire with lazy carelessness, and the reverence this age inculcates towards her cannot fail to have good results. No amount of refining can injure the pure gold, and, given the Divine Spark, the musician who understands most of the Science of Harmony improvises the simplest and sweetest lullaby. We cannot allow to all of these graceful rhymesters the title of poet, but the real diamonds in time shine out all the brighter for the careful setting, and the cheap stones are given their only merit by the patient labour which has cut and set so well. Better these than diamonds and pebbles lazily thrown into our laps, rough and unattractive, under the plea of simplicity.

Tom Hood says: "Versification is to Poetry what a parapet is to a bridge; it does not convey you across, but prevents

you from falling over." While Pope again says:

"Most by numbers judge a poet's song,
And smooth or rough with them is right or wrong."

But among the metrical contortionists, if we may be so disrespectful, we find men with much earnestness and beauty in their verse. Austin Dobson does not merely create machines, but always touches them with the wand of beauty and gives them souls; Philip Bourke Marston, whose sad life and early death have cast a pathetic light over his writings, certainly sang with truth as well as melody, though always in a minor key; Andrew Lang, Gilder, and Edmund Gosse are all good examples of poets who do put thought into their graceful work. Swinburne, of course, has the most power in this direction, though his many mannerisms injure his poems.

Among Americans, H. C. Bunner has much metrical skill and grace. The so-called *vers de société* are popular and often deservedly so.

One is inclined to ask the world to wait patiently a few years till the full powers of this school are developed, and see what they may then do. They are beginning at the right end, they are studying anatomy before they attempt to paint the human body, they are learning the alphabet before they begin to write. Already we see signs of thought and insight which will show more clearly as the laws to which these men are confining themselves become parts of their being. When we think over the list of living poets, these are the ones who, after all, aim at the highest ideal. Others are contented to be laws unto themselves, but these who try to follow humbly the great universal laws of versification and poetry, assume a more respectful and at the same time a more aspiring mien. It is a good sign when a generation takes anything real, seriously; and poetry is very real, and certainly this generation takes it very seriously, which is a thing to be thankful for, not to smile at.

Though strictly obeyed laws fail to create a poet, they do make the verse of rhymesters pleasing and attractive, while to the poet who is born, they are not hampering restrictions, but steps which he knows so well that he climbs them, unseeing, to the heights of his inspiration.

Maria Bowen Chapin.



CHERRIES.

SWEET is summer at cherry-time,
And sweet first love—when they bloom to-
gether.

Fain would I, in a chanson-rhyme
Sing one summer and cherry-time,
Breath of lilies, clover, and thyme,
Blowing fancy, light as a feather,
Back to the summer and cherry-time
When cherries and first love fell together.

In the orchard the boughs were red ;
Edith's eyes they were dark and shy.
We but walked where the pathway led,
Out to the orchard with cherries red.
Birds were twittering overhead ;
Rich in clusters against the sky
Hung the cherries, all ripe and red
Edith's eyes were demure and shy.

White and golden with marguerite
Lay the fields as we walked along ;
Crickets were chirping about our feet,
Among the meadows of marguerite ;
All the world was so blithe and sweet,
We in sympathy trilled a song,
As through the ripples of marguerite
White on the meadows, we walked along.

Around, above us, in flower, in tree,
 Birds and crickets in concert sang
 Glee and matins—*chee-weep! whirr-ee!*
 Around, above us, in flower, in tree.
 'Wildered and half bewitched were we
 With such music and mirth as rang
 Around, above us, in flower, in tree,
 While birds and crickets in concert sang.

Pink as a wild rose, pale as cream,
 Wearing a wee, coquettish bonnet,
 Edith looked like a dainty dream—
 Pink as a wild rose, pale as cream,
 Artless, fresh, as the clear sunbeam
 That through the tree and the cherries on it
 Kissed her cheeks' pale rose and cream,
 Dimpled beneath the tiny bonnet.

Under the orchard's leafy tent,
 Shade and sunlight shimmering o'er us;
 Wreathed and laden the light boughs bent,
 Under the orchard's leafy tent;
 And, like the robins that came and went,
 We were gay at the feast before us,
 Under the orchard's leafy tent,
 Shade and sunlight shimmering o'er us.

That was all.—It was cherry-time,
 All abloom, and divinest weather.
 Surely, loving is not a crime
 In the summer at cherry-time.
 We knew not, in that year's young prime,
 All we know now, no more together.
 Alas! sweet summer and cherry-time,
 And alas! first love, that they fly together.

Henry Tyrrell.

JAMES EMORY'S INDEPENDENCE DAY.



HOUSE in an unfashionable street in New York. Noon of the Fourth of July, and as hot as the proverbial Fourth is supposed to be. In the third story of the above-mentioned house were two back rooms, occupied by James Emory, his wife and year-old boy.

Anna Emory had once been very pretty, with the pink and white complexion which is remarkable for its beauty and the rapidity with which it fades. She had never been plump, but now her neat print gown barely concealed the sharp angles of her slight figure. Her face was of an opaque whiteness, and lines of worry and weariness began to be permanent between the calm, deep-set eyes. The daughter of a well-to-do farmer, she had never "done washing and ironing" till within the past year, but now the red and roughened hands told their own story. The heavy, light hair was strained back from the low forehead. Her mother, whom she had left a year before, would hardly have recognized her. That they had not met in all these months was owing to the fact that the mother, while able to walk about the house with the aid of a crutch, was such a cripple from rheumatism that she could not undertake the four hours journey to New York; and the daughter pleaded that her "housekeeping cares" rendered it necessary for her to remain in town. To-day she looked as if she had not had a breath of fresh air in a month. She sat by the cradle, rocking it in a listless fashion, her eyes fixed on



"SHE SAT BY THE CRADLE, ROCKING IT IN A LISTLESS FASHION."

her husband, who, seated opposite, appeared not to notice the shadow of sadness around the sensitive mouth. He was a sturdy, wholesome-looking man, his most remarkable feature being the square jaw, betokening a will amounting to obstinacy. He had honest eyes and a happy laugh. But this noon he was not laughing and the eyes were clouded by a frown. The post-man had just left a letter for Anna, and this was the present topic of conversation.

The sun poured in at the curtainless windows and the baby wailed piteously,—the moaning cry of an ill child.

With an impatient exclamation Emory closed the rickety outside blinds.

"What a noise that boy makes when we want to talk!" he muttered.

The mother lifted the little one from the cradle, and began pacing the room with him.

"James," she implored, "won't you please just read that letter of Father's?"

"It won't do any good, Anna! I am bound to be independent. Your father thought we were foolish to come to town and I certainly don't want to accept his help to get back to the country."

The wife steadied her voice to calmness.

"But, dear, Father is not offering to help you. All he says is that Mr. Morgan wants an assistant farmer and that he thinks you could fill the place. Ma wants us to live at home with them—I could be lots of help around the house and we could pay board. We could be independent then. We would be doing them a kindness, because its lonesome for them all alone on the farm."

Her husband gave a short, hard laugh, and set his jaw stubbornly.

"You're an almighty arguier, Anna! Of course its no great kindness your father's showing us. He hasn't seen you in so long, and he's crazy to get you home again. But perhaps you forget that when we were talking about coming to town, he said, 'James, my boy, you're making a mistake, I guess. But if you ever want a place in the country again, let me know.' And I said, 'Not if I know it, sir! I am independent and shan't require any help.' And if we *are* hard up—and the Lord knows we are—I won't go back to the country after what I said!"

The child had ceased moaning and had sunk into a light doze. Anna laid him down gently, and then turned to her husband, her eyes flashing, and her face twitching.

"Independent!" she exclaimed bitterly. "I hate the word! It has brought us nothing but trouble! Your position was not what you expected, and then you lost it. Since then you have been looking for work, and here we are! All my money, all yours gone, not ten dollars left! You, Baby and I shut up in this hot city in two rooms, and next month we won't be able to pay for even these. I have tried to be brave, but my patience and faith are gone. My baby is ill—to save him you might give up some of your pride!"

The outburst ended in a torrent of tears and sobs.

The man looked stunned.

"Why, Anna!" he said, "I thought you were more plucky, and wouldn't go back on me."

"Oh, James, I want to go home! I want to go to the old place! They don't know how poor we are,—unless they guess

it from the fact that we never pay them visits, and on account of my telling Pa we had no accomodations for him if he came to see us. But I cannot stand *that*," pointing to the wasted little form on the bed. "I am tired of starving!"

With a gasp the father stooped down and kissed the sleeping child.

"Poor little chap!" he whispered.

His wife caught him by the arm.

"James, if you love him and me, give in for once!"

His countenance grew set and hard.

"I will *not*!" he said. "This is a nice way to keep up a man's courage! I thought you were one of the few women who didn't cry and nag. I've done the best I could to get work. You know that it isn't my fault I'm out of a job. I've kept steady and straight, have never even touched a drop of liquor. But what's the use of talking!" turning away and picking up his hat. "I'm going out, I don't know when I'll be back!"

The door closed. He was gone.

At five o'clock, when the doctor came in to see the baby, he found the mother walking the floor with the little one in her arms, the feverish cheek resting against her pale one. She said the sound of the fire-crackers made him so nervous she could quiet him in no other way.

James Emory had few acquaintances in town, and those few were off celebrating the holiday. So all the afternoon he wandered about town, too angry and proud to go home, and too miserable to go anywhere else. He had no appetite and ate no supper. Nine o'clock at night found him, jaded and faint, seated on the bench in one of the public squares, listening to the band which was giving a free concert. The place was thronged with over-wearied, hard-working people, who, strolling along the electric and moon-lighted walks, were seeking recreation and cool air. Emory noticed that some women had their babies out, even though the dew was falling.

"The poor things must get some outing, and can't leave the young ones at home," he mused.

How about Anna? When had she had an "outing"?

The thought annoyed him. He shook his head impatiently, and turned his attention to the music.

The band was playing a familiar waltz. Anna had learned to dance when she was

at boarding-school. He had been to Madison Academy and while there some of the fellows had taught him. The "old people" gave Anna a party the June she "finished school." They played that waltz during the evening, and he and Anna danced together. She was so pretty! It was that same night he told her he had loved her for a long time. It was out on the porch in the moonlight. How pleasant the place was! No wonder Anna loved it!

Two women behind him were talking. He wished they would not speak so loudly. He did not want to listen to what they said.

"And how is Jane gettin' on?" queried one.

"Oh, she is mis'able an' peaked. She ain't ben the same sence her baby's death, it'll be two weeks to-morrow."

"What was the matter?"

"Cholery infantum. Its dretful how city young ones is a dyin' by hundreds this season!"

"An' no wonder! The town ain't no place for puppies—let alone babies!"

They passed on. James was glad. He wanted to hear the music. Oh, yes, that Erminie lullaby! Anna used to sing that to baby, and he would laugh and coo. He never laughed nor cooed now, poor little fellow! If they only had the money to take him away somewhere! But, no, the only place they could go would be to Anna's home, and he had said he would be independent.

"Squeak the fife, and beat the drum,
Independence Day has come!"

shouted a small boy near him.

What had Anna said about independence? That she hated the word? No wonder! She did not know what it meant now. She did before she married him. Then she lived in the country, on the farm, which had always been her home, and where she could wander out of doors all day long. How she used to enjoy taking care of the chickens! James smiled as he remembered how the fowls she had raised followed her all over the place, and how she would laugh at their eagerness to be fed. What a gay little thing she was! But now she was different. Why? Well, of course her life was changed. She had given up her home and family because he wished it, and was at present in the city and in two rooms. He had not allowed her to accept any help from home, or to

go back there. Then, too, her baby was ill,—could it be *dying*? He sprang to his feet. What did the noisy woman say? "The city ain't no place for puppies—let alone babies!" The other one remarked that "they was a dyin' by hundreds!"

The concert was nearly over. The strains that reached James' ear were "Home, Sweet Home." Visions of green fields mingled oddly in his mind with the stifling smells and sounds of city life as he hurried towards his home—the two rooms in the third story back tenement.

After her husband's departure in the glaring noon, Anna had little to do but to attempt to quiet the baby, who was constantly startled by the report of the horse-pistols and miniature cannon with which young America delights to celebrate the date of our nation's birth. It would be unpatriotic to wonder how many tiny representatives of our race are hurried out of existence by these glorious manifestations. Perhaps some such thought occurred to Anna Emory as she walked back and forth, back and forth across the narrow room during the long hot afternoon, the light burden leaning on her shoulder, making her arm at first painful, and then numb. And still she walked on till the doctor came and gave the child an opiate and said he would be more comfortable on the bed. So she laid the little fellow down, and, till long after dark continued her weary walk alone, thinking, trying to understand what the doctor had said, going over and over again the letter from home, her husband's anger, her own outburst of temper. They had not been in the habit of quarreling. It was strange to think of what had been said that noon. Somehow, she could not feel, could realize nothing. She only hoped she might remember to tell James she was sorry if she had been unkind. Of course, he was to blame too. But she had spoken hastily. Yet why should she not? She had been angry with him. All the trouble they had ever known in their married life had arisen from his obstinacy. Still, he had been a good husband. Till to-day he had never spoken unkindly to her, and had tried to make her happy in all respects but one. He absolutely refused to let her return home, even on a visit, until he could prove to her father that he had been right in coming to town. She had been foolish ever to consent to the city project.



"THE TOWN AIN'T NO PLACE FOR PUPPIES—LET ALONE BABIES."

—(See page 300.)

For the first few months of their married life James had been head-farmer for a wealthy man in the neighborhood. He received excellent pay, and they had lived on the old farm peacefully and happily. Then there came this offer from a New York friend, and James was never satisfied till it was accepted. But what a mistake it had been, to give up a surety for an uncertainty, for it had proved worse than an uncertainty—a failure! And still he would not go back home. She had hoped that this letter of her father's would change his mind. It was of no use. She would just stop hoping and expecting. If only she could die with her baby! But she wanted to see home once more!

The moon was shining clearly. It was late,—past bed-time. The gas had not been lighted in her room. The night was so bright there was no need of it. She walked to the window and looked out. The silver light softened even the factory chimneys, and made the city seem fair. Anna knew just how it looked out in the country to-night, how sweet and pure the air was, how the old people had sat out on the farm-house porch talking till their bed-time,—fully an hour ago.

A great longing seized her. She sank on her knees by the window.

"O Lord, I am helpless! Can't *you* change my husband's mind?"

The lower door closed with a bang. There were footsteps on the stairs.

She held her breath to listen. She had been almost afraid that—but no, she need not have feared anything of that sort. James had spoken truly—he never touched a drop of liquor.

The door opened and the husband entered. He crossed the room and stood beside her. How could she find courage to tell him how ill his boy was? The bitter thought, "it is his own fault," flashed through her mind. She waited for him to speak.

"Well, Anna, I am sorry I left you so long alone, dear! My poor girl!"

His tenderness amazed her, and softened her heart towards him.

"James," she began eagerly. "I am sorry I was cross this morning!"

"Don't say anything about that, Anna." Then he glanced at the child.

"How is baby? Has the doctor been here?"

At this anxious question all her bitter

feelings returned. He had himself to thank for the little one's illness.

"Yes," she answered.

"What did he say?"

"That baby will die."

He staggered and leaned against the window for support.

"Did he say there wasn't anything could save him?"

No answer.

"Anna! did he say anything could save him?"

"Yes."

"What? Tell me quick!"

"I can't tell you!"

"Why can't you?" Then he remembered as in a flash what those women in the park had said about "city-babies."

"Anna! did he say it would save the boy's life to take him out of town?"

"Yes."

"And you said—?"

She sprang to her feet, catching her breath convulsively.

"I said that we were not rich people to be taking our child out of town to spend the summer months; that it was all very well for people with money to talk,—that their babies could live—ours must die!"

The child woke up with a frightened moan. In an instant the father was by the bed quieting him with soothing words.

Anna stood gazing out at the silvered housetops till her husband's voice roused her.

"Anna, he is asleep again."

He was trembling violently. She laid her hand on his shoulder.

"What is the matter, James?"

He drew her to him and covered her face with kisses.

"If you don't object, Anna, I'll telegraph your father telling him I'll take Mr. Morgan's offer. We'll try to get off to-morrow." He broke off with a sob. "Oh, Anna my 'independence' has been sin! Help me, dear, help me to be a better man!"

"My poor boy," she whispered, "how cruel and hard I have been!"

After a few minutes they crossed the room and stood looking at their sleeping child.

"Poor little chap!" the father murmured. "Dear wife, he will soon be running around feeding the chickens, the way you used to!"

A "God bless you, James!" was the only answer.

Virginia Franklyn.



BAY VIEW.

MICHIGAN not only proudly leads her sisters in being the greatest lumber producing State in the Union; in salt works exceeding those of any other State; in the most productive fresh water fisheries; in apples unsurpassed in excellence in any country in the world; in having the largest celery gardens, and the richest copper mines known; in pioneering an agricultural school; and leading advanced Europe in her care for dependent and neglected children with a state public school; and in numbering more students in her university than are found in any other institution of learning, but she also affords the largest number of summer resorts, for health and pleasure, along her great lakes. Particularly is this true all along the shore from Traverse City, on the extreme south of Grand Traverse Bay to the island of Mackinac, which is set apart by the Government as one of its parks and dedicated to the pleasures of the American people for all time to come.

Among the notable summer resorts, none are to be found more desirable for beauty of location than Bay View, with its many acres in the midst of pleasant scenery, its grand old forests, and the clear blue waters of Little Traverse Bay in the foreground, with its pebbly beach, and farther out its water-lilies, accepting the kisses of the fluttering light sparkles, while the abrupt rise and regular form of the several natural terraces give an unbounded view of Little Traverse Bay and Lake Michigan.

Year by year this popular resort has been growing in public favor, and its fame extending in every direction, until to-day pleasure seekers gather there from all parts of the country.

It is a wonder to many that this pleasant spot was not discovered long ago. How has it been kept from public patronage and wide renown these many years? is an oft-recurring question. Although without the burden—or blessing, as you will—of long years, Bay View has a history as thrilling

as many an older resort, and back of this history lies tradition antedating Plymouth Rock or St. Augustine. Indeed, it is a fact that for centuries before Father Marquette, or La Salle, or any other of the hardy discoverers who attempted to explore and Christianize the wilds of the great lake region and the Mississippi Valley, had braved the storms of Lake Superior or basked in the summer calm at the Straits of Mackinac, the Indians had made it the general practice to visit northern Michigan in great numbers. They appreciated fully the quiet beauties of the scenery, the delightful climate, pure air, sparkling water, the pleasures of the chase, of capturing the finny tribes, and knew quite as well as their pale-face brothers do now, where to find the greatest enjoyment during their summer outing.

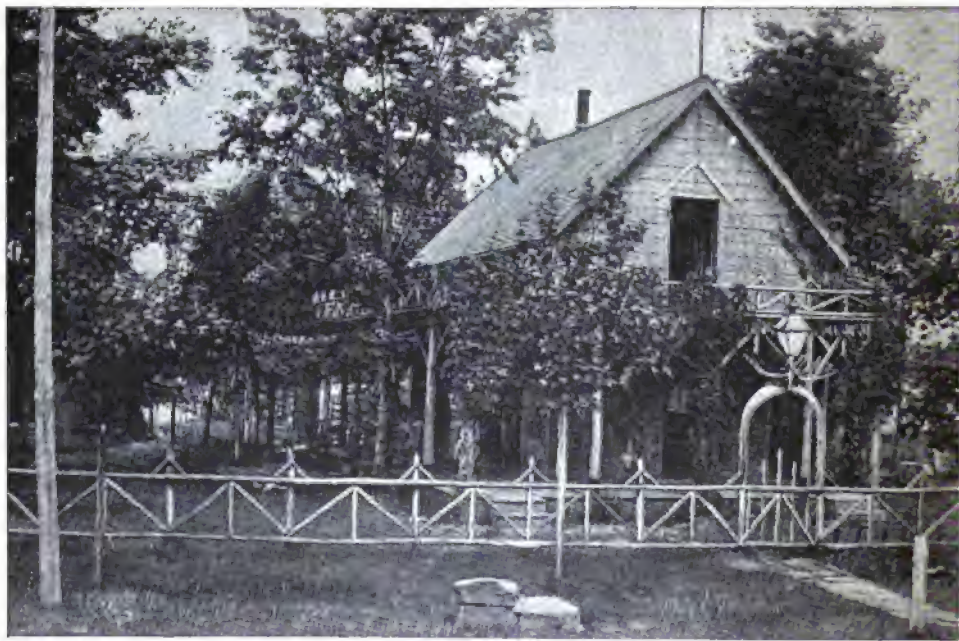
There are also evidences scattered along this whole Grand Traverse region that the Mound Builders rested here on their long pilgrimages from Mexico to the copper mines of Lake Superior. The sites of several ancient manufactories of stone arrow-heads are determined by the presence of great numbers of chips of flint, or hornstone, the refuse of material used for making arrow-heads.

The flora about here is very rich. Not only is the face of the country covered

with a dense forest of magnificent hardwood trees, and a wonderfully luxuriant undergrowth of wild fruits, luscious red raspberries, strawberries, whortleberries, blueberries, and gooseberries, but the vines and flowers make the woods a paradise for the botanist.

Here also grow the divining rods of the witch hazel, "to indicate the presence of deep springs of water." Some of these are from twenty to seventy feet higher up than the habitable ground, and furnish an abundant supply of clear, cool water, clear to invisibility and like materialized air, while in other places the water bursts into luminous beauty from the depths below.

Little Traverse Bay, on whose right arm rests this resort, has an inexhaustible charm in waters which vary in color, according to depth, from the deepest hornblend to the palest apple-green, so that the ripples in the wake of a vessel glitter with emeralds and diamonds. Looking across the bay, one sees the silver water gleam against the black-green foliage of the wood beyond, and this extending away and away in endless interlacing lines of green treetops, softening and enriching the landscape, until all melt into the hazy sky. But this beautiful body of water is somewhat variable in its nature, and who can tell of its moods, its smiles and frowns, its loud murmurings



COTTAGE OF MR. RALPH CONNABLE, BAY VIEW.



CAMP-MEETING, 1876.

of unrest when the fierce winds come down in power upon it; its low sobbings after the storm; its sweet answers to the breeze; its splendor when the moon flings a robe of silver over it, or when the sun, making it a mirror, rejoices in his own reflected image, or drops out of sight in Lake Michigan?

Gathering agates is a popular amusement of the thousands of visitors who keep the lapidaries busy in cutting and polishing the specimens of agatized coral which are continually being torn up in small fragments by the action of the waves, and are washed ashore.

Pretty paper-weights, cane and umbrella handles, and other souvenirs are thus carried home as mementos of the summer vacation.

The swift pickerel plays hide-and-seek in these waters with the timid fish, at which he darts, and of which he makes a breakfast at one sweep of his wide jaws. Black bass are found in greater perfection, and the muskallonge in larger size than in almost any other region in the United States. The latter fish not infrequently attains a length of seven feet, and a weight of from sixty to seventy pounds. Trout and grayling also abound in the bay or the streams near at hand. To the fisherman the name "brook-trout" arouses an inspiration and a fever that nothing short of landing a big one safely, and then eating him when properly served, will allay. But the acme of piscatorial pleasure is not reached until

one has landed a grayling in his creel. Nowhere else on the entire American continent, so far as white men know, can a genuine grayling be found, save in the waters of the Manistee River and its tributaries, and in two or three other streams in the Grand Traverse region.

Many a hay-fever visitor or asthmatic sufferer pins his faith to the natural curative properties of the climate, as he is fanned by the balsamic winds bearing the perfume of the pines, the hemlocks, and the spruce and cedar of the northern forests. No other locality east of the Rocky Mountains is known where hay-fever patients can find absolute relief and cure. They gather in large numbers, and have organized a national association for giving information to others afflicted as they have been, concerning the beneficial effects from even a temporary residence in this paradise.

Æsthetically considered, Bay View is a poetic picture. The bay is here inclosed by high table-lands or higher hills that approach the water in a succession of natural terraces, which, having apparently been crowded back from the waters' edge by the formative process, arrange themselves into one vast natural amphitheatre 200 feet above the bay.

No more lovely and fitting tabernacle for the Chautauqua idea can be found. God made the place, and the Methodists found it about the time of centennial year,

and dedicated it to camp-meeting purposes, summer homes, and resting places. Ten years later the Assembly was introduced, and newness of life was seen everywhere.

The grand old forest trees, where the feathered tribes held their parliament and discussed the building question, grieved over the destruction of many of their number, made necessary by the call for new cottages; but the places of the fallen ones are being supplied by a vigorous growth of young trees, which shield with their grateful shade from the summer sun, and will in a few years afford an emerald awning for the whole ground. How vast the change between then and now! A few people came and sat down by the lake to be alone, and thousands more came and sat down beside them for the same reason! Then the vast sand-dunes, like mighty gray billows, stretched along these shores; now green turf, and fine streets, and miles of sidewalks and hundreds of cottages cover the same ground. Then a few plain tents, and simply constructed cottages satisfied the most ambitious; now there are some houses

as ornate as a Newport villa. Then the Missionary Sunday was the "big Sunday," the "event" of the ten days' camp-meeting season; now a Missionary Congress extends through several days, in charge of eminent leaders, with conferences, addresses, and popular meetings, while the religious and educational course lasts six weeks and its programme makes a book. Then a few preachers and people who could sing made the best they could of the music; now Prof. C. C. Case conducts a grand chorus, and organ and piano and violins and clarionets roll out a volume of music that lifts preachers and people like the tides of the sea. Then the Methodists alone enjoyed the rich treat; now everybody gets new physical, mental, and spiritual energy for life's duties. Then the people gathered in the leafy grove for service; now in a tabernacle accommodating two or three thousand, while special buildings have been added for departmental work.

First came the Chautauqua Cottage with spacious reception-room and parlor, and broad veranda, where the fraternity may gather for vespers, receptions, and Round Tables. Next, the Summer Schools had to be provided for, and a building, well planned and especially adapted to the work, was provided. It has a frontage of seventy feet, is fifty feet deep, and is three, and in some parts four, stories high. There are a lecture-room, classrooms, office, library, and museum, reception-room, and thirty-five dormitories for the faculty and Assembly workers. This Summer University now ranks among the largest and best in the country. With a College of Liberal Arts, under a select faculty from the leading colleges and universities, it has established a reputation for high-grade work, and there teachers may see illustrated by instructors, from primary and kindergarten normal departments up to university classes in all branches, the method and enthusiasm which have made their own work so successful. A model normal hall has been erected, which is thought to be the largest and best in the continent of America. The building has a frontage of forty-six feet and is sixty-eight feet deep. The main class or assembly-room has, with



A WALK IN THE FOREST PARK.



LAWN TENNIS AT BAY VIEW.

its gallery, a seating capacity of nearly four hundred. A large and artistically decorated parlor opens into the assembly-room with sliding-doors. In the second story are a spacious, well-furnished hall and superintendent's office. The galleries are intended for a library and museum, for which special collections are being made. Casts of the Moabite and Rosetta stones were ordered from the British Museum. The third story is devoted to sleeping apartments which are reserved for lecturers and Sunday-school workers. The course of Sunday-school normal instruction is especially prepared for Bay View, and is in use in twenty-nine States and Territories.

The Bible School is particularly rich in privileges, and attracts wide attention, with conspicuous scholars at the head of the departments from Yale and other institutions.

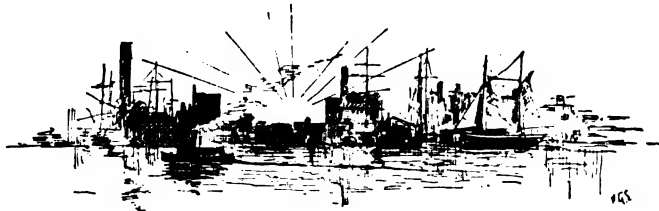
Bay View has become a rallying point for the members of the W.C.T.U., and

under most efficient leadership the School of Methods is of great practical service and popular interest, where workers of national reputation conduct meetings in Juvenile work, Physical Culture, Parliamentary Usage, and White Shield work. A building is being erected at this writing for these meetings, which it is supposed will eclipse anything on the grounds in ornateness and excellence.

What visions of delight are awakened at the mention of the Assembly, which with its varied programmes supplements the university classes! Seventeen meetings a day furnish a mental bill of fare that compels fine discrimination. The spiritual nature is carefully looked after with attractive devotional meetings. A most brilliant platform programme is provided with an array of the best lecture talent of the country. Among the names which will make the coming season of unusual attractiveness, are: Rev. Drs. F. W. Gunsaulies, O. H. Tiffany, J. T. Duryea, Russell H. Conwell, and Chaplin McCabe. Marion Harland, Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, and Mrs. Mary A. Livermore will be there; and so will Geo. W. Cable, Prof. J. C. Freeman, and Mr. Alexander Black. The Fisk Jubilee Singers, the Ben Hur Tableaux, and several celebrated soloists are announced.

A fine circulating library has been added to the many other attractions, and publishers and authors, as well as residents, contribute generously, not of the unsalable and out-of-date books, but their best and choicest publications.

Frances J. Baker.



A BIT OF OPEN GROUND.

"WE will drive around, now, to the spot where the old house stood," said our host.

The July day was fast fading into dusk, the sun sending a parting glory of gold and flame and silver-green over the gently rippling Potomac. Seventeen of us, light-hearted boys and girls with a sprinkling of elders a trifle more sedate, had driven down through the sweet-scented piny woods of eastern Virginia for a bath in waters salt with the brine of the Chesapeake. But now the frolic was ended. The motley collection of hastily improvised bathing suits was safely stowed away; the last stray hat and ribbon, belt and basket were gathered up and restored, each to its owner, and with a delicious sense of drowsiness, marred only by the occasional sticky down-trickle of salt drops from hair too thoroughly saturated for absolute comfort, we climbed into the various conveyances waiting to carry us—home? Not quite yet. There was a bit of ground, perhaps half a mile away, made sacred one long-ago spring morning by the first opening of a pair of blue, wondering baby eyes.

Washington's birthplace! The home of the farmer boy who grew to be the hero of Valley Forge and the saviour of a newborn nation! Not one of us but longed to stand where his sturdy little bare feet had left their childish impress.

We had lately spent a day at Mount Vernon, the home of Washington's later years, and had come away awed and hushed by the strange spell of age and dreamless quiet that haunts its box-bordered walks and shaded slopes without, and broods over every quaint room inside the mansion-house. Could the past speak to us as plainly from the simple grass-grown bit of mother-earth toward which we were now driving silently in the fast-gathering summer twilight?—Listen! But it is only the murmur of swaying leaves, and the faint sleepy chirp of birds high among the way-side branches—nature's voices, telling over the same old story that they whispered a century ago.

We have left the main road, now, and

turned aside into a narrow wagon-track, stretching between tall rows of rustling corn. The tasselled heads nod to us as we pass; the long, sword-like leaves beckon and sway with a ceaseless monotonous vibration like that of waves upon the sand. Far off, in the edge of a dark cluster of trees, a whip-poor-will cries sorrowfully.

The foremost carriage is stopping already. Our whole procession, phaeton, village-cart, old-fashioned "rockaway," and spring-wagon, winding along the red ruts of the uneven lane, comes to a sudden halt in the midst of the corn-field. Just ahead we see a tiny, open space, looking, under the wide sky, hardly as large as a good-sized room in a modern mansion. Can this be the spot where the logs were piled for that rude cabin in whose doorway sweet-faced Mary Washington sat, many a summer night like this, her foot on the rocker of the old-fashioned cradle, singing her baby asleep while the shadows fell, and the leaves rustled softly, and the whip-poor-will sang, just as he sings now?

Even the children's voices are hushed as we stand, ankle-deep in the tall grass, bending eagerly around our leader, who knows the spot so well, that even in the dusk he stoops, parts the rank green blades, and shows here and there a fragment of dim crumbling stone.

"Part of the foundation-line itself. And that pile of brick, to the south, there, is all that is left of the last chimney. It stood out bravely against time till a year or so ago, but the old mower struck it down at last. And here, you see this fig-tree? They say it stood close by the window of the very little room where Washington was born."

He broke off a cluster of the furry, deep-lobed leaves, and handed them with a courtly bow to the pretty, enthusiastic little western school-ma'am who stood at his right. She held half-a-dozen oddly-shaped bits of brick from the old chimney in the dainty white overskirt now gathered up in her hand, and almost dropped the precious load in the eagerness with which she fastened the fig branch in her button-hole.

"We know so little of his boyhood.



"AND SHOWS HERE AND THERE A FRAGMENT OF DIM CRUMBLING STONE."
—(See page 308.)

What stories that old tree could tell!" she said, half to herself. "To think of this one little spot lying untouched from year to year, in the midst of change on every hand—it is like a sudden hush in the world's clamor. No plough furrows this bit of sod; not a kernel of corn is dropped here in the spring planting. All these years, while the world has been hurrying and crowding on, this little space has been left sacredly alone under the blue sky, because here a baby was born who grew to be a hero. A wonderful monument, this pillar of space, reaching as high as heaven!"

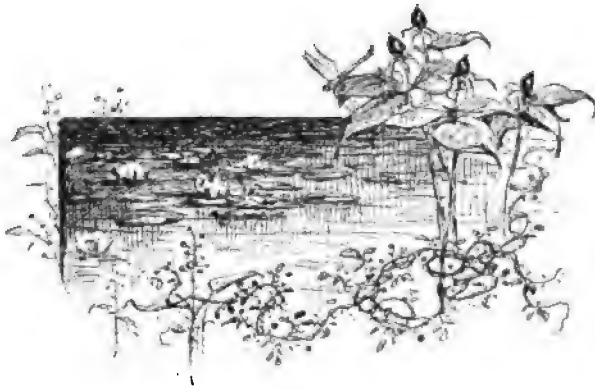
"There has been talk of a more substantial one," said our host, smiling. "Several parties have been down from time to time to see about buying the lot, here, and setting up a stone abomination of some sort. Last year some men from Washington had a fine plan for grading and paving the bit of ground, walling it in, and exhibiting it at so much a head. But no doubt it will be kept in the family. The owner—and he owns all this farm-land, clear to the creek yonder—married a Miss Washington, a daughter of the old lady who is supposed

to be the nearest living relative of our First President.—Listen! You can hear the water ripple! It is wonderfully still to-night—no, not the river, that is the creek we hear, only an arm of the Potomac.—Sleepy, Dolly? Papa will carry you. It is growing late."

The moon was rising, throwing long shadows down the rows of corn. In its pale light the tall stalks looked more than ever like giants with slowly waving arms, bending and whispering together. For a moment no one spoke, as we turned for a parting look. Again, in the hush, fell the plaintive note: *Whip-poor-will*.

To the south the creek murmured drowsily on its way to the river, and so through the broader bay, on out into the ocean. Was it not a type of the life that began more than a hundred years ago besides its banks? Quiet and obscure at first, it gathered strength and impetus with the years, till, at the last, the whole restless current of the mighty human sea was stirred by its onward sweep.

Jessie C. Glasier.



AFTER THE QUARREL.

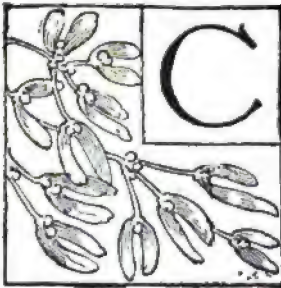
YES, I forgive you; suffering makes us dread
All pain too much, ourselves a blow to deal;
Yet nought can make the hidden wound
quite heal.

Nor all the tears that you or I may shed,
Nor all the love the future may reveal,
Can bring again the subtle something fled.
Kate Thorne.



EDITED BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

THE SINGLE AIM.



CULTURE is much talked of in these days, but viewing the world, the feminine world especially, from the standpoint of what might be done, the accomplishments are disappointing. Men have valid excuses to offer. Their energies and their time are devoted to labors for procuring the necessities of life for themselves and their families, and many a forfeiture of superior innate tastes and talents is made under the pressure of this imperative obligation. Coming fatigued from the hardships of the day, recreation and amusement seem needful, and are not condemnable; but praiseworthy indeed is it when the choice is that which tends to self-improvement.

Among women the case is different. What an abundance of precious time do they waste!—time which might be utilized not only to their own inestimable advantage, but to the good of the world, which can never have too many earnest workers. Social affairs forever absorb the time and thought of the young women, and such

study as they undertake is of the most superficial character, and is most superficially done. Exceptions there are, serving, as exceptions do, merely to prove the rule. Some reading they do, too,—“literature,” they call it,—poor, light vapor of latest sensational fiction.

Those having attained to matronly responsibilities insist upon the overwhelming duties of the home. If their whole time really is absorbed thus, it casts grave reflections upon their skill in the management of affairs. Vast spaces of time are easily found for frivolous and non-productive uses which might be given to cultivating their higher faculties, to their elevation of themselves as women. What are the infinite hours devoted to social purposes but hours of leisure? Moderate indulgence of this sort is not to be deplored, but this phase of life should not be merely a dissipation. Somewhat of the instructive element should enter into it, through the interchange of thought between well-furnished minds. Faint, far glimmerings of this idea do some women obtain, and to this end they actually read books of solid qualities, the result being an adornment of the conversation with brilliant coruscations, which are like the flashing of jewels hung about the neck, mere reflected and refracted rays of a borrowed light! The in-

ner self-supported glow of a strong soul is wanting.

The difficulty is in a lack of earnest persistent effort toward some definite and noble end. They are content to whiff the vapors of wisdom without quaffing its regenerating waters. To find one woman honestly bent on higher culture, most persons would need to pass beyond the boundaries of their circle of acquaintance. A sad truth is this to contemplate.

Mind is energy as real as any of the powers of nature, yet the mighty spiritual force of the millions of women's minds goes almost unimproved. The ancient notion, regarding woman as only an ornament and a housekeeper, has largely passed away in theory, but remains in fact. It is well to be thankful for so progressive a step as rendering this unworthy idea obsolete, but the simple edict of emancipation does not emancipate until the beneficiaries have been truly fitted to perform their higher functions. The harvest can only be reaped after each individual seed has been planted and nourished. In practice it becomes an extremely personal matter. The difficult task of arousing women to a thorough realization of the comparative wastefulness of their lives must in some way be accomplished. Noble-minded women, whose eyes are freed from blindness, would do well to return to the foundation, and insist that the education of girls should no longer be conducted with such light regard for the duties of exalted womanhood. What avails the little smattering of French and German, of history and *belles lettres*, this so-called "polite education," which is handed on from mother to daughter almost without change through successive generations? As Herbert Spencer has said, "The substantial has always been over-ridden by the ornamental." Conventionality is largely to blame for this long reign of the frivolous, and it is a tyranny to which none should yield. It is a relic of that innate love of adornment in primitive man akin to painted faces and trappings of colored beads. The claim made of fitting girls for society is a shallow excuse. Society is nothing more than one of the incidents of life. Whether we will or not, nature makes it so. We are forced to live for other and better things, and if we live *consciously* for them we will find that they provide us with precisely what society will most gladly welcome. Some one has

written, "Pitch upon that course of life which is most excellent, and custom will render it most delightful."

The brain of a woman is as certainly intended for use as that of a man. A large part of the world seems not to have realized this. The mind needs ceaseless replenishing throughout the whole life to make possible its proper efficiency. Food should be supplied to it as continuously as to the body, and equal care should there be in securing that which is wholesome and nutritious. Confections and condiments constitute a very poor diet. The majority of women are in more comfortable circumstances than they are aware of. There are few indeed who could not find an hour a day for good solid reading if they wished. There is a desire, too, for mental nourishment, as positive as that discomfort which reminds one of the need of a dinner, but its manifestations are not rightly comprehended. The world calls it *ennui*, and whoever suffers thus has been convicted by nature of indolence.

The only deliverance from this is for women to realize that objects in life exist for them as well as for men. Not sufficient is it to merely read, but every effort should be directed towards some supreme purpose, let it be the history of some nation, or of some period in the world's march through the ages; let it be art or architecture, botany, geology, chemistry, biology, whatever appeals most to the individual taste, but by all means let it be some one clearly defined thing, or group of things, which the student has determined to know and understand from surface to centre. Why must the field of science be left to men? Women are equal to its hardships. Indeed, they are peculiarly fitted for such labors. The operations of the laboratory, the whole round of microscopic studies, require the extremest patience, and delicacy in manipulation. The patience of woman and the skill of her fingers have received centuries of encomium, and were it better to employ these qualities in the manufacture of trifles for the parlor, or in solving the problems of nature, of life, and of human destiny? It would give a wholly new moral tone to the world if women would believe that for each and every one of them there should be a life work to which their energies should be consecrated.

But whether study is agreeable or not to the individual taste, there are two subjects

with which all should become thoroughly familiar. To possess a broad and complete knowledge of hygiene and physiology is a duty they owe to their children. Hardships are inseparable from human life; and if study is such to a woman, then she had better adopt burdens of this sort, in order to be able intelligently to protect and train her children, than to have severer trials forced upon her in witnessing the suffering of those she loves, and in seeing them, through warped and stunted faculties of mind, obliged to occupy less noble places in the world than might have been their portion. A woman working with such an object as this, working zealously as a man works for the means of subsistence, becomes a powerful instrument in the hands of Providence for the elevation of the race.

These two studies lie naturally nearest to woman. Results follow from the application of their principles promoting immediately her dearest interests. She will also find them the centre from which radiates a whole world of possible activity for her. Searching beyond the generalizations of others for the foundations upon which rest the laws of mind and the laws of health, she is speedily brought face to

face with the study of life itself, of the wonderful forms and modes of being as revealed in biology, and next she meets with chemistry and physics, dealing with the laws of matter which precede and make life possible. On the other hand, she is led into acquaintance with the true and the beautiful in art and letters, those worthy ornaments which lend a spiritual lustre to the soul.

There is also a reflex influence of such a course of life. It inevitably sweetens woman's nature, relieving her from the *ennui* and peevishness which empty minds and idle hands induce. She becomes self-contained, capable of broad views, while the contentment and joy of a consciousness of power and usefulness fills her with a serene peace. And this reacts again upon the bodily life, giving health and strength and vigor. Body and mind are intimately connected. The whole man must work harmoniously to produce happy results in any part. Finally, it makes her the sunlight of a blessed home, dispensing the purest warmth of love and tenderness, inspiring those about her with the spirit which makes what God intended,—creatures "but a little lower than the angels."

Lily E. Walker.

BUSINESS SELF-RELIANCE FOR WOMEN. IV.

TRAVELING.



SPECIALLY if alone, a woman who travels should possess mental backbone. My heart aches with sympathy when I count up the many ladies of my acquaintance who are

suffering from nervous disorders that would readily yield to change of scene and thought, yet who are doomed to the same narrow rou-

tine from year's end to year's end, because they lack the knowledge that makes travel without male escort safe and pleasurable.

The railroad and steamer companies make every effort to contribute to the comfort and safety of their lady passengers, and the official who should be guilty of rudeness or neglect would receive prompt dismissal. I early learned to pin my faith to a blue-coat and brass buttons, a faith that subsequent yearly travelling has but strengthened. I have invariably found officials both respectful and obliging, and have several times been the recipient of favors offered so delicately that I should

have esteemed myself no lady had I refused the courtesy. I have never yet met an official or passenger who, when treated as a gentleman, did not respond by acting like one; I have never hesitated to ask for any *necessary* service or information, and have never known a man so approached to presume upon the confidence shown in his manliness. But I must confess I have failed to meet the gallant railroad conductor painted by Miss Baylor, who stopped an express train in order to get a cup of tea for a lady passenger. From my own experience, I confidently affirm that it is not only safe for women to travel alone all over our own land, but that we can do so with comfort and enjoyment. More depends upon the woman herself than upon anything else. The quiet dignity of a self-respecting woman will repel insult.

Not even in love affairs is it more true than when travelling alone, that she who would be well served must know how to serve herself. You must yourself plan for your journey, you must yourself master all details of routes and connections, if you would reach your journey's end with peace of mind. This practical knowledge of ways and means is the first essential, ranking even before a well-filled purse; and it is within easy reach of every one.

When planning a journey, first consult a standard guide-book or authorized railroad time-table, and thoroughly master the details of your route: the exact time of starting, the changes and connections, and the hour of arrival at your destination. This is important, even if you are simply going to a neighboring city and will return the same day.

For convenience of illustration, let us suppose that you contemplate a trip from New York to Florida. On consulting a railroad map, you easily discover that Jacksonville is the gate city of that sunny land, while the guide-book treats of three great routes by land and as many by water.

The happy choice lies with yourself, and you elect to travel by rail; and as time is nothing, and varied and inspiring scenery everything, you decide on the road that passes between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghenies, through the Shenandoah Valley, and in sight of some of the famous battle-fields of the Civil War.

The intervals of packing are employed in refreshing your historical knowledge, in which occupation you succeed in interest-

ing your despondent relatives until they forget their evil prognostications.

Having chosen a route, the next point is to consult the ticket-agent of the road as to rates, connections, and any recent changes in the time-table.

For a journey of several days and nights, it is well to take a sleeper, which in the daytime is much easier than a parlor car.

Your berth in the sleeper must be secured several days, if not a full week, in advance. This may be done by letter, telegram, or in person. The mileage ticket must not be bought until the day of departure, especially if you travel on a limited ticket. When buying the latter, leave orders for an expressman to call at your house for your baggage, and have it checked through. See that the numbers on the check on the trunk and on the one given to you correspond. It is well to make a note of the number, in case of loss. When the check is in your possession and safely put away, you need have no thought of, or anxiety for, the safety of your trunks. The company is responsible. Should you lose your check, immediately notify the baggage-master of the station for which your baggage was checked, giving a minute description of each piece and the number on the check. After a short delay, a new check will be given you in payment of a small fee, and you will then obtain your possessions.

When it is impossible to check baggage through to your destination, it is a very simple matter to recheck it. Check to the most convenient place, where you can recheck to the desired station. This information may be obtained when you buy your ticket. Arrived at the station for which your baggage is checked, you may intrust the matter to the porter of your car, or you may easily attend to it. Any uniformed man will direct you to the baggage-room. Have ticket and check in readiness to be instantly produced; hand both to the baggage-man, who will return the ticket and the new check.

The Pullman conductor, whether of sleeper or parlor car, will ask for your train ticket as well as for your berth ticket. If you buy the latter on the train, you will receive a receipt, which the porter will demand. Do not fear to surrender your ticket to the Pullman conductor. He will relieve you of all necessity of having to show it to the train-conductors of the va-

rious roads over which you pass. With these preliminaries settled, you are free to enjoy the prospect, to study your travelling companions, to read, or to rest.

It is proper to call on the porter for any service. He will expect a fee at the end of the journey, and for any extra attention, such as making purchases at a station or sending a telegram. You may not approve of feeing, but your journey will be smoother if you conform to custom.

The sleepers on the long routes have usually a well-supplied buffet. But it is economy to carry luncheon, and then order hot coffee or tea, bouillon, or boiled eggs. Tables, dishes, and service will be supplied by the porter. Inns are provided at regular intervals along the Trunk lines running through the South where well-cooked meals are usually supplied.

The great Western lines usually attach a dining-car to the through express trains.

The first night spent in a sleeper is an ordeal. Indeed, I doubt if familiarity lessens the discomforts of promiscuous crowding, of insufficient lavatory accommodations, or of bad ventilation. On retiring, remove your dress and don a woolen gown or sack; loosen hair and clothing; place hair-pins and trifles in satchel, shoes in the rack at the foot of the berth, and stow your various impedimenta in the several receptacles. If you rise early, you will avoid the rush at the lavatory, but you will have no comfortable place to sit and wait until the other passengers have risen and the berths are made up. Of course you can lie in your berth, but it is unpleasant.

If you have a companion, it breaks the fatigue of a long journey, while adding to its comfort, to spend the nights at a hotel in some town on the road, taking the train the next morning. This is a matter of economy also. Usually a comfortable room and breakfast, often supper also, may be obtained in a first-class house for the same, or a trifle more, than the cost of the berth in a sleeper. It has become a proper and easy matter for a lady, even when alone, to spend a night at a hotel. The room may be secured in advance by telegram or letter, but this is not imperative. On reaching the ladies' entrance, ask to be shown to the parlor and send a message

to the clerk telling him of your desire for a room. Usually the bell-boy will return with a card on which you are requested to register name and address; and in a few moments more you are in possession of your room. The bell-boy will appear at your summons and conduct you to the dining-room, call the chamber-maid, bring in water or stationery, or perform any similar service. You could have mail sent to the hotel to await your arrival.

The prospect of having to change cars on a journey is often a terror to the inexperienced traveller; but these lions in the way are chained and harmless. In large depots where many roads converge, the different lines and trains are conspicuously marked that she who runs may read, and officials are also stationed beside the latter to prevent those daft mortals who seem bent on their own undoing, from being carried in the wrong direction. The railroad people wish to avoid that mistake even more than does the traveller, and take every precaution to prevent its occurrence. It is usually much easier to go right than to go wrong under our present railroad system.

In making a change at a way-station or junction, if eyes and ears fail to guide you, ask information of any official, but avoid an appearance of anxiety or worry, and do not detain a busy man with unnecessary questions. If you are travelling in a Pullman sleeper or parlor car, the conductor or porter will assist you in making the transit, and when their engagements permit, the same service will be performed by the train-man.

There are connected with every journey many unavoidable discomforts and many that are unforeseen. These should be accepted as inevitable, and should be borne quietly and cheerfully. Never is it more important to cultivate a "calm serenity of manner" than when travelling. It is this ease, this calmness, this absence of worry or fussiness that marks the experienced traveller. Having carefully obtained all information about your route, and having wisely made your plans for your first independent trip, you can act on Paddy's advice:—"An' now be aisy; and if ye can't be aisy, be as aisy as ye can."

Harriet Cashman Wilkie.

BEE-KEEPING BY WOMEN. No. 1.

(For illustrations of this paper thanks are due to "The American Agriculturist.")



E — the members of a small household in the pretty little Jersey village of M—, were startled one pleasant morning in the early summer of 188— by discovering a swarm of honey

bees hovering over one corner of the rose-embowered cottage.

The inmates at once took in the situation. Some prosperous parent-hive, established within a radius of three miles from the cottage and unconverted to the Malthusian theory, had found its quarters too contracted for a constantly increasing family. They knew that, according to custom, scouting-parties sent out from the parent stock to spy the land, to which nature at least has given them a free title, had returned and reported in favor of our locality. Consequently a goodly portion of the original family, accompanied by their indispensable queen, had swarmed forth, with all their household gear and provisions upon their bodies, to take possession of a new domicile. It followed that without so much as saying "By your leave," our tenants assumed proprietorship of their new home, unloaded their goods and, unperturbed by our presence, went systematically to work.

The perturbation would have been upon our side had the bees effected an entrance by the aperture at which visitors usually present themselves. But these little folk modestly disclaimed any intention of occupying apartments already pre-empted. Into kitchen or library, pantry or chamber they never intruded. But, having found a tiny mouse-hole under a bay-window jutting out of a temporarily unused drawing-room, they snugly established their Lares and Penates between the flooring of that apartment and the ceiling of the milk-room directly underneath.

How we watched the interesting crea-

tures while warm weather lasted, as they sped on their thrifty errands and stored sweets during the long procession of honey-bearing flowers with which the vicinage of New York is so richly supplied, it is not the province of these pages to describe. From them we learned about many laws which apply to larger lives, and gained other sweets than those so deftly gathered. At the approach of the cold season these "yellow-breeched philosophers" "wrapped the drapery of their couch about them and laid down to pleasant dreams:" not so profound, however, that a rude jar upon the floor above would not waken them to respond with a soft remonstrant hum.

While the bees are dormant, however, preparatory to those manipulations which made them the progenitors of nearly sixty successful swarms, let us study that beelore which is necessary to the skilful apiarian.



QUEEN.



WORKER.



DRONE.

In every hive are found three kinds of honey-bees, the queen, workers, and drones. And it must be observed that however positive the masculine principle may be elsewhere, it is the feminine principle which here rules. The drone, or male, exists solely for procreation. He has nothing to do with the management of the hive; he cannot even gather the honey on which he feeds. The queen is the mother of the entire colony, and the workers are undeveloped females whose maternal instincts are directed to the care of the young, in addition to their incessant toil. The offices and functions of these three kinds of bees, the manner in which they are developed, and the agencies employed in producing them, are among the

most wonderful facts which the naturalist has observed and tabulated. Concerning them no successful apiarian can remain in ignorance.

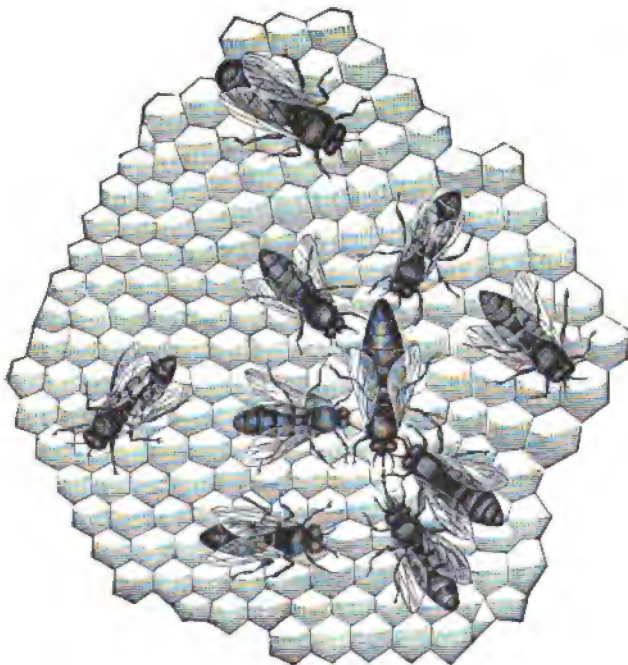
In shape the queen-bee is long, slender, and about twice the size of the worker. Her color varies from a rich gold to a dark velvety brown, and she is destitute of that silky down or hair seen upon the others. Sometimes her body is crossed from side to side with a band of yellow. Always shy and retiring, a close search of the comb frames is often necessary in order to find her elusive form hidden under her subjects. But once seen, the inexperienced bee-keeper will afterward have no difficulty in recognizing her majesty.

As the prosperity of the swarm depends upon the queen, apiarians closely watch the habits of the mother, first being sure that she is of the best or the Italian stock. The common black bee indigenous to this country has been found far inferior to its transatlantic cousin. It is more irritable and pugnacious and less thrifty, docile, and industrious. Hence the best breed is that in which two distinct strains of Italian stock unite in the queen-mother. There are men who make a business of rearing them for sale. Imprisoned in wire-cloth cages, with an opening in the stopper filled

with pure candy for food, the queen may be sent a long distance through the mails. Queens of good quality can be procured at from two to five dollars each.

Sixteen days suffice from the laying of the egg to the maturation of the young queen. A few days after hatching out she emerges from the hive on a nuptial flight, the only occasion on which she ever leaves her quarters, unless it be at the head of a young colony to settle in a new home. From this time, for about three years,—the period of her natural life,—the queen-bee attends as strictly to her maternal duties as the most exacting advocate of domesticity would require. During the honey harvest, when workers are in great demand, the queen-mother lays no less than two thousand eggs every twenty-four hours. Her efforts relax as flowers decline, and still further decrease during the winter, but never entirely cease. The principle of motherhood, that tremendous potential energy through whose currents life is transported adown the ages, here finds a most remarkable illustration. And that must be a stolid observer, indeed, who in this instance perceives nothing to admire and revere in that omnific and fructifying power through which all organizations tend to finer and still finer issues.

The relationship between the queen-mother and the workers is close and reciprocal. The more eggs she lays the greater is their activity, and, on the other hand, she is stimulated to prodigious efforts when the workers are overwhelmed with excess of sweets. Should she become infertile they lose energy and spirit, as if conscious of the approaching extinction of the swarm. An old queen deposits but few eggs and these produce only drones, a state of things remedied by the apiarian, who then supplants her ladyship by a young successor,—a process to be described hereafter. Sometimes the workers take the matter in hand themselves, and, forgetful of past services, gently put the queen to death. In this case, by one of the most remarkable processes known in insect economy, they have



A GROUP OF BEES.

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...of bee-culture, will receive practical
...tion in ensuing chapters.

Hester M. Poole.

already prepared the way for the rearing of a young mother in her place. The queen is dead. Long live the queen! For the bee is a true Positivist. It lives for future generations. As if conscious, from birth of the brief span of life allotted it, the first care is for the continuance of the species. To this all else is secondary. The wisdom with which this purpose is carried out deserves close study.

The worker-bees, numbering from twenty to thirty thousand in each hive, are smaller than either the queen or the drones. An examination of the illustrations will show that while the queen is long and slender, and the drone large and clumsy like a blue-bottle fly, the worker is small, compact, and trimly formed for speed and work. Its peculiarities consist of a sac below the throat in which honey is conveyed from flowers to hive, and small basket cavities on the posterior legs in which pollen is stored. Its duties are to forage for provisions, make combs and fill them, prepare food for the young, bring water and propolis (that gum or resinous coating found in such trees as the Balsam Poplar), to seal up cracks and crevices, and also to stand as sentinels in order to keep out moths and other intrusive enemies.

The workers' length of life varies from one month to eight. When flowers overflow with honey, these little creatures fairly tumble over each other in their mad flights to and from the hive, so that in a few weeks their wings are literally worn out and premature death is the result. On the contrary, if it emerges from the chrysalis in the autumn, the worker may survive to carry on its duties in the spring. Just as elsewhere, celerity is gained at the expense of power.



THE STING OF WORKER.

a DART.

The worker-bee to the verdant apiarian is chiefly remarkable for its sting. In effect disproportioned to its size, this poisonous dart constitutes the only weapon by which this insect has managed to exist. Without it marauders of all kinds, from man downward, would long since have rifled the bee of its toothsome hoard

and destroyed it from the face of the earth. With a proper degree of caution, bee-stings need not be dreaded. In approaching a hive the attendant ought to be gentle and slow of gait. Quick and abrupt movements excite fear and invite attack. The ruling spirit of our apiary often handled swarms fearlessly and without protection, a practice hardly to be commended. Occasionally bees object to the personal exhalations of a visitor, who would then do well to remember the poet's aphorism and seek the enchantment of distance. They also dislike the human breath. They sel-



BEE VEIL.

dom sting at a distance from the hive or when laden with honey. An injured bee makes a peculiar noise which alarms his fellow-workers and renders them liable to attack the apiarian. Other motives, in addition to those of humanity, therefore, make the attendant cautious about crushing them.

The genuine bee-lover grows gentle and unfearing. With the protection of a bee-veil and rubber gloves, one is practically safe in the midst of a cloud of buzzing insects.

As an example of the security which may be felt by women in bee-culture, it may be well to mention the experience of a girl not over twenty years of age who lived then, and still lives, on a farm three miles from our apiary. (This incident, like all others related in these chapters, it must be



QUEEN WITH CLIPPED WINGS.

premised, is strictly true.) Our heroine, during four years, had had charge of more than forty hives. She it was who nailed together boxes, fastened foundations, hived swarms, extracted honey and prepared it for market, in fact did everything necessary to be done, with the exception of very heavy work like lifting, in which she was helped by her father or brother. And her success is an earnest of that of other women.

One day as a young swarm emerged from the parent hive to seek its fortune in fresh

fields and pastures new, she spied the queen on the greensward near the old stand. One of its wings had been previously clipped half-way across in order to prevent flight to a distance and the consequent risk of losing the entire colony.

Catching up the crippled queen in her fingers, our young bee-keeper attempted to put her in an empty hive standing near, knowing that the others would follow in her wake.

But the workers were too quick for the girl. At once they began to gather about the queen as a centre. Accordingly their mistress lifted her arm and held it steadily while the bees clustered upon her hand in a huge pendant wriggling mass more than a foot in diameter. She was cool enough to keep perfectly still until all stragglers had settled into place, and then went into the house to show the trophy to her mother before carefully brushing it into the new hive. She escaped without a sting.

It will be evident that here are to be learned lessons of patience, gentleness, equanimity and keen observation, together with persistence and the power to assume responsibility and act decisively. All these qualities are needed in every successful career, and are factors in that mental training and discipline which can alone fit either men or women for any worthy work. She who would undertake the care of an apiary ought to make up her mind that success is within her grasp if she be willing to fulfil necessary conditions. It yields little result when played with in an amateurish way.

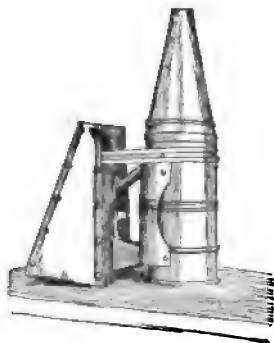
The sting of the worker-bee is composed of a sheath and two enclosed darts through which a drop of poison is thrust into the flesh. If these are not withdrawn, the bee loses its life. The sting should be scraped off and the poison squeezed out; then apply ammonia or a mixture of soda and salt. Apiarians soon grow indifferent to stings, which generally lose their virulence after the system has received repeated inoculations. Some aver that their effect is decidedly beneficial. The master of our apiary frequently went about with sting-swollen hands from which he suffered no discomfort. Often, in my experience, when overlooking colonies and unprotected by a veil, some poor frightened bee, entangled in a lock of hair, would manifest the usual bee terror in the vicinity of an eye, and the ridiculously closed visual organ would experience no pain whatever.

While the fear of stings should prove no hindrance to bee-culture, it is well to guard

the face with a veil of mosquito-netting or coarse lace. It should be three fourths of a yard wide by twice that length. Sew the ends together, and run an elastic along one edge, which must be fitted closely around the crown of a man's hat of felt or straw.

In front of the veil insert a piece of fine wire cloth having coarse meshes. It must be large enough to enable the wearer to see in all directions, say five or six inches by nine. At the bottom attach a tape to tie about the neck, and the head is safe from stings. For the hands there are long rubber gloves, and for the arms short cotton oversleeves, reaching from wrist to elbow and kept in place at either extremity with elastic bands.

In the apiary long skirts are out of place. The dress should be short and extend no lower than the ankle; just below the knee is better. Turkish drawers buttoned over high leather shoes complete the working costume. A paucity of underskirts is desirable.



QUINBY SMOKER.

Add to these precautions, the use of a "smoker," a most necessary adjunct to subdue the irascibility of these "skittish cattle," and woman is master of the situation.

The third and last variety of the honey-bee, the loud-buzzing, stingless drones, vary in number according to the season and the quantity of prospective food. When the honey crop is small, but few are allowed to live; in a season of scarcity and in autumn all are destroyed. Then the sight of a drone escorted to the edge of the "alighting-board" in front of the hive, by a worker on either side, is a common spectacle. He is bitten by their strong mandibles, and dropped on the ground to perish. They who work not, die.

Meantime spring has come and our tenants under the flooring are growing restless. How they were transferred to more commodious quarters and coaxed to thrive and multiply, the urbane management to which they yielded with alacrity, and the manner in which they were induced to pay their delectable rent, covering the entire field of bee-culture, will receive practical exposition in ensuing chapters.

Hester M. Poole.

THIS COMING SUMMER.

WHEN winter and the chilly days of early spring finally make way for the bright, delightful days of a new summer, housekeepers all over the land rejoice at the extinction of the furnace or stove fires. These latter, like children, are "troublesome comforts," and an eight months' struggle with the attendant ashes and clinkers is quite long enough for most domestic patience. But with the warm days another household need rises to confront the housekeeper. This is the need and care of ice, indispensable for the keeping of food. Ordinary households do not use ice during the cold months, it being at that time purely a luxury, and most housewives are as glad to dispense with ice in the fall as with fires in the spring. Usually the cost of ice is not equal to the cost of fuel for the same length of time; but the mild winter and the consequent shortage in the ice-crop this year bid fair to increase summer expenses in a way to alarm the economical housewife, who generally has then counted on a slight relaxation of the effort to make the two ends of household expenses meet.

The present and most improved refrigerators, with their charcoal-packed walls and many ventilating air passages, are wonderful helps in the keeping of ice. But even then a large amount is required for an average family, and the weekly bill is of goodly proportions.

An excellent method of still farther reducing the amount needed is to protect the ice from the air by wrapping it up. Heavy manilla paper, such as the tailor sends home the "gude mon's" new spring suit in, is the best and cleanest wrapping. Clean furniture sacking or a *clean* piece of carpeting are sometimes used, but such packing is a waste of time. Paper preserves ice because it is air-tight and is thoroughly efficacious when the package is carefully closed at the ends. No woven fabric is impervious to the air.

The careful housewife often has a supply of this paper accumulated from winter purchases, so that wrapping the block of ice when it comes is merely a question of added care and thought. This paper is so strong that it will not tear when folded over the sharp edges and corners of the ice-block, and will withstand the penetration of water from the melted ice for a long time. A good firm piece of such paper will easily last a week, and will not need to be tied on with strings if a little forethought is taken to let the ice-block fasten its wrapping by its own weight by simply turning under the side where the paper opens upon the shelf which is to hold the ice.

The amount of saving in the waste of ice by this simple plan is notable. Ice can be more easily handled when so covered, and all particles of saw-dust, bits of dirt or impurities in solid form in the ice itself will lodge on the paper instead of lodging on the walls and shelves of the refrigerator, or floating down and clogging the waste pipe. Such paper costs by the pound from seventy-five cents to a dollar, and there is economy in buying it if one has no savings of the paper to fall back on. A pound will readily be sufficient for the season, and the cost of it will more than be exceeded by the lessened ice bill.

Not only does the scarcity of ice make it an expensive necessity, but it has made it necessary to get ice from everywhere possible, without much regard as to whether the pond, lake, or stream from which it was cut was a clean, fit source of ice or no. This must and should be a grave anxiety to a household, especially to a mother on whose care and prudence the health of the family almost wholly depends with regard to its food and drinks.

Scientists have repeatedly demonstrated that animal poisons and germs of disease are not killed by freezing; that when ice which contains such germs melts, these

germs are floating in the water, alive, with all their latent destructive powers. In view of the great amount of iced-water daily used, these facts are alarming. Not alone is the too sudden lowering of the temperature of the stomach a frequent cause of much summer illness among even strong adults, but many a wasting fever and kindred illness can easily be traced to poison entering into the system from impure water.

No young child, invalid, or delicate person should ever drink iced-water. A vigorous adult may be able to throw off the poisonous matter.

How, then, is a house to be supplied with cool water? A successful method is to get a few large glass bottles with patent air-tight tops or fasteners, such as are used in the cities for holding milk. A quart bottle of this description costs ten cents, and an average family will be well supplied with four such. Fill these with good aqueduct water, and, fastening the tops, put them beside the ice. The air-tight fastening allows the standing or laying down of the bottles as space admits without the liability of deluging the food. Water, so prepared, will be sufficiently and healthfully cold, and will be free from impurities.

The labor of filling the bottles is slight, if a little system be observed. If they are regularly filled after each meal, and it be insisted that each adult, and such of the children as are old enough to do so, shall always immediately refill it whenever a bottle is partially or wholly emptied, there will be no lack. Cook herself will not find it half so much trouble as the tri-daily lifting out the ice-block to break pieces for the ice-tub or pitcher for the dining-table, and by only filling the table-pitcher at first with one or two bottles, fresh, cold water can be brought in on demand.

Every mother knows that her active, vigorous children have to be watched constantly, lest, rushing in from stirring games, they make themselves sick with too frequent and too copious drinks of ice-water. Not having a well-filled ice-pitcher conveniently at hand to tempt childish misuse is another advantage gained in using bottled water.

Some fruits and vegetables are better for direct contact with the ice and some are not. Foremost among those which should not be put on the ice is the early, delicate hot-house lettuce. The icy coldness blights the tender leaves, as does even the ordinary air of cellar or cold pantry. After various experiments and the discouragement of finding Sunday's salad, crisp and inviting on Saturday, wilted beyond recall, it was found that the lettuce could be perfectly kept for several days if removed from the air and without a drop of water. Safely shut up in a tin pail or other tightly covered dish, the housewife's salad and peace of mind were secured. This, of course, applies only in a modified degree to lettuce which is hardy from outdoor culture. Asparagus and cucumbers, on the other hand, are rendered more crisp and tender by laying directly on the ice, while peas, string-beans, and corn are better if carried into the cellar some hours before using.

Strawberries and other berries decay faster in the damp of the ice-chest, and keep better over night in the cellar or by an open, north-side window. The strawberry hulls or currant stems should never be removed till the fruit is to be eaten, and all berries should be spread out on large plates so as to give as free a passage for air as possible.

Melons, on the contrary, ought always to be eaten directly from the ice, but the practice of filling the halves of canteloupe or musk melons with chopped ice, when the seeds are removed, does not improve the flavor, leaving as it does all sediment from the ice on the fruit, and making it more awkward to handle in eating.

For those people who do not object to the use of wines, water-melon with claret is a great delicacy. The melon should be plugged and the claret poured in, a quart being enough for a large melon, then the plug being replaced, the melon should be kept on the ice for at least twenty-four hours before eating, when it will be found that the wine has added a delightful, sub-acid flavor to the juicy American summer dainty.

Agnes Bailey Ormsbee.

UNWISE ECONOMIES.

"SHE has done all her own work since the baby was three weeks old, and is continuing her study of medicine." These words were in a letter which I received the other day. They were written as cheering news of the young cousin whose first baby came to her four months ago, but I read them with dismay.

"What can Alice be thinking about, or her husband, either!" was my inward ejaculation. "He a physician and she studying medicine! Surely they should both know better; surely they should know that nature keeps strict accounts."

It would do no good to argue the question with them; let me rather use the message as a text for my little homily.

A woman who felt herself to be breaking down, and who feared the trouble was the beginning of consumption, to which she had hereditary tendencies, went to her physician to have her lungs examined. He told her that they were perfectly sound, and that there was nothing the matter with her except overwork.

"But," said she, "I am not doing any more than I have been doing for the last ten years."

"Madam," snapped out the gruff old doctor, "don't you know a woman can't go on overdoing for ten years and not feel it?"

There was the truth in a nutshell.

These ten years of overwork were caused by what seemed to her a necessary economy. She could hardly afford to pay for help if she would make ends meet. However, nature was inexorable, and exacted "eye for eye, tooth for tooth." During the ten succeeding years that woman was forced to be idle, to spend all her living on physicians, and at last to become dependent upon the kindness of her relatives. A few dollars judiciously expended now and then during the years of work would have relieved the strain, and doubtless would have prevented the years of invalidism. What say you of such economy as that?

It so rarely happens, either, that once

having given out thoroughly, a person ever regains full strength. One becomes comfortable, perhaps; one gets on by taking care, but there always remains the secret sense of weakness and insecurity. Many a woman goes through all her later years, doing much good work, it may be, but only able to do it because she recognizes her limitations, and the bounds beyond which she may not go. Never again comes to her the free, glad sense of power. If she is wise, she makes the best of what is left; she puts a brave front to life; but she cannot help in her secret heart turning ruefully back to those years when she might have practised that truer economy which conserves the most precious things.

The most precious thing in matters temporal (will any one dispute it?) is health. Give me health, and, woman though I am, I can defy the mutations of this uneven existence. Say I am poor; I can earn my daily bread. Say I am solitary; my cheery face shall win me friends. "My mind to me a kingdom is," if it be "a sound mind in a sound body." Do not doubt that health is the best blessing, aside from the favor of God.

Carlyle says: "Folly is that wisdom which is wise only behindhand." Ah! so many women have that wisdom. They know now how they might have done better. They are wise behindhand; but if their folly may teach some one else to be wise beforehand, then it has not been quite in vain.

My young cousins (to return to my text) are just starting out in their home life. I dare say it is a prettily-furnished home, with plenty of bric-a-brac to be dusted. Doubtless the new-fledged physician hasn't many patients yet; there isn't much money to spare for domestic service. Let him beware lest he soon have in his wife a life-long patient who will pay him no bills!

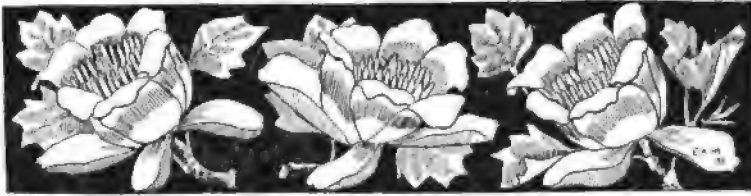
Alas for the little baby boy who is so good that his mother can do all her work, and study medicine besides! Better let out your lungs and screech, my youngster, until a helper becomes a necessity, else I

warn you that sweet mother of yours is sure to grow irritable and a scold, simply because overwork has overstrained her nerves.

Such a straining at gnats and swallowing of camels! Such a hoarding of dollars and expenditure of life! Youth always thinks the same thing; it always believes its health resources are inexhaustible, until the bank breaks. So they might be prac-

tically inexhaustible if a spendthrift were not using them. Better pinch in fine clothes and household furnishings than in needed service.

There are economies and economies. The very poorest sort is to be lavish of health in order to save some lesser good; for you will find, sooner or later, with wise Dr. Franklin, that you "paid too dear for the whistle." *H. A. H.*



TO DEFINE A BOTTLE.

IT was a very pleasant little dinner party, composed of literary, scientific and professional men, and the conversation was good, for several of those present were accomplished talkers, when suddenly all were hushed at the question proposed in tones slightly louder than usual: "Well, define a bottle."

It was asked by a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and put to a Fellow of the Royal Society of London.

The conversation betwixt them had been keen, for both were quick-witted and ready of speech. The latter had been somewhat dogmatically settling a disputed point not so easy of solution, when he was pulled up sharply by "Well, define a bottle."

It was apparently a very simple question, and the decanters on the table helped to afford an easy, even off-hand method of settling the matter. "A hollow receptacle to hold fluids."

An explosion of laughter followed, which was received in the most good-tempered manner possible.

"How about stone bottles and leather bottles? Besides, bottles may hold powders."

Again the Fellow of the most learned of all societies essayed his luck, but was as far off as ever.

"A hollow receptacle with a narrow orifice to admit of its being closed."

"Yes, but all bottles have not narrow orifices; and the definition would include a shell, or a gourd, or even a barrel."

At this the questioned one began to perceive that the definition was not such an easy matter; and further consideration of the subject demonstrated the difficulties to be encountered in the seemingly simple matter. A bottle is a bottle; and the term readily calls up an impression; but the definition of a bottle soon becomes a description. In fact, the more a bottle is looked at, the more difficult it is to find a definition of it which will hold good. Bottles, too, have rims, and some have lips; but other bottles again have neither.

Some bottles have practically no necks, no truly narrowed orifice capable of being closed: while others possess in their long necks their most conspicuous feature.

Other bottles again are not intended to be stopped, as the water bottle known as the *carafe* for instance.

Consequently, the "narrowed orifice" would not hold good of all. A bottle is seemingly a very simple affair; but it is not easily defined. In fact it may be gravely doubted whether a bottle can be defined or not.

—*J. Milner-Fothergill.*

MIDSUMMER DESSERTS.

WITH the advent of "June, beautiful June," the fastidiousness of the appetite becomes a matter of serious consideration to the conscientious cook and tired, careworn housekeeper. The desserts that are prized and relished in winter are now discarded until the return of the cool days of autumn, that bring with them a longing for rich puddings, sauces, and that most indigestible compound—mince pie.

Regarding *seasonable* desserts, I am often reminded of a little piece of advice given me by my mother when I was a slip of a girl, scarcely sixteen. She had gone in midsummer for a little visit of a few days, leaving me in charge of the housekeeping. A friend coming unexpectedly to spend a few days with me, I was not a little non-plussed to know just what menu to provide for each day's dinner. Conferring with the old colored cook the first day of the visit (the mercury nearly a hundred in the shade), I said, in answer to her question as to what kind of a dessert she should get for dinner, desiring to prove myself mistress of the situation, "I think I would like a boiled batter pudding, with brandy sauce."

With a significant toss of the head, she demurred, saying, "Miss Annie, your ma don't never have biled puddins in de hot weather."

"But," I said, feeling that I must rise to the occasion, "I do."

When questioned by my mother, upon her return, as to what I had given my guest for dessert, I was forced to "own up" to having had boiled pudding and sauce on a very hot day.

I was then and there treated to a little motherly advice on the subject of what to *have*, and what *not* to have in hot weather, and the advice was put in such a forcible manner that I have never forgotten it through all my seventeen years of experience in housekeeping.

As a rule, what the ever-varying summer appetite craves is something light and

cool, and nothing is so satisfying, or healthful as good fresh fruits, with that delicious accompaniment, sweet country cream, just off the ice. Many people are so situated that fresh fruits are an almost unobtainable luxury; for instance, people living in remote country homes, who have to depend alone on the products of their farms (and there are many farmers who raise literally *no* fruit but apples).

For such people, I would advise that they keep in their store-rooms a good supply of sago, corn starch, tapioca, and gelatine, to use when fruits cannot be obtained.

These are cheap, do not spoil by keeping, and with the addition of new milk, sweet cream, and freshly laid eggs (commodities to be found on most farms), delicious desserts can be prepared. Among them can be numbered,

DELICATE PUDDING.

Boil one quart sweet milk in a custard kettle. Stir into it four heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar and four tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, dissolved in a little cold milk, and added to the well-beaten yolks of four eggs. Have the four whites beaten to a stiff froth with a teacupful of pulverized sugar, and one teaspoonful of vanilla; spread this on top of the pudding; set in a quick oven to brown; take out, sprinkle with grated cocoa-nut, set away to cool. Very nice with strawberries, raspberries, oranges, or peaches in the bottom of the pudding. Serve with cream.

TAPIOCA CREAM.

Five tablespoonfuls of tapioca, soaked over night in one quart of new milk. In the morning bring to a boil, then add one tumblerful of rich cream, one-half tumbler of wine, four eggs beaten separately, sugar and flavor to taste; bake fifteen or twenty minutes.

Serve cold with cream.

APPLE TAPIOCA CREAM.

Soak a teacupful of tapioca in one and one-half pints of water over night. Pare and punch out the cores of ten apples, and fill the holes with white sugar. Pour one large coffee-cup of boiling water over the apples. Then pour on the tapioca, having first thinned it to the consistency of custard with boiling water.

Bake one hour and serve with sugar and cream.

GREEN APPLE CREAM.

Boil twelve apples, before fully ripe. Press through a sieve; add one-half pound of sugar and the whites of two eggs whipped. Beat together thoroughly until the mixture is very stiff and white. Heap in a glass dish and serve with (or without) cream, whipped, and poured over it.

A favorite dessert at the South.

PINAEPPLÉ BLANC MANGE.

Soak one box of gelatine in one pint of cold water for half an hour; add one cup of sugar, one pint of hot water, and one lemon; boil a short time and let it partly cool; add a quart of preserved, or crystallized pine-apple, mould, and serve with whipped cream.

SOLID CUSTARD (*very nice*).

3 eggs beaten separately.

1 pint of morning's milk, heated to boiling.

$\frac{1}{4}$ ounce of gelatine, soaked in a little cold water.

Sugar to taste.

Flavor with vanilla. Dissolve gelatine in the milk, which pour while boiling upon the yolks and stir till cool.

Beat three whites to a stiff froth and stir in. Set on ice and at dinner serve with cream.

Occasionally in summer (not infrequently at the North) we have a day so cool that a warm pudding does not seem out of place; and for such a day, I would like to offer our favorite

CUP PUFFS.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup white sugar.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

2 eggs.

2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

A pinch of salt.

Flour enough to make a batter that will drop from a spoon. Butter six teacups and put a spoonful of batter in each, then a little fresh fruit, and fill up half full of batter. Berries are nice, but apples sliced thin are better.

Steam an hour in a steamer over a pot of water. They come out of the cups perfect puff balls, light, spongy and digestible.

Serve with *plenty* of wine sauce.

Annie Curd.

RECIPES FROM AN OLD VIRGINIA COOK-BOOK, No. 2.

PRESERVES AND PICKLES.

BRANDY PEACHES.

MAKE a strong lye with washing-soda. When it boils hard, drop in the peaches, six at a time, and let them boil two or three minutes, until the skin will rub off. Take them out and throw them into a vessel of cold water. Have another vessel of cold water at hand, into which throw the peaches as you rub off the skin and fur

with a coarse cloth. Weigh the fruit, and make a syrup of half a pound of sugar to each pound of peaches, and a teacup of water to each pound of sugar. Boil and skim. Drop in the peaches, and let them boil until you can *just* pierce them with a straw. Take them out of the syrup and put them in a jar. Cover them with white brandy, and let them stand twenty-four

hours. After removing the peaches from the syrup, boil it down until thick and rich, pour it into a separate vessel and let it also stand twenty-four hours. Then put your peaches into the jars in which they are to remain, and cover them with equal quantities of the rich syrup and fresh brandy, and seal up securely from the air. If kept from the air, they will keep a long time; but air *ruins all* preserves and pickles.

Measure all the syrup left. Blanch a handful of peach kernels and put into it, with an equal quantity of the brandy in which the peaches were steeped, and you will have a medicinal cordial.

PRESERVED RIPE MUSKMELON.

Cut in slices and pare off the rind very thin, and remove the seed and soft inside. Lay the fruit in strong salt and water for three days, then soak it in fresh water until all taste of the salt is extracted, changing the water twice a day.

Scald the slices in alum water, and drop in cold water. Let them stand all night. The next morning wipe and weigh them. Make a syrup of one and a half pounds of sugar to each pound of fruit. Let it boil up, strain hot over the melon, and let it stand until morning.

Have ready for each pound of fruit half an ounce of white ginger, soaked and sliced very thin, and mace to taste. Add to the syrup. Put the melon into it, and boil until it is clear.

Season with extract of lemon.

Put in jars and seal closely.

APPLE MARMALADE.

$\frac{1}{4}$ pound butter.

1 pound sugar.

3 pounds apples.

Season with lemon, and stew gently until they form a marmalade.

PINEAPPLE MARMALADE.

Equal weights of sugar and grated pineapple.

Put them into the kettle with a teacup of water to each two pounds of sugar. Boil and skim well.

When the conserve is clear, smooth, and bright (and well done), put it warm into tumblers. Seal and keep in a cool, dry place.

ORANGE MARMALADE.

Pare twelve oranges and lay the peels in water. Scrape out the pulp of the oranges,

and to each pint allow one pound of sugar. Boil two thirds of the rind until perfectly tender. Scrape off all the white inside, and shred the yellow outside very fine. Prepare two lemons in the same way, and mix with the oranges and sugar, and boil together for twenty minutes. Seal hot.

PRESERVED LEMONS.

Rub off the oil in the rind on lumps of sugar. Cut a slit in the side of each lemon and remove *every* seed. Soak the fruit in weak brine for four days. Put the lemons in fresh water, changing the water every day until all taste of the salt is extracted. Boil them in fresh water until you can pierce them with a straw.

Drain and weigh them.

Allow two pounds of sugar and half pint of water to each pound of fruit. Boil up the syrup once, strain boiling hot over the fruit, and cover closely.

Let them stand two or three days, and boil till the fruit is clear and well done, and the syrup rich and thick.

Put into jars and seal while hot.

STRAWBERRY CORDIAL.

1 quart strawberries.

1 pound pulverized loaf sugar.

Boil twenty minutes and strain without pressing. When milk-warm, add one third as much brandy as syrup, put into jars, and seal immediately.

YELLOW PICKLE.

Quarter the cabbage and cover it with boiling water. Let it stand till cold, closely covered to keep in the steam. Repeat this scalding. Drain the cabbage, and, when cold, rub it well with salt, both outside and between the leaves.

Sun the pieces till dry.

TO PREPARE THE VINEGAR.

Early in June take

4 gallons best *cider* vinegar,

6 ounces race-ginger, beaten,

6 ounces turmeric,

6 ounces long pepper, soaked and split,

2 ounces Cayenne pepper,

2 ounces celery seed,

2 ounces white mustard seed,

1 ounce mace,

2 lemons, sliced.

Let this be well sunned during the summer, and drop in the cabbage as it is dried, without any soaking.

When the cabbage is all in, add two

pounds of sugar and a cup of mustard, mixed with some of the vinegar from the jar.

Seal up and sun the pickle as long as the hot sunshine lasts.

CUCUMBER CATSUP.

Grate twelve good-sized cucumbers and four onions. Add four tablespoonfuls of salt, three of ground black pepper, three of grated horse-radish, and two quarts best cider vinegar.

Bottle it, and put a teaspoonful of olive oil in each bottle.

Cork tightly and keep in a cool place.

PICKLED WALNUTS.

Gather the walnuts about the 15th of June. Peel off the outer bark and drop them in cold water as they are peeled. Remove them from the cold water, and pour over them strong boiling salt and water. Scald them every three days, for four times, using a new brine each time. Lay them in plain cold vinegar for two weeks.

To every gallon of walnuts allow three pounds of sugar and four ounces each of black pepper, ginger and mustard seed, two ounces each of cloves and mace.

Boil the spices in one quart of vinegar for half an hour. Stir well and pour over the walnuts.

PICKLED LEMONS.

Peel off the outside rind of twelve lemons, making it as thin as possible. Cut a slit in the side of each and remove the seeds. Gash the ends of the lemons and rub them with salt. Cover them with water and let them stand ten days. Then lay them in the sun, turning them every day till the salt begins to crystallize.

Put them in a jar, alternating a layer of lemons with one of mixed spices: ginger, pepper, cloves, mace. When the jar is nearly full, cover them with strong cider vinegar.

Seal up closely and sun during the summer. The older they are the better.

G. G. S.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR HOME MAKER: Can you not give me some suggestions for a Young Folk's Literary and Social Club, for the Summer? When school closes in June, they will miss their school friends and will feel somewhat at a loss for amusement. I think a little reading every day would be a good thing for them, and if they could organize a reading club among the boys and girls, they would take more interest in the reading, and would enjoy occasional meetings. The young people I am especially interested in are my own boys, sixteen and fourteen years of age, and they have a good many friends within reach.

Please tell me also how to set the colors in gingham, lawns, and other Summer dresses. Very respectfully,

E. S. R.

SOCIETY HILL, S C.

Answer.

1. Why not interest your young people in a course of reading as to the early his-

tory of their own country, by giving them some book of Fenimore Cooper's, like "The Spy," and having them read that aloud in turn, verifying his statements for themselves, by reference to histories, maps, etc. Or, they might read Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," in connection with Wallace's "A Fair God," or Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities," with historical readings on the French Revolution. Let them vary this occasionally by the reading of some spirited historical ballad, like "Fontenoy," "The Battle of Naseby," Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," "Ivry," or Tennyson's "Siege of Lucknow." Reading these and learning the history connected with each poem will be both interesting and instructive. The early part of the evening might be given to literary work, and the latter part to games, etc., with, once in a while, some very light refreshment.

2. There is no infallible recipe for this. One authority recommends washing such

fabrics in cold water, another advises adding salt, or a little grated potato to the water, and still another advocates the use of sugar of lead in the proportion of a teaspoonful of this to a pailful of water. Nowadays there is little trouble in securing fast colors, and the precaution should always be observed of testing a bit of the goods before buying.

DEAR HOME MAKER: Will you kindly state, for the benefit of some of your readers, how many and exactly what articles are generally considered necessary to the furnishing of a linen and china closet? A good idea has been suggested in the plan of giving to the girls of the household such things as can be put away for future use in homes of their own, or should such a day never come, the "old maid" will not value less than the matron, the silver, china or linen that has been given with a mother's loving thought of her needs. The cost is scarcely noted if a piece of silver or set of articles, as the purse will allow, is given on birthday and other anniversaries during childhood's years, and by the time womanhood is reached a goodly stock can thus be added to the bride's outfit, or held in reserve for the home in which the loved spinster will dispense hospitality to another generation.

I. W. M.

Answer.

For the linen closet, the young housekeeper should have six pairs of good cotton sheets, six bolster-slips, and six pairs of pillow slips, two dozen face towels, four bath towels, three table cloths, each with the napkins to match, one colored tea cloth, with napkins to match, and a dozen fruit napkins. Besides these there should be sheets, pillow-slips, towels, tablecloths, and napkins for the servants; while, if the luxury can be afforded, the housewife should, by all means, have linen sheets and pillow cases, as many as she can get.

For the china closet, a dozen each of the different sizes of plates and of cups and saucers, three platters, four vegetable dishes, a tureen, bread-plates, sauce-plates, gravy-boat, etc., are essential, and a dozen tumblers. The best plan is to buy a dinner set, and make up the tea-set by occasional purchases.

EDITOR HOME-MAKER: In your March issue "An ambitious Young Business Man" propounds several queries, the answers to some of which, at least, cannot fail to be of vital importance to a large number who are similarly circumstanced. In regard to the first and second questions, if the affirmative be true, the fault lies less in the girls themselves than in their training and environment. There are large numbers of American girls who are proud of their culinary abilities, and who are a credit to themselves and their teachers, though I incline to the opinion that a larger proportion of such are to be found in the country than in the cities.

It certainly is not so economical to keep a servant if the young wife has even a moderate knowledge of housekeeping. To say nothing of the wages and board of a servant, the amount wasted by many of them, and the annoyance which many of them prove, are enough to make a young housewife decide to go it alone.

In these days, when almost everything required for the table can be purchased nearly, or quite, ready for use, and when laundry work can be put out of the house, housekeeping can be reduced to a very simple matter.

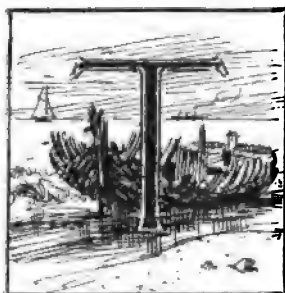
I know a young couple living in a suburban village, the husband being a daily pilgrim to his business in the city. The wife is not strong, but all bake-stuffs are purchased, the washing and ironing are done by a stout woman outside the house, and occasionally a woman comes in for a half-day to thoroughly sweep and clean the rooms. By the aid of an oil-stove, the light housekeeping necessary is done with much less trouble and worry than falls to the lot of those vexed by servants.

Another young married lady with one child not only does her own housework, but all her own dress-making as well. If either of these ladies is in "bad taste," no one has ever discovered it, for they associate with the best people in the town, and no one has ever yet questioned their "social standing." If the young man in search of an opinion really wishes to find a place where his wife (if he have one) may do her own housework and not lose her "social standing" (if she have other qualities entitling her to such standing), I shall be glad to give him the desired information.

F. H. Valentine.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

WITH BAT AND BALL. No. 1.



THREE strikes! Oh!" I hear some fellow exclaim as he reads this, "that man's out!" And indeed the conclusion is one which even the smallest boy nowadays is able to make, so intimate

a knowledge has been acquired by Young America generally of the game of base ball. Well indeed has it been dubbed the National game, for rich and poor, high and low, man and boy, are alike its ardent disciples. With Americans it occupies the same position that cricket holds with the English, only, alas for us! the word recreation which can be applied with justice to the English game, in most cases is entirely inapplicable to base ball. It has become the profession by which a large number of men earn their living, and the preference of the man for base ball over the Presidency of the United States, because there was more money and fame in the former, contains some truth. This popularity has led to wonderful changes and improvements in the game and outfit, and with it has been acquired by the players a corresponding increase in skill. However, to the game itself.

The first thing we must have is a large open field, as level as possible and well covered with turf, though in some places this is not necessary. That old field back of the barn, boys, will be just the thing, if you can have the use of it. It is long

enough to prevent fly balls from being knocked outside its limits, and broad enough to enable us to lay out the regulation diamond. The rear of the barn, or in all cases, some backing of boards high enough to stop thrown balls should be behind the home plate, some hundred feet, and is technically known as the "back stop." From this point, the home plate, we will proceed to lay out the field. Fifty feet from that point down the field, place the pitcher's box, which should be four feet across, and five and a-half feet long, the end-line nearest the home plate being on the fifty foot line.

Now for the diamond. Starting from the plate again, carry a line through and past the pitcher's box, one hundred and twenty-eight feet, at which point drive in a stake to mark second base. Opposite the pitcher's box, on each side, at that place where two ninety foot strings, run respectively from the home plate and second base, intersect each other, should also be driven stakes for the first and third base men's positions. Thus the diamond is formed. For the batters, mark out two rectangular places on either side of the home plate, six feet in length and four in breadth; two are needed because very frequently the batsman is left-handed and thus will take a position on the right-hand side of the plate,

Though we have now completed the essential points and lines of the diamond, there are still one or two lines which experience has shown to be necessary in matches where there is considerable excitement. The first of these are the foul lines, which

define the ground inside of which a hit ball becomes "fair," and outside of which it is "foul." These lines are drawn from the outer edges of the first and second base bags, (the dimensions of which, by the way, we will speak of hereafter,) to the outer edge of the home plate. The second set of lines referred to is commonly known as "coachers" lines, as it is only back of these, that is, on the side away from the diamond, that the man who is "coaching" a base runner can stand; the coacher's lines are run parallel with the foul lines, and fifteen feet from them.

And now that we have fixed the limits of the diamond and other necessary positions, let us mark them upon the field in such a way as to be easily recognized, and thus avoid disputes.

As before, we will start with the home plate. This is usually a square of hard rubber twelve inches on a side, and placed so that its outer edges are on a line with first and second bases. It should be sunk even with the surface of the ground, so as not to be in the way of a runner. For the rubber plate, however, if not procurable, a piece of smooth stone of the same dimensions may be substituted. The bases are marked, not by plates, but by fifteen inch square canvas bags fastened to pins driven into the ground some eighteen inches. The best way in which to fasten the bags to the posts is by stout leather bands, passed through slits in the canvas, and staples driven firmly into the pins. Iron pins are sometimes used instead of wooden ones, as more lasting, but the wooden ones are usually the harder to pull up or move. To mark the pitcher's box, which comes next under consideration, four strong posts similar to those employed to fasten down the bases, must be sunk at the four corners previously marked. Between the foul lines and base lines the sod is often cut out, as also within the pitcher's and batter's boxes, but this is unnecessary, the players will soon do this themselves by constant trampling. To make visible the lines, which hitherto we have only been measuring and placing without marking, the most convenient method is to run a lawn-tennis marker along, but if this is unobtainable, a cord must be stretched from point to point, and the line laid with a brush dipped in strong whitewash.

When we have once laid out the field and seen that all points have been correctly measured and marked, the next question is

regarding the implements for the playing of the game itself. The bat, as is natural, comes first, and here no one can exactly tell what to prefer. Each man has a liking for one particular kind, and weight and length are important factors to be considered. Bats are made from several different varieties of wood, each having its good qualities, but ash, well seasoned and of the proper age, is generally conceded to outlast the other woods. Such wood as is used in wagon shafts and tongues makes most excellent bats, often, indeed, superior to those sold by dealers, but bats manufactured by regular companies and neatly finished can be bought so cheaply nowadays that it is usually hardly worth one's time to attempt home manufacture.

When choosing a bat, apart from each man's particular fancy, the most important thing to look after is the way in which the grain runs. It should run evenly from butt to tip, and contain no knots. These latter, however, are to be found in nearly every stick, and if they do not occur near the thinner portion, may be disregarded. A bat with a knot, however small, near the handle, is always to be avoided, or perhaps just as you determine to knock out a "three bagger," it will break short off. Bats are finished in several ways, varnished and polished, but those left in the natural state, that is, merely sandpapered smooth, are the most desirable from the fact that they are not so liable to blister the hands.

Now, as to the ball. The standard ball is the "League," which, however, comes rather high for the everyday player, unless he belongs to a club, which purchases them by the quantity and so gets a discount. When possible, though, get this ball; it outlasts all others, and also retains its shape and elasticity better and for a longer time. Do not, however, use such a ball on a rainy day, or on one where there is a heavy dew on the grass. Water is death to a ball, making it hard, and, when just wet, heavy and soggy. Buy a cheaper grade of ball and keep it exclusively for such a day; it will serve the purpose fully as well as its more expensive brother.

Next, as to defensive armor. Catching behind the bat is now essential to the proper playing of catcher's position, and consequently that player must wear something which shall serve to protect him from foul balls, etc. The face should be covered with a catcher's mask, which may be purchased for from \$2 upward, and the

body also should be protected by an inflated pad of rubber hung around the neck and similar in its nature to the fencers' "plastron." Body protectors, as these are called, range in price from \$5 to \$8. On his hands the catcher wears gloves, that on the left hand being like a mitten in shape and only differing from it in being double its size, and being made of stout leather. The finger stalls are on the outside, the palms are heavily padded, and the end of the glove is reinforced by a sheath of sole leather, reaching down to the second joint of the fingers. Many catchers do not wear the second glove, claiming that their power of quick hard throwing is retarded by it, but it certainly saves the hand much wear. The other basemen also wear gloves, but of a much lighter kind than that of the catcher as they are merely fingerless gloves of strong buckskin.

Gloves for the men playing on the bases however, are not always fingerless, some being even made stiffer and more protective by finger tips of leather heavier than that of which the body of the glove is made. Such a glove is for many reasons to be recommended, particularly to young players, who have not as yet learned exactly how to take a ball when thrown or batted swiftly. All the gloves mentioned so far are quite expensive, the catcher's gloves even costing \$5, and home-made ones if sewn strongly and well padded with pieces of felting or soft carpet, make excellent substitutes. Be sure, however, that your stitching is of the heaviest thread, and closely sewn, for the force with which a ball is usually pitched will quickly tear apart poorly sewn seams.

The uniform, which we will next consider, is far more important than would at first appear. Not only must we have an easy fitting suit which will permit of quick movements and free use of the limbs in both running and throwing, but we must also see that padding is so placed in the uniform that every time a slide for base is made, a terrible scrape or bruise is not the result. When bases were only run to and not slid for, as almost everyone is nowadays, so sharp is the playing, padding was not required, and any kind of trousers were suitable, but now all this is changed. Uniforms are in almost all cases made of flannel, as being the most porous, and at the same time coolest material. Gray is the color very generally preferred, but this is a matter of taste, gray being a favorite be-

cause not showing dirt as readily as other colors. Trousers are always in the form of knickerbockers, and usually fastened at the knee by an elastic which also serves to keep up the stocking, doing away with the garter. Stout woolen stockings are worn, those with linen feet being the more desirable because less likely to give work for the one who does the darning. The trousers are fastened at the waist by a belt, and are best made with only a hip pocket. From about six inches above the knee to within half that distance of the waistband, padding of layers of flannel or hair should be quilted in, and placed so as to cover and protect the side of the leg and the hip.

The shirt is loose and buttons up in front, either with or without a shield. The sleeves proper, those fastened to the shirt itself, extend only to the elbow. The rest of the arm is covered by a detachable sleeve which may be buttoned on the shirt when it is to be worn. This is to make the uniform cooler, and also to give more play to the arm. Caps with visors extending well over the eyes are also needful. The shoes should be of canvas or untanned leather, cut rather low and having low broad heels. Spikes to prevent slipping are screwed in the sole near the toe, just where the foot rests on the ground. What is known as a toe-plate, a cap of brass, is worn by the pitcher on the corner of his right shoe, and is used to protect the shoe from the earth as he throws his weight on that foot in delivering the ball.

One other thing, which is now considered necessary for a complete outfit is a "sliding" glove. This is a long gauntlet of stout canvas, reaching from the hand to the elbow, and enables the base runner, when hard pressed to make a base, to slide, and in doing so to extend his hand and so touch the base, perhaps just enough ahead of the baseman catching the ball and tagging him, to save the day, and make the umpire call "safe."

When the men have just come from an innings in the field where there has been some heavy batting done by the other side and consequently sharp and heating work for those in the field, they will need some extra covering until they have cooled off. This covering is most conveniently afforded by the woolen "sweater," a long knit jersey with which everyone is familiar, although many teams prefer to wear short coats or blazers, made of cloth of their club or college colors. Whatever is used, it

matters not, but something should by all means be provided, as when a man is heated by exercise, he is most susceptible to draughts and cold airs. The constant use of one arm in one motion is very apt to produce a condition of the arm, technically known as "baseball-arm," nothing more or less than lameness, which, nevertheless, is very troublesome. To prevent this, and also, what is more important, to avoid dislocation of the shoulder joint, a strengthening "armlet" of elastic cloth is worn by many pitchers, and in many cases is found exceedingly useful.

Apart from the personal outfit there are one or two things which are very conven-

ient to have. One is a strong bag of canvas capable of holding two or more bats, and with a handle by which it may be carried. This will be found very useful, as players are apt to have at least a couple of bats, which they always fancy they do better with, and they are thus enabled to conveniently carry them wherever they go. The other is an official score-book, in which all games played by the club or nine should be correctly entered. In this way the individual work of the men may be reckoned up at the end of the season, and many disputes as to scores, etc., may also be avoided.

Francis Churchill Williams.

EDITH'S GUITAR.

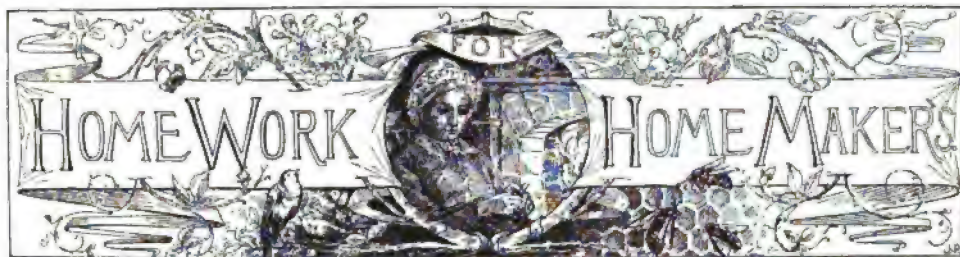
By the soft caress of her fingers fair
 She wakens the strings unto music rare;
 Sweet as the waves by the zephyrs kissed,
 It follows the turn of her snowy wrist.

In the rosewood case that is dusk with age
 Sleep haunting notes that might charm a
 sage;
 And I envy the ribbon of dainty blue
 That holds it close to her heart so true.

Great slumberous eyes hath my lady fair,
 And a forehead white under midnight hair:
 Hath a beautiful damsel of sunny Spain,
 From the olden days, come back again?

Ah, no! 'Tis a jewel of greater worth,
 This peerless product of all the earth;
 Fair as a flower, a gem, a star,
 This girl of my heart, with the light guitar.

Frank Chaffee.



EDITED BY MRS. MARY C. HUNGERFORD.

CHURCH WORK.—ALTAR FRONTAL.—COMMUNION - CLOTH.—A LUNCH - CLOTH.—FERN-LEAVES.—TRIMMING FOR SKIRTS.—SHELL-LACE INSERTING.

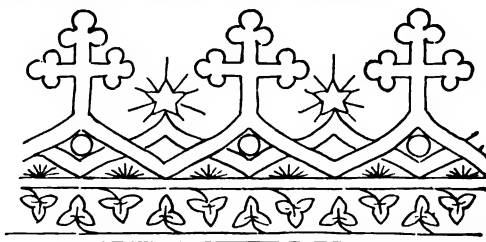
CHURCH WORK.

OUR detractors most unwarrantably say that to call a fashion English insures its success with us. If there is half a truth in the assertion, perhaps the knowledge that sacerdotal embroidery is a "fad" with Englishwomen will insure an agreeable reception for some suggestions upon that style of work.

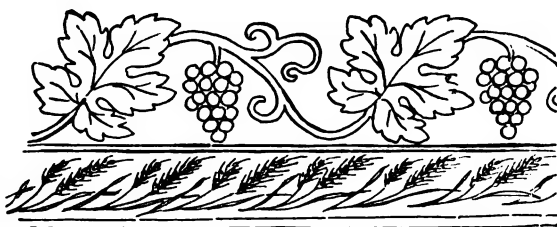
There is a certain symbolism in the altar-frontal design given in the first drawing which will be understood at once by those who are familiar with church furnishings. The pentalpha, or five-pointed star, indicates the Star of Bethlehem. The circle, which must not be worked solidly like a disk, but always outlined like a ring, is the emblem of eternity. The rays emerging from the upper line of the border represent the Sun of Righteousness. The tri-formed leaves suggest the Trinity.

Much of the design is done by couching, although the embroidery may be done solidly on the ground if preferred. The foundation is cloth. The crosses and connecting bands, as well as the under-band, are cut from velvet and put on with gold thread on each edge couched down with silk. The velvet strip should have thin paper or starched muslin pasted on the back. The pattern is then traced on this lining and the pattern cut out. The stars are worked on the cloth with silk or with Japanese gold thread. The rays are lines of gold thread. The leaves are embroidered solidly with silk, with outlining of gold.

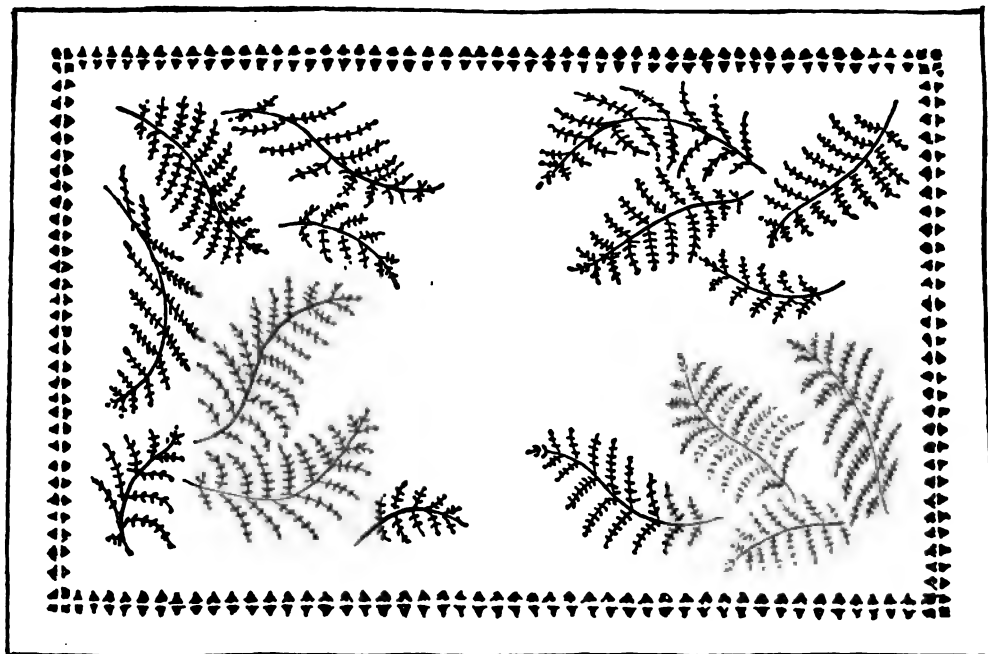
People who have been to Spain sometimes bring back beautiful figures which they have procured at convents for applying upon articles of church service. Many of them are antique and worked with extraordinary minuteness of detail.



ALTAR FRONTAL



LINEN COMMUNION-CLOTH.



LUNCH-CLOTH.

The second design is for the decoration of a "fair linen cloth" to be used to lay over the communion-bread.

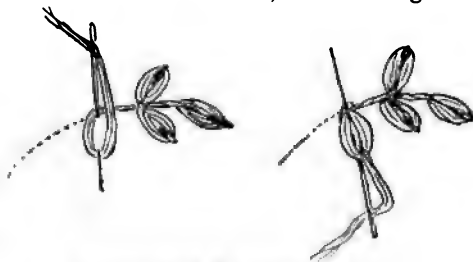
The foundation is fine white linen, and the needlework is done with linen floss or with white wash-silk, or both may be used effectively by using linen for the most part and putting in the veining of the leaves, the beard of the grain, and a few of the upper grapes on each bunch, with silk; or, discarding both linen and silk, the pattern can be entirely worked with soft flourishing-cotton. In any case the close satin or French laid stitch is used.

The grapevine conveys a reminder of Christ as the Vine, as well as indicating the grape as the source of the consecrated wine. The wheat represents the origin of the communion-bread, and symbolizes the Saviour as the Bread of Life, and at the same time recalls the resurrection verse: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

The lunch-cloth which the artist has drawn in number three is a purely secular article made of white linen sheeting cut just the length and width of the table, and hemmed with an inch-wide band of drawn work above the hem. It is possible to get certain sizes of linen lunch-cloths already

hemmed; but as a housekeeper has her own ideas, generally, of the number of leaves she will add to her table on lunch occasions, it will probably be difficult to find the required length. The cloth had better be too small than too large, for none of it is intended to hang over the table edge.

The pattern, although it looks elaborate when done, is so simple that it will require but little drawing. The long curved line forming the central stem of each fern-leaf can be drawn at random with a pencil. The smaller stems can also be lightly traced in the same way; but the tiny foliage will require no marking, each leaf being worked in one long stitch held down at the point by another very short stitch. The two figures of detail show the manner of taking the fern-stitch. The stem is worked from leaf to leaf, but the long cen-

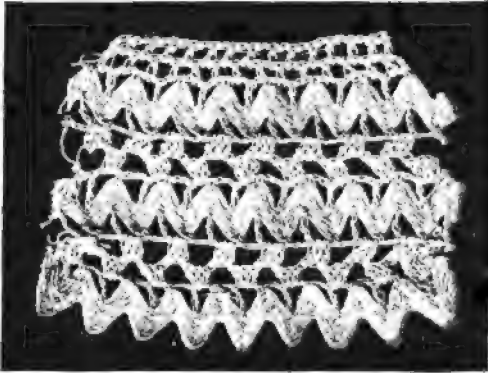


MANNER OF WORKING FERNS.

tre stem is worked first all through the length. The embroidery is all done with two shades of green silk.

TRIMMING FOR SKIRTS.

Many people are fond of making the trimming which introduces linen braid in the place of stitches, and thus saves much time and labor. The pattern here, the correspondent who sends it says, is one of the easiest, and it is certainly one of the prettiest.



TRIMMING FOR LACE.

Cut three pieces of braid the length desired; take one piece, fasten thread in first point, chain two, treble once into space between points, chain two, double into next point, repeat the whole length of braid; now work the same stitches into *both sides* of the other two pieces of braid.

SECOND. Take piece of braid worked on only one side, treble into first loop made by chain of two, three times; take another piece of braid in hand and treble into loop made by chain of two, thus fastening the two pieces together; skip one loop and treble into first piece of braid, then into the second, back to the first, and soon, skipping one loop every time; when the two are joined, take the third piece of braid; and join it to the other two in the same way, then on last edge fasten thread, chain one treble into loop made by chain of two, once; chain one, treble into next loop; chain one, and repeat until a heading is formed, as wide as desired, or twice if wanted like pattern.

SHELL-LACE INSERTING.

This inserting is suitable for using with any of the shell-lace edgings, whether wide or narrow. To begin it, make a chain of thirty-three stitches and turn.

FIRST ROW. One double in sixth stitch,* chain two, skip two, one double in next stitch, repeat from star seven times, chain one, one double in last stitch, chain five, turn.

SECOND ROW. One double, chain two, one double, chain five, one double, in fourth double, shell in fifth double, one double in sixth, chain five, one double in eighth, chain two, one double in ninth, chain one, one double in tenth, chain five, turn.

THIRD ROW. One double,* chain two, one double, repeat from star twice, chain three, one double, chain three, one double,* chain two, one double, repeat from star twice, chain one, one double, chain five, turn.

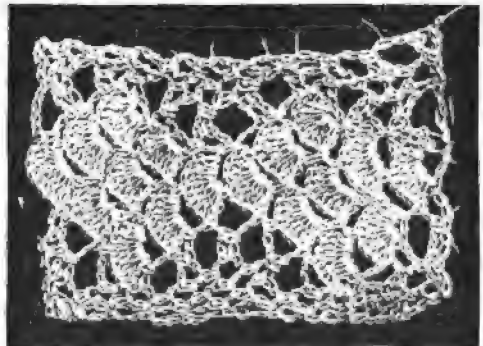
FOURTH ROW. One double, chain five, one double, shell in next double, one double in next, shell in next, one double in next, chain five, one double, chain one double, chain five, turn.

FIFTH ROW. One double, chain two, one double, chain two, one double,* chain three, one double, repeat from star three times, chain two, one double, chain two, one double, chain one, one double, chain five, turn.

SIXTH ROW. One double, chain two, one double,* shell in next double, one double, repeat from star twice, chain two, one double, chain one, one double, chain five, turn.

SEVENTH ROW. One double, chain two, one double,* chain three, one double, repeat from star five times, chain two, one double, chain one, one double, chain five, turn.

EIGHTH ROW. One double, chain five, one double,* shell, one double, repeat from star once, chain five, one double, chain one, one double, chain five, turn.



SHELL LACE INSERTING.

hours. After removing the peaches from the syrup, boil it down until thick and rich, pour it into a separate vessel and let it also stand twenty-four hours. Then put your peaches into the jars in which they are to remain, and cover them with equal quantities of the rich syrup and fresh brandy, and seal up securely from the air. If kept from the air, they will keep a long time; but air *ruins all* preserves and pickles.

Measure all the syrup left. Blanch a handful of peach kernels and put into it, with an equal quantity of the brandy in which the peaches were steeped, and you will have a medicinal cordial.

PRESERVED RIPE MUSKMELON.

Cut in slices and pare off the rind very thin, and remove the seed and soft inside. Lay the fruit in strong salt and water for three days, then soak it in fresh water until all taste of the salt is extracted, changing the water twice a day.

Scald the slices in alum water, and drop in cold water. Let them stand all night. The next morning wipe and weigh them. Make a syrup of one and a half pounds of sugar to each pound of fruit. Let it boil up, strain hot over the melon, and let it stand until morning.

Have ready for each pound of fruit half an ounce of white ginger, soaked and sliced very thin, and mace to taste. Add to the syrup. Put the melon into it, and boil until it is clear.

Season with extract of lemon.

Put in jars and seal closely.

APPLE MARMALADE.

$\frac{1}{2}$ pound butter.

1 pound sugar.

3 pounds apples.

Season with lemon, and stew gently until they form a marmalade.

PINEAPPLE MARMALADE.

Equal weights of sugar and grated pineapple.

Put them into the kettle with a teacup of water to each two pounds of sugar. Boil and skim well.

When the conserve is clear, smooth, and bright (and well done), put it warm into tumblers. Seal and keep in a cool, dry place.

ORANGE MARMALADE.

Pare twelve oranges and lay the peels in water. Scrape out the pulp of the oranges,

and to each pint allow one pound of sugar. Boil two thirds of the rind until perfectly tender. Scrape off all the white inside, and shred the yellow outside very fine. Prepare two lemons in the same way, and mix with the oranges and sugar, and boil together for twenty minutes. Seal hot.

PRESERVED LEMONS.

Rub off the oil in the rind on lumps of sugar. Cut a slit in the side of each lemon and remove *every* seed. Soak the fruit in weak brine for four days. Put the lemons in fresh water, changing the water every day until all taste of the salt is extracted. Boil them in fresh water until you can pierce them with a straw.

Drain and weigh them.

Allow two pounds of sugar and half pint of water to each pound of fruit. Boil up the syrup once, strain boiling hot over the fruit, and cover closely.

Let them stand two or three days, and boil till the fruit is clear and well done, and the syrup rich and thick.

Put into jars and seal while hot.

STRAWBERRY CORDIAL.

1 quart strawberries.

1 pound pulverized loaf sugar.

Boil twenty minutes and strain without pressing. When milk-warm, add one third as much brandy as syrup, put into jars, and seal immediately.

YELLOW PICKLE.

Quarter the cabbage and cover it with boiling water. Let it stand till cold, closely covered to keep in the steam. Repeat this scalding. Drain the cabbage, and, when cold, rub it well with salt, both outside and between the leaves.

Sun the pieces till dry.

TO PREPARE THE VINEGAR.

Early in June take

4 gallons best *cider* vinegar,

6 ounces race-ginger, beaten,

6 ounces turmeric,

6 ounces long pepper, soaked and split,

2 ounces Cayenne pepper,

2 ounces celery seed,

2 ounces white mustard seed,

1 ounce mace,

2 lemons, sliced.

Let this be well sunned during summer, and drop in the cabbage without any soaking.

When the cabbage is

pounds of sugar and a cup of mustard, mixed with some of the vinegar from the jar.

Seal up and sun the pickle as long as the hot sunshine lasts.

CUCUMBER CATSUP.

Grate twelve good-sized cucumbers and four onions. Add four tablespoonfuls of salt, three of ground black pepper, three of grated horse-radish, and two quarts best cider vinegar.

Bottle it, and put a teaspoonful of olive oil in each bottle.

Cork tightly and keep in a cool place.

PICKLED WALNUTS.

Gather the walnuts about the 15th of June. Peel off the outer bark and drop them in cold water as they are peeled. Remove them from the cold water, and pour over them strong boiling salt and water. Scald them every three days, for four times, using a new brine each time. Lay them in plain cold vinegar for two weeks.

To every gallon of walnuts allow three pounds of sugar and four ounces each of black pepper, ginger and mustard seed, two ounces each of cloves and mace.

Boil the spices in one quart of vinegar for half an hour. Stir well and pour over the walnuts.

PICKLED LEMONS.

Peel off the outside rind of twelve lemons, making it as thin as possible. Cut a slit in the side of each and remove the seeds. Gash the ends of the lemons and rub them with salt. Cover them with water and let them stand ten days. Then lay them in the sun, turning them every day till the salt begins to crystallize.

Put them in a jar, alternating a layer of lemons with one of mixed spices: ginger, pepper, cloves, mace. When the jar is nearly full, cover them with strong cider vinegar.

Seal up closely and sun during the summer. The older they are the better.

G. G. S.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR HOME MAKER : Can you not give me some suggestions for a Young Folk's Literary and Social Club, for the Summer? When school closes in June, they will miss their school friends and will feel somewhat at a loss for amusement. I think a little reading every day would be a good thing for them, and if they could organize a reading club among the boys and girls, they would take more interest in the reading, and would attend the meetings. The young people are especially interested in reading, and I think a good many of them would like to have a good many of them.

tory of their own country, by giving them some book of Fenimore Cooper's, like "The Spy," and having them read that aloud in turn, verifying his statements for themselves, by reference to histories, maps, etc. Or, they might read Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," in connection with Wallace's "A Fair God," or Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities," with historical readings on the American Revolution. Let them vary this occasionally by the reading of some spiritual ballad, like "Pontenoy," or "The Tale of Nasels," Macaulay's "Tale of Two Cities," or Tennyson's "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Reading these and other good books, and having them read them aloud, will do much to improve the young people's minds, and will give them a better knowledge of their own country, and of the world.

Our grandparents were perhaps more nearly right than we when they insisted that "children should be seen and not heard." Certain it is that there should be a happy medium between allowing a child to be bashful, sheepish, and dumb, and permitting him to silence all the older members of a family by continually interrupting connected conversation by pert speeches and exclamations.

It is not the children but the parents who are in fault. The little ones are really happier if taught that when older people are speaking they must be silent. How sweet would our dispositions be if we were constantly urged to talk, our bright remarks repeated in our presence, and then, when we were launched on what we considered a brilliant and eloquent discourse, we were harshly commanded to "hold our tongues" and informed that we gave "no-body else time to hear himself think!"

Some people's management of children reminds one of the way country women drive. One minute the reins are lying loose and the next jerked sharply, till the poor horse acquires such a jogging and stumbling gait that he becomes perfectly useless—except for a woman to steer. A good driver is patient but firm, and, above all, does not lose control of himself. That is the secret of a mother's success, the watchfulness of self that enables her to put such a guard on lips and temper that

she lets slip no expression that can in any way injure one of these little ones. Baby may be young, but he soon learns when Mamma is unreasonably angry and when she is justly displeased with him. He well knows too if his Mamma is to be imposed upon or whether or not she expects to be obeyed.

A few days ago I saw a mother vainly striving to persuade her three-year-old daughter to go to her nurse.

"Baby, dear," she said, "will you please go upstairs to Mary now?"

The child shook her head.

"Baby, dear," reiterated the mother, "to please dear Mamma go to Mary?"

Another refusal.

"Baby! Mamma says you *must* go!"

This time there was a more wilful shake of the head and a stamp of the tiny foot.

Just then the father entering the room, said quietly to the child:

"Dear, run upstairs to Mary."

The little one smiled sweetly and left the room without a word.

The mother turned to me with a troubled smile.

"It is so strange," she sighed, "how well she minds her Papa. I suppose I am too indulgent; but I believe, for all that, that she loves him better than she does me. I don't understand it."

I remembered the country woman's manner of driving, and *did* understand.

One Old Maid.

BEYOND THE SEA.

SMILE, baby, smile; for mother's lips are telling

Tales of her home in thine unconscious ear.
Deep in her heart the tender thoughts are swelling

Of those she fain would have thee hold so dear.

Smile, baby, smile.

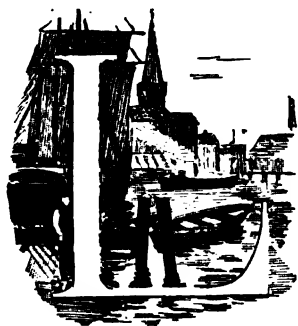
Smile, baby, lest the homesick tears should gather

At wistful dreams of all beyond the sea.
But hark! a step—she springs to meet thy father—

And all the world's forgot but him and thee!
Smile, baby, smile.

Susan H. Ludlum.

ONE MOTHER'S WAY.



P. Borchgrevink.

LITTLE Mrs. Miller was making bread, and her twin baby boys were standing by her side moulding, infinitesimal biscuits to be baked for a play-supper. The three were in the highest spirits, appar-

ently, for merry peals of laughter issued from the wide-open mouths of Ned and Ted; and mamma herself was smiling and kneading, and kneading and smiling, as if the two processes went together. I sat, with my book, in sight and hearing of this pretty group, and forgot to read as I watched and listened.

The bread put in the pans, mamma began paring apples for pies. Ted and Ned had also disposed of a part of their dough in the proper way; and now, provided with tiny toy pie-pans, they proceeded, with funny little rolling-pins, to "make pies." It was a delightful occupation, apparently, and one that occupied a good deal of time, for there was sugar to add to the apples from their own little hoard of groceries; then various spices; then an upper crust to be fitted, ornamented, and properly punctured before the half-dozen toy pies were completed. The little cooks were enveloped in long-sleeved gingham cooking-aprons, and when the day's cooking was done, they carefully washed in their own little dish-pan whatever dishes they had soiled.

In answer to my questions concerning the continuance of the children's interest in this kind of play, Mrs. Miller said: "They never tire of it. To do their own play-housework in company with my real occupations is their greatest delight. They have their little tubs, and flat-irons, and clothes-lines, and other conveniences for washing-day."

"If they were girls, this kind of work would be still more interesting to them, no doubt," I suggested.

"Quite possibly not, at their age. A child is but a baby at three and a half years, and to do what the mother does is the fact that pleases. Especially is the little heart thrilled with joy and ambition, and the brain stimulated healthfully and happily, if the busy worker thinks he is of use—is 'helping mamma.' It is simply putting the beginnings of energy to the beginnings of service; helping the baby faculties to develop naturally, sunned by love and joy."

I learned later that Ted and Ned had bought their own store of groceries and toy utensils, earning the money by helping in such small ways as are open to a young child: in some cases by suppressing their eager, noisy little selves at such times as quiet was specially essential. They already knew that certain graces and self-denials were expected of "gentlemen;" that certain hardy traits were "manly." They understood perfectly that though a boy might play the wild Indian out-of-doors sometimes with perfect propriety, it was not "gentlemanly" to be rough and noisy indoors. They appreciated the ladyhood of their mother, and the courtesies that they must show her as "little men." All this education was the natural consequence of the loving, simple, natural companionship and partnership carried on in the household.

A day or two after the cooking scene, the mother and twins were ironing. The boys had their little table, over which they bent faces flushed and ardent. The mother was in the midst of a little serial that she kept spinning from day to day.

"And then," I heard her say, as I came into the room, "and then the mistress gave the orphan child a ten-cent piece, and told her to go for a loaf of bread. On the way, little Meena, whose fingers were very cold, dropped the silver bit through a crack in the sidewalk. She tried in vain to get it, and at last sank down on the hard stone sobbing. She knew the mistress would punish her if she went home without the money. While Meena sat there, a little lost kitten climbed upon her shoulder, and began rubbing his furry side against her cheek, as if to comfort her.



"OH! WILL YOU BE MY KITTY."

The poor creature was gaunt with hunger, as Meena saw when she took it in her arms.

"Oh! will you be my kitty?" said Meena, as she hugged the kitten tightly in her arms. She stopped crying, and smiled brightly at the thought. Then the tears started again.

"But she won't let me keep you; oh, I know she won't!"

At this critical point the day's instalment stopped.

"Happy children! Happy mother!" thought I, as I reflected upon Mrs. Miller's home philosophical training.

Mrs. M. F. Butts.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITORS THE HOME-MAKER: I would be very glad if the Editor of the Nursery Department would give me a *menu* suitable for a child of eighteen months.

I feed her at 7.30, 10.30 A.M., 1.30, 4.30, and 7.00 P.M., and would like to know what food is best for her.

If you would kindly answer this question, it will greatly oblige an

Admiring Subscriber.

The meals seem rather frequent for a child of that age. Generally a baby a year and a half old has but three solid meals, with perhaps some trifling refreshment about the middle of the morning. Seven o'clock appears late for her supper.

For breakfast give her porridge of some

sort, with plenty of milk and *no sugar*. The porridge may be of oatmeal, cracked wheat, wheatlet, hominy, rice, farina, cornmeal, or any other cereal which agrees with the child's taste and digestion. At 10.30 a glass of milk or a cracker should be enough. At noon a poached or boiled egg, a bowl of rice and milk, bread and butter, soft toast, soup and bread, meat-juice and bread, baked or mashed potato. From any one of these she can make a hearty meal, with perhaps the inside of a baked apple or a little apple sauce for dessert. No uncooked fruit should be given her. Another glass of milk or a cracker should compose her 4.30 lunch, and a bowl of bread and milk or crackers and milk will serve for her supper.

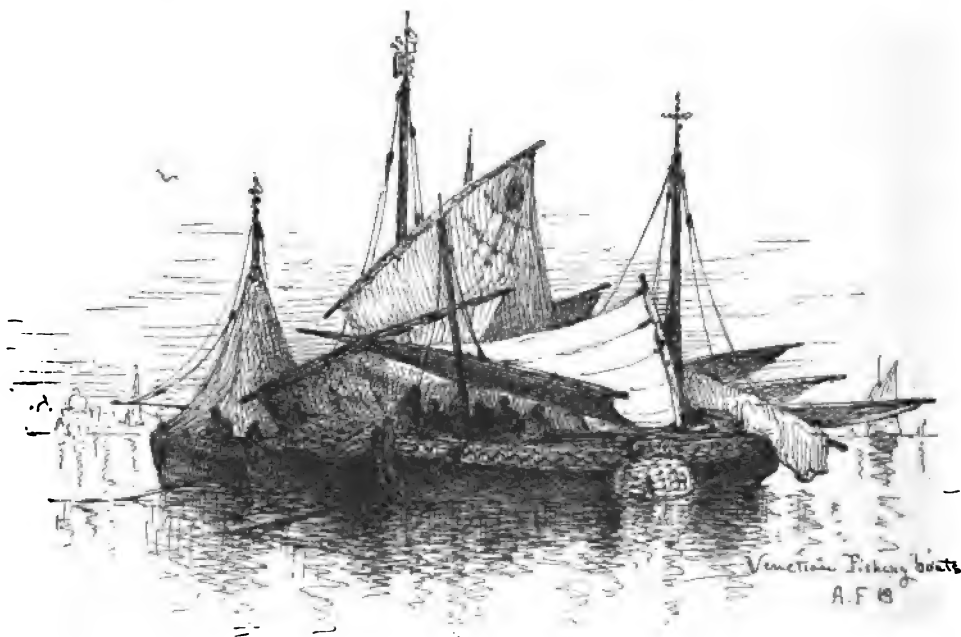




THE HOME OF COLOR.

VENICE—"The Bride of the Adriatic," the beautiful City of the Sea—furnishes a greater wealth and variety of artistic material for the painter than can probably be found in any other spot in Europe, or perhaps in the world.

Architecture—Byzantine, Gothic, and Renaissance; marine subjects on the Lagoon and canals; landscape on the islands and shores of the mainland, not far off—all these offer their varied attractions to those who seek to portray them, whilst the figure



painter may revel in the different types of humanity to be studied as one wanders through the narrow Calles, or along the more spacious Riva and piazzas, or steps into a gondola to glide gently over the bosom of the placid Lagune, with the very "poetry of motion."

Venice is the home of color. The whole place is fairly soaked with it, so to speak. What wonder, then, that Bellini, Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese founded there that most coloristic of all schools, known as the "Venetian," living and painting, as they did, in the midst of such a wealth of color! Even the commonest of the people have inherited or absorbed this love of brilliant hues. True, their manifestations of it are often crude, as shown in the wearing of gaudy shawls and kerchiefs by the women of the lower class, and the rude painting of the sails of the fishing-boats by the fishermen themselves. When first painted, these sails are so bright and positive, that no color on the palette can equal them, with the sun shining upon them; but sun, wind, and time, which modify all things, soon temper their crudeness and bring them into a grateful harmony with their artistic surroundings.

As we move about in Venice, either on land or water, there is endless incident and movement to capture and interest the attention: the passing boats with such a variety of picturesque occupants all engaged in busy idleness; the lazy crowds on the bridges, the Grand Canal, the distant islands, each dominated by its campanile, dotted about the surface of the Lagune, ever changing their apparent form and relation to each other, as we alter our own position; the numerous churches with their profusion of art treasures,—all these so crowd upon the artist, that upon his first visit to Venice he is generally so overwhelmed by the abundance and variety of



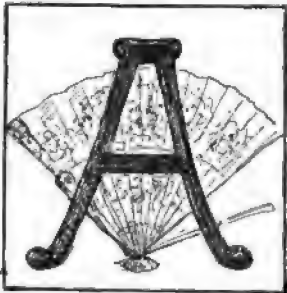
the artistic material presented to his view, that he is unable for some time to settle down to the study of any particular subject. Thus it will be seen that it is impossible to suggest more than the faintest idea of this marvellous city, in a few words, or, indeed, in many. The only way to know Venice and to realize her beauties, is to go there and to live there, at least, for a considerable period.

A. F. Bunner.





POOR OLD GRANDMOTHER.



UNT ANNE, I do wish you would take grandma home with you."

"Well, Jennie, I'd be glad to do it, but I know she won't go."

"Why, auntie, I thought you had so much in-

fluence with her that you could make her do anything. For I know she will certainly drive me crazy if she stays here through all this fuss and flurry."

The room was large and airy. Through the open windows came the hum of the city, subdued and soft, like a vague murmur, as it filtered through the silken curtains. The speakers were aunt and niece. The aunt was neat and precise, her clothes as well as her manners bearing the unmistakable stamp of "country"; the niece, slender, erect, elegant, and showing in every detail, the signs of refined city life. All around the room were packages and bundles scattered in reckless confusion, band-boxes from the most exclusive millinery parlors, and flat bundles from the dry-goods stores. Before one window stood the sewing-machine, and by it sat the energetic operator, while at a table near by sat the fashionable modiste or cutter of artistic

gowns, with scissors in one hand, while over the other flowed yards upon yards of lustrous silk, and in her eyes shone the fires of inspiration as she contrived the future tea-gown.

The aunt looked thoughtfully around the room.

"Jennie, how much more is there yet to do? How long before you will be ready?"

"O Aunt Anne, don't ask me! One wedding is bad enough, but when you have to plan for two, it doubles the confusion, as well as the pleasure, and it seems as though there will be no end."

Just then the door opened, and a little white-haired figure came timidly forward, bent, and leaning upon a cane. She paused at sight of so many faces, and Jennie said, impatiently:

"Grandma, what on earth made you come down here?"

The dark eyes looked frightened, and in an appealing tone the old lady said:

"I was a little lonesome, Jennie, and I heard you talking, and thought I'd come in and see your Aunt Anne."

Grandma Gray was a very old woman. She had raised two sets of children, besides giving a home, or refuge, to any number of nieces and nephews. She was one of those bright, active women who love to be busy, and she was wonderfully capable, too, and had managed the two fortunes left from father and husband without asking advice

from any one. But now she was growing old—very old, and in a few more months she would reach the wonderful age of one hundred years. Of all her children, but two were left to her, Mrs. Morton, the "Aunt Anne," of our story, and Mrs. Carey, the mother of Jennie.

Mrs. Morton was herself a grandmother, and was almost as old as her mother in manners; but Mrs. Carey, who was the youngest child, was just now beginning to marry off her family of daughters, of whom there were five. They were handsome, stylish girls, fond of company and dress, and, like too many young folks, living only to have a "good time." Their mother was quite the nineteenth century American parent, that is, the willing slave of her children, and ready to wear herself out in their service.

The girls were very fond of their grandmother, and proud of the great age to which she had come, and they had many plans for celebrating her centennial birthday. For some time the dear old lady had been obliged to give up all outside affairs, but she was all the more interested in what took place indoors. It seemed to her a wonderful thing that the two children of her own "baby" were now going to be married and to go away and live in far-off cities, and the old love of managing and planning awoke in her mind. She could not help suggesting this or that in regard to the wedding trousseaux, although she had a consciousness that no one paid much attention to her words.

So when she saw the frown upon Jennie's face, and caught a few of her angry words, she looked quite sad and forlorn. Going to the table, she took up the silk and began to examine it.

"Jennie," she said, "I am afraid this will not be a very good color to wear."

"O grandma, do let it alone!" retorted the girl. "You only rumple it and make it full of wrinkles."

Just then a fresh young voice was heard—

"Where's grandma?"

Such a look came over the wrinkled face,—tenderness, admiration, and love. A bright head was thrust into the room, and a young girl came running to where grandma stood.

"O here she is! Here is my little old sweetheart!" And gently drawing the old lady to the sofa, she made her sit down, and bringing a low stool, seated herself

at her feet and fondled the soft old hands.

"Ethel, how can you idle away so much time when you know how much there is to do?" said Jennie, snappishly.

Ethel saw that something had gone wrong; and what troubled her still more, she saw that grandma was feeling low-spirited.

So she whispered.

"Come, dearie, let's go into the sitting-room and I will read to you." And they left the room to the workers.

Jennie had her way. Aunt Anne took grandma to her own home, and there made her as happy as possible; but it was easy to see that the dear old lady pined to be with the girls in their preparations.

Ethel stoutly opposed her leaving them, and threatened to run away and go with her; but when she saw that the others were determined, she yielded with as much grace as was possible. But every day she went to see the exile, taking her pieces of all the new dresses, and asking her advice upon every little detail, so that poor grandma was quite happy, and felt that her opinion was still of some consequence.

All of Mrs. Gray's property was long since arranged and divided, so that in case of her death there should be no trouble about its disposition. But she had kept out, for her own use, what she desired for her wants and fancies, for she had a generous soul, and was always giving something to the needy.

On the day before the wedding, Aunt Anne brought her back, and the old lady seemed overjoyed to get "home," as she called it, and her first thought was to ask for a sight of the beautiful trousseaux.

"Ethel," said Jennie, "you may let her fuss with your things, if you want to, and wrinkle and muss them; but she must let mine alone, for I won't have it."

And so it was. Ethel took the gentle old grandma into her room and spread out before her all the charming garments, and numberless knick-knacks.

"Ah, child, you will never need all these things; and what will you do as a poor man's wife? You do not even know how to keep house."

"Grandma, darling, I can learn; besides, you know you are coming to live with us, and you can show me all about it."

Grandma's eyes beamed, and she was happier than she had been for many days. Ethel danced about for her amusement,

and chattered, and laughed, and showered the most loving attentions upon the delighted old lady, who all day long seemed overflowing with quiet content.

The wedding morning came at last, and Ethel's first thought was of grandma. She must have a nice breakfast in bed and then be dressed for the wedding. Quietly she slipped into her room to waken her, and there grandma lay—fast asleep, but it was "the sleep that knows no earthly waking." Her dear old face looked so placid, the snowy hair was soft and fluffy, and she seemed like some high-born, old-time beauty as she lay there in calm, serene repose.

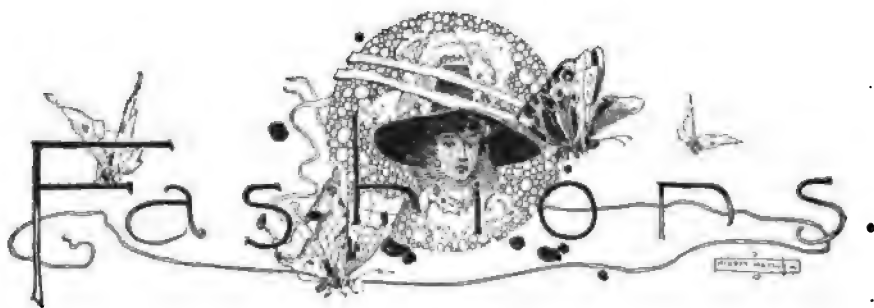
In a small box under her pillow they found the wedding-presents she had prepared for the girls. In one side was a diamond ring, around which was wrapped a paper, on which was written, "For

Jennie." In the other side was a ring exactly like the first, and with it a paper, marked "For Ethel." But out of this package dropped a folded paper, which Jennie hastened to open. She read its contents.

"For my dear, loving, unselfish Ethel—grandma's Comfort. May God bless my darling, and make her happy, because she has been so kind to her lonely old grandma."

It was a legal document representing a large sum of money deposited without the knowledge of any one but herself. "Ethel deserves her good fortune," said Aunt Anne, who prided herself upon always speaking plainly, and to the point. "I shall never forget how sorry I felt for poor old grandma that day when Jennie was so cross to her."

E. A. Matthews.



THE TRANSFORMATIONS OF A BONNET.

I had a great desire for a *white* straw bonnet. I had other bonnets and hats but I wanted a fine white straw.

At length the time came when I purchased one of a becoming shape, in fine white English Dunstable, trimmed it with flowers and tulle, and faced it with scarlet velvet and old English thread lace yellowed by time; and with strings of the scarlet tulle it was very fashionably gotten up.

It was thought well suited to me, and one friend, who had quite an eye to appearances and also a frank way of expressing her opinion, whatever it might be, one time in urging me, during a call, to remain over Sunday with her, informed me I "looked nice enough to go anywhere."

My health had not been good for some years. Now, owing to skilful medical care, it was gradually improving. During all

those years, I never had so many congratulations on my improved health or so many compliments on my good looks, as the summer I wore that bonnet; owing, perhaps, in part to the reflection of the red on my pale face.

Is it any wonder that at the end of the season I reluctantly put away my pretty bonnet, and felt sorry to be obliged to don one more in accord with the demands of the season?

The winter passed; in the springtime the question of head-gear was again agitated. "Why not have a straw bonnet," was the question. Surely! There was the little bonnet. Why not have it made black and bring it into use again?

It was accordingly done.

Dyed and pressed, and trimmed with black *moiré* ribbon and surah, it was not only just the thing, but very available for many occasions. It could go to church, or on a shopping expedition, or on a journey and always be in order.

Not being "dressy," as it had been in its former existence, it did not receive so many compliments, but it was far more serviceable.

As cool weather came on again, some of the *moiré* ribbon was removed and four or five ostrich tips substituted, which gave it a smart air and a new lease of life as well.

A great deal was expected of the bonnet in the way of service, consequently, after awhile the tips began to look stringy.

It was some trouble to remove them, for the sake of curling, and readjust them every time they had been out in the dampness or rain, and the bright idea came to me to put hat and all into the oven when the fire in the range was low. The mild heat could not hurt the straw, or the silk, or the ribbon, and the tips would renew their beauty.

The plan was successfully carried out several times, and was found very convenient for restoring the bonnet to its good looks.

All went well, till one day in the late fall, a rainy, cold, uncomfortable day, I had occasion to go to the depot, in a neighboring city. The friend, who was coming for a little visit, had never before delayed on account of weather, so I set off in good time to meet the train, and thereby missed the telegram which she intended should save me the journey, and which was to inform me that the storm would prevent her coming till the following day.

When I reached home from this trip to the depot, the condition of my ostrich tips is better imagined than described.

Late that afternoon, when the fire in the range was low, the bonnet was once more placed carefully in the oven.

Other things occupied my attention that evening and the following morning, until on going into the kitchen, I was greeted with the information that when the oven was wanted for something for breakfast, the bonnet had been discovered at the mercy of the morning fire!

As soon as I had a glimpse of the poor bonnet, I broke out into a hearty laugh. The tips were a hopeless ruin. One or two stood up in dignified fashion, but they all more or less fell to pieces on being touched. I could not help laughing at their comical appearance. I had no time to retrim the bonnet, for I must be off again to the depot to meet my friend, so I contented myself with stripping off the cinders, and by so doing left a little tuft that served as a pompon, till I could take time to put on the bow of *moiré* ribbon that had preceded the unlucky tips.

The bonnet, readorned by the ribbon, was still doing duty in all weathers, when, soon after Thanksgiving, came a very urgent invitation for a short trip away from home. I protested that I could not go; I had not got my new winter bonnet.

But there was no way to get out of going. The friends were urgent, and go I must, and I was much disturbed at the prospect of being taken off in the straw hat at that season of the year.

Suddenly I had an inspiration.

Why not cover the straw crown with surah! I hastily found a piece of surah just suited to the purpose, and in just ten minutes I had a *black silk* bonnet ready trimmed with *moiré*. Friends who had come in to bid me good-bye and wish me a pleasant journey and safe return, looked on and admired my genius in getting a new (?) bonnet on such short notice.

It was such a triumph of skill, I thought it a pity to cast it aside, and I kept it in service till some time in January, when I again had a little visit from the friend who was coming at the time the feathers were cremated. She is quite a genius in millinery, and was inclined to criticise the arrangement of the surah, so I gave her leave to see what she could do with it, and, thanks to the transformation her deft fingers gave it, it started out on another lease

of life, and was more becoming and comfortable than ever.

The time had come, however, when there *must* be a new bonnet; but before the question was settled, sickness entered our household, and for two months neither bonnets nor anything akin were thought of in the struggle to keep the dear one longer with us.

The beautiful springtime came again, and with returning health in the family and the bright days, the thought of hats and bonnets suitable to the season became uppermost once more. Along with other ripping, and rearranging the silk covering, the straw crown was removed and then was revealed, what I had forgotten in its hiding, that it was a very fine, beautiful straw.

The thought came to me that it might be pressed, and help swell the variety that one likes to have in head-gear.

On I went with the ripping till I made a discovery which I feared would seal the fate of the bonnet, and bring its career to a close. When I removed the puff of surah from the front, there, where the hat-pin had been jabbing in all these months, was a crack right across the straw. Cracked straight across! Of what use could the crown be if the rim was cracked past all hope of repair?

There seemed no hope for it till I thought me of a black straw turban which the washerwoman had seemed pleased to receive as a gift, but which I afterward found she had left in the cellar.

I felt grateful to her for her ingratitude, and started off for the presser's with my crown and the turban, which was of straw coarser than the crown.

I selected the shape I desired, and then unfolded my plan to the girl at the desk, who was very agreeable, and at once fell in with my idea. As two or more kinds of straw braid were used in one hat or bonnet, I thought my crown could be utilized for the crown again, and a rim made from the coarser straw of the turban. She agreed to carry out my suggestion, and when I went

for the bonnet a week later, I found it pressed just as I had requested.

From the presser I took it to the milliner, who thought black velvet and net and fine flowers would trim it prettily. I found a wreath that just took my fancy, blue forget-me-nots, white lilies of the valley and small, green rose leaves. She pleased me very much in the trimming, puffing the velvet on the front so that the coarser straw of the rim was hidden; placing a pompon of the net at the top of the crown, while the wreath was laid back of the velvet puffing and sprayed over it; a velvet bridle went under the chin.

It was indeed a new creation. How could I do otherwise than wear it to church the next pleasant Sunday morning?

I saw one friend looking at me intently as we met in the vestibule after service. Finally she broke forth:—

"Why, why, say, that isn't the hat I helped you select!" (she had gone with me to purchase trimmings, etc., for the hat I intended for best, and which she had not yet seen me wear).

"Oh, no," replied I, "this is another."

"Why, aren't you getting extravagant?"

"I hope I am not guilty of *that* charge," laughed I, thinking how little she knew of the history of the little bonnet that was getting me the charge of extravagance.

At home and abroad, during the summer, it had many compliments on its beauty and becomingness. As the summer waned, the wreath became unseasonable and had to be removed, as also the net pompon.

Now, with its fine straw crown hidden under a drapery of black velvet that matches the puffed front, and a cluster of scarlet ribbon and jet ornaments, where the pompon once stood, it starts off again on another term of service.

Who can say when the usefulness and beauty of the little bonnet will end? and can anyone wonder at the friendly feeling I have for it?

Mary Argyle.



HOW TO HAVE A FLOWER GARDEN IN A BOX.

MANY of the readers of this paper who love flowers and would like to have a garden are not so situated that they can have one to suit them ; but they need not go without flowers on that account.

Do you live in the city, up one, two, three, half a dozen flights of stairs ? Many of you do, I know. You can have a little garden there, if you set about it. It won't be a very elaborate one, but perhaps you will enjoy it all the more on that account. You can study the habits of the flowers in it more carefully than you would be likely to if you had several beds full of them growing in a yard.

The first thing to do is to find a box as long as your window, about a foot wide, and a foot in depth.

It doesn't matter if this box is a plain pine one. If you have good luck with your flowers, they will soon hide it completely. Of course you can paint it, if you want to, or you can take a strip of oil-cloth and tack over it, making it look quite like a costly window-box covered with tiles, at a little distance.

Fasten it to the window-sill so that the top of it will be on a level with the inside of the casing. You will be making a mistake if you have it above the sill.

After driving some stout nails through the box into the sill, fit two braces from the outside corners of it so that they will reach back to the side of the house about two feet below the box. These are quite necessary,

as the box, when full of soil, will be quite heavy, and it will require good support.

Get the best soil you can to fill it. By searching you can almost always find a place where leaves have rotted. Or you can take old turf or sods and cut them up into bits. If this is the best you can do, get some manure, if possible, and add to it, and mix in some sand, or old mortar, to make it light and mellow.

If you want an awning that will be far more beautiful than any that you could buy at the stores, plant morning-glories at the ends of the box, to clamber up about the window. You can make a square frame of lath, or strips of thin wood, that can be fastened to the top of the window. A brace on each side, starting at about the middle of the window-frame, will hold this square out and away from the window in such a way as to shade it when it is covered with vines. Train the morning-glories up to the framework, and in a short time they will completely cover it, and the vines will hang about it in a fringe of foliage and flowers that will be far more beautiful than the costliest lace you could fashion into curtains for your window.

About the outside of the box plant some trailing plant to droop over and cover it. petunias will do this well. So will nasturtiums. Very likely you have some friend who has house-plants, among which there will be moneywort, or tradescantia, or coliseum ivy. She will doubtless be

pleased to give you little slips of these. Plant them in the soil, and they will soon take root, and almost before you know it your box will be covered with vines.

You can grow almost any flower in such a box if you take proper care of it. A geranium will do well there, or a heliotrope. If the window is a north one, you can have pansies.

When the plants come into blossom, you will be delighted with your little garden away up in the air. You will appreciate it all the more because it has cost you considerable time and labor. You will find it a charming companion, and one from which you can learn a great deal about the habits and characteristics of plants.

I have said something about taking proper care of it. I will tell you what I mean by that.

Window-boxes have become quite popular in the cities. You will see them in the most fashionable parts of the town. But if you have been observing, you will have noticed that very many of these boxes had a sort of sickly look about them. The plants in them did not appear to be doing well. Their leaves were yellow, and dropping off, and as for flowers, there were none to speak of. From this you may have got the idea that a window-box was a somewhat difficult thing to manage successfully. But it is not. The boxes you have seen filled with sickly plants were neglected ones. They had not been cared for properly.

The fact is, a window-box, because it is exposed to the air on all but one side, loses the moisture in its soil very rapidly by evaporation. The wind, and air, and sun have a chance to get at it, and they do their work thoroughly. If but little water is given, in a few days the soil an inch or two below the surface will become as dry as dust, and of course the roots of the plants suffer in consequence. Most persons get into the habit of giving water to their plants in small quantities, but they give it often. This is wrong. If you would be successful with a window-box, give all the water the soil can drink in at one time, and then wait till the surface of the soil looks dry. When this dry look is seen, give another thorough application. Give so liberally that the water penetrates the soil in every part of the box, and runs out through the cracks in the bottom and corners. If you do this, you may be sure that all the roots get all the moisture they require, and you will be surprised to see what rapid growth

your plants make, and what fine flowers they bear. If you neglect your box for a day or two, you will find that the plants begin to wilt as soon as the sun comes up, and very soon you will notice that many of the leaves are turning yellow. These are mute but eloquent remonstrances against such neglect, and if you love your plants you will take care not to have it happen again.

It is a good plan to water daily. Make it a rule to do so at a certain hour, and you will not be likely to forget it. It is always best to give the water at night, or after sundown, as evaporation does not take place so rapidly then. When you apply water to the soil, sprinkle the plants well. This keeps them clean, and unless they are clean they will not be as attractive as they ought to be. Dusty plants tell of neglect, and are never as healthy as those whose pores are kept open for the admission of air. Plants breathe through their leaves, you know.

From what I have said, you will see that the great secret of having a window-box that will afford you a vast amount of pleasure is really no secret at all. It all consists in giving the proper care. It is quite as easy to grow good plants in a box as in the open ground. There is a little more labor connected with it, but that will not be grudgingly given if you really love flowers. If you do not love them, do not try to grow them.

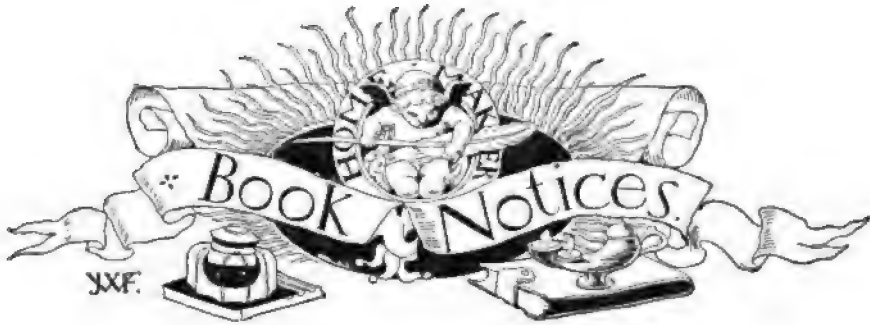
Eben E. Rexford.

EDITORS THE HOME-MAKER:—I would be grateful for any advice on the culture of carnations raised from bud for winter blooming. I have planted my buds under grass.

A Subscriber.

Answer.

Put the young plants out-of-doors during summer, in the open ground. If any shoots are sent up for blooming, pinch them back at once, and keep them pinched back all through the season. This will throw the strength of the plant into the crown, and the result will be a bushy, compact specimen from which from six to ten flowering stalks will likely be sent up later on. Lift in September, putting them in six and seven inch pots. Do not bring into a warm room until thoroughly established, and even then it is better to keep them in a comparatively cool place.



(*Blossom Songs*, by Helen Chase.)

There is another part to the title, but the words "Easter Idyls," give the impression that the book is especially designed for only one season of the year, while really it is equally appropriate to all times. The lovely hand-painted cover which is tied over the little collection of dainty verses, makes the little book ornamental for the table or attractive as a gift, but the great charm is in the musical poems, which are songs and pictures in one. The songs are few but versatile in their scope, running through the gamut from the gay lilt of the golden chrysanthemums to the minor knell of the sad andantino.

There is pitiful sadness mingled with hope, in the Easter Lily Idyl, but there is only light-hearted gayety in this flower verse:

"Oh, the rare pink, bloom of the starry flowers!

Oh, their spicy breath! Ah, never
Were things so sweet into being called
By the sun and rain together.

(*The Magnetic Man* and other stories, by Edward S. Van Zile.)

Every story of the five between the covers, is interesting and of an uncommon type. "A Tangle of Hearts" and "An Emperor's Decree" are especially amusing, and "Chemical Clairvoyance," while falling in with the present trend of fiction is interesting in spite of impossibility. Mr. Van Zile established his reputation by his very clever first book "The last of the Van Stacks," but it is not common for a novelist to show, as this one has done, an equal facility for writing short stories.

(*Vivier, of Vivier*, Longman and Co., Bankers, by W. C. Hudson. Cassell Publishing Co., New York.)

In reading such a story as the above, one marvels not less at the mental constitution of the man who wrote it than at the taste of the public which provides a market for such literature. Dealing with the shady side of metropolitan life, it abounds in unnatural and unpleasant episodes, and introduces characters from which, out of fiction, any man or woman claiming respectability, would shrink aside. To crown all, the book is guilty of the unpardonable fault of dulness,—a dulness which the would-be exciting incidents cannot lighten.

(*Tin-Types Taken In the Streets of New York*, by Lemuel Ely Quigg. Cassell Publishing Co., New York.)

From the title of this book, the amateur photographer might reasonably infer that it contained matter bearing upon his pet "fad." Far from it! The volume deals with the features of low metropolitan life; the chronicle of the doings of prize-fighters, Jew pawn-brokers, newsboys, bar-tenders, criminals, etc., being accompanied by outline illustrations which are more or less spirited. The book is hardly one to interest the general reader, and its literary excellencies are not marked.

(*Fruits, and How to Use Them*, by Mrs. Hester M. Poole. Fowler and Wells, New York.)

An admirable manual for the house-keeper. Mrs. Poole by no means restricts herself to the proper methods of preparing fruits in preserves, jellies, and the like, but bestows her principal attention upon re-

cipes for attractive fruit dishes for the table. Many of her compounds will be new to the average reader who will rejoice, now, in the midst of the fruit season, to find lucid directions for utilizing berries and the larger fruit. The business of putting up is not neglected, however, but receives its due share of attention. The book possesses the additional merit of an excellent index.

(*Stolen America*, by Isabel Henderson Floyd. Cassell Publishing Co., New York.)

Mrs. Floyd's novel will be found especially pleasant reading by those who have visited Bermuda, where the scene of the story is laid. The plot shows a little lack of finish and the conversations are not always marked by naturalness, but there are many interesting incidents related, and the book abounds in picturesque description. The writer is evidently a firm patriot and introduces frequent object lessons in her comparison of British and American naval and military forces. The book is one of Cassell's Sunshine Series.

(*How to Preserve Health*, by Louis Barhan, M. D. Published by Exchange Printing Co., New York.)

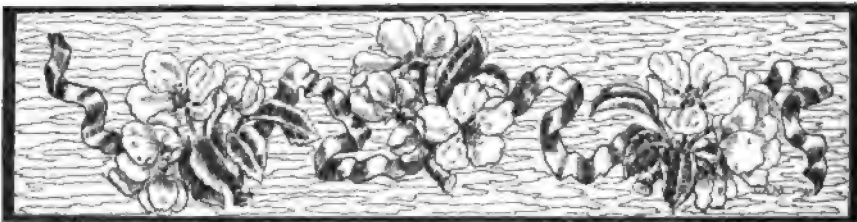
Dr. Barhan announces that his effort in preparing this book was to give to the public an available hand-book of hygiene and sick room assistance. He has certainly covered a good deal of ground; but there is an explicitness in certain details and a lack of this characteristic in some

others that renders the volume of less practical value than the author probably contemplated for it.

PUGET SOUND.

PEOPLE who have visited the wonderful region surrounding Puget Sound cannot find language to express the delight they have felt in gazing upon the varied beauties of scenery there spread before them. There can be no satisfaction in a mere description, and the best works of famous artists fade into insignificance before the magnificent reality. Not alone is the region rich in all that makes it fair to look upon, but as well in its wondrous resources, awaiting the application of human labor to develop them for the benefit of mankind. The Puget Sound country is a paradise for the sight-seer, a revelation for the explorer, and a land of plenty for the husbandman, besides offering unsurpassed opportunities for the capitalist and manufacturer. It is reached via the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, which connects at St. Paul and Minneapolis with through trains of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern roads for all points in the far Northwest. W. R. Busenbark, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had children, she gave them Castoria.





THE MERMAID.

THE HOME-MAKER.

VOL. IV.

AUGUST, 1890.

No. 5.

EDITORIAL.

HIGH HEELS FOR HOT WEATHER.



UT of the many millions who are alternately stewing and baking in dog-day heats, there may be one thousand who really enjoy hot weather. The

masses endure it because it cannot be cured or avoided. Reason consoles the sufferer measurably by representing the need of solstitial glows in the economy of Nature. Grain must ripen and fruits must sweeten. The average man's private opinion is that humanity would be satisfied to have hay and oats kiln-dried, and not grumble at what the Italian traveller said was the only really ripe fruit he had tasted in England *baked-apples* — if he could thus avoid scorching noons and sweltering nights, the plague of flies and the teasing torment of mosquitoes.

With the regularity of advertisements of summer boarding-places appear droughy and patent homilies upon "keeping cool." "Mamma says to hint isn't polite," says aggrieved Dotty Dimple. Our generation is "hinted" out of patience and wits. And no printed "Hints" are more bore-some than those that pertain to Summer Philosophy.

To borrow, once more, from the most

quotable man of his day—Dr. Holmes says:—

"I give you the precept, then, *Be cheerful*, for just what it is worth, as I would recommend to you to be six feet, or at least five-feet-ten in stature. You cannot settle that matter for yourself, but you can stand up straight, and give your five-feet-five its full value. You can help along a little by wearing high-heeled shoes."

The present bit of editorial chat assumes no greater dignity than is implied in the caption. With the mercury at a persistent range of the nineties, there is but one thing more irksome than to give advice and that is, to take it. The suggestion *to avoid useless worries* is rather a modest insinuation than a recommendation. Dog-mas are absolutely indigestible while "Sirius flames along the sky." That artificial civilization should be at its artificial worst in July and August is an outrage upon civilization's self. Yet that this is the case let the Saratoga trunk testify. The need of cramming into the triple-trayed ark perishable wardrobes enough to sustain for a month the demand for tri-daily changes, scores more wrinkles in the feminine face than a whole winter in town, where replenishment at an hour's notice is feasible.

It would be throwing words away at a season when even tongue-play involves the waste of cellular tissue, to intimate the

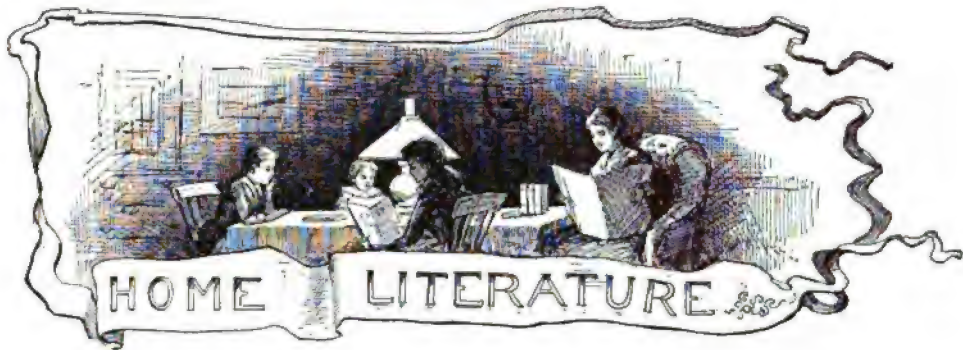
property of winter which is often mistaken for a person's virtue. "Providence by the quality of Providence is shown. As certainly as the winter comes, so will you find one for every one's mind and body. One may as well make allowance in knowing women as the wind, moon, and stars as try to reform. *Franklin*, *Long Branch*, or *McJannet*, is the nature of "I am and I cannot." To give one's self the advantage of one's friends is a very, and often rational, simplicity of sentiment, would be useless worry. The desire to look and act as those about us do, is always natural, and frequently proper. The mother who takes up her quarters in a gay hotel and dresses her little ones "sensibly" when other babies are overdressed foolishly, subjects her helpless offspring to mortification and herself to ill-natured censure.

The people most to be pitied at spa and seaside, are the, for-the-rest-of-the-year, steady-going matrons and girls who "mean to see something of the world" in their summer outing. The stigma of vulgarity has been lifted from hollyhock and ox-eyed daisy, but neither art nor fashion can bring into popular favor the human wallflower. Visitors of this sort put on their best black silks and lace collars, and pack the corners of ball-rooms, sit aloof on piazzas, walk neglected upon explanades, are overlooked by waiters, and are as thoroughly apart from the world they pay five dollars a day to view, as if they were beings of another sphere.

A sound principle of general application at this time of year, is to keep as near the door. *Franklin* notices here. If you must study human-kind, do it in cold weather. For yourself, the poetical jargon about getting near to nature's heart, signifies just now.—Get away from crowds and be a vegetable in a cool corner. Look up a camping-ground, literal or figurative, where the women of the party can wear Scotch gingham and light dannels, and the men exclaim "boiled shirts" until the evenings begin to grow long and the katydids to shrill of imminent frost. Commit the care of the house you left behind you to fate and servants. A moth-hole or two, and a peck more of dirt than would have accumulated if you had stayed at home, will not outweigh the good you will gain by this wholesome bit of *laissez aller*.

Another "high heel" is to refrain religiously from planning and talking over the fall and winter's work while you are off on your vacation. Let the life of each day be a sum in simple addition, where you borrow nothing and carry nothing to the next line of figures. Loosen bow-strings; leave screws on the easy turn, and think as little as is consistent with your birth-right of mind and immortality. Consider each day as the whole of life, and uncoupled from yesterday and to-morrow.

Above all, under all, and through all, take the dear and faithful Father at His word in the promise—"As thy day, so shall thy strength be."



THE WORD OF ÆGISTHE.

AN EPISODE OF THE JARDIN DES PLANTES.



H, the pose was superb! If he could only catch that turn of the head, only fix that sudden gleam of alertness that had rounded the yellow eye and kindled a spark of fire in the orb

of gold! The pricked-up ears, the majestic way in which the head was set on the softly furred throat, were the embodiment of savage dignity.

Beckford bent over his canvas and with dilated nostrils hastily dashed in with firm, careful strokes the lines which gave the proud carriage of the head. That momentary glitter of the eyes he must fix in his memory. The whole pose was one that showed a prickling tension that must needs resolve itself promptly into the more wonted curves of sluggish indifference or of bounding action.

This was the telling moment. Some unknown cause, no matter what, had twitched the lioness into an attitude of imperious inquiry. The sinuous beast was taut with a rigidity which quivered with a reserve of splendid power. It was this subtle suggestion of force, quick to spend itself in ecstatic exercise upon the faintest weight of further determination, that lent such fascination to her momentary tension. He must catch that energy of hard repose before the huge cat bounded to her feet, her

plastic limbs stiffened into angry antagonism, her lusty roar breaking, with its strongly-colored *crescendo*, on the soft August air.

Bent over his palette, his eye darting from the handsome brute to the growing similitude of it that his nervous brush traced on the canvas, Beckford worked with an impassioned concentration, as gripping as that which held the lioness. The movement of his hand was inspired by the electricity of artistic perception. It thrilled him keenly; as a Mænad, stung by Bacchic exaltation.

A moment more and it was over. As if satisfied that it was something unworthy of such taxing interest, the proud creature melted from her vigor. The ears relaxed, the acute focus of her eye dissipated into blankness, she stretched forward her graceful head upon her paw, the thick pads turned outward, and the lips and eyelids drooped indolently.

Beckford leaned back, stuck his brushes into his palette, and brushed the thick locks from his forehead with a handkerchief. He had caught the fine moment which had held his African model, and a half-smile of content applauded his successful effort.

"Barye would have given a year of his life to have put her into bronze," he muttered. "Oh, you beauty!"

He looked about him. The shabby old *Jardin des Plantes* seemed like a poet's dream that morning. It was not more than seven o'clock. At his left, stretched the line of cages tenanted by the fiercer animals. Lions, jaguars, panthers, leo-

pard, tigers, the whole series of savage brutes, were held in the torpor of a flaccid listlessness.

The long *grille* which separated the space in front of the cages from the promenade supported no gaping spectators as it would in the later hours when the garden would be more populous. A few *ouvriers* in their blouses jogged through, making this short cut to the scene of their day's work. At some distance at the left, the shiny black coat of an old man glistened on his bowed shoulders as he made his way feebly along the gravelled path.

At his right, through the paling, was a glimpse of the Seine as it washed by the Port Saint Bernard, like a vein of slow leaden revery in the delicate joyousness of the buoyant summer. The thick-leaved trees in the *Allée de Marronniers* and the *Allées de Tilleuls* formed a triple bulwark of green behind him. Already Autumn had paled some of the hardy verdure to a clear gold, as if her trembling fingers had been grasping for the arteries of the foliage and had tentatively pressed back the vital currents, leaving a Midas touch of golden death.

A pearly mist hung like a pall above the tender green of the garden. It rested lightly on the busy town, brewed in its distant folds to a warmer tint of reddish brown. The hum of the neighboring hives of industry, where hard toil was already beginning the symphony which chords the primal curse on man, rose like the drowsy tinkle of insects.

In the air, the leaves, the sky, the affluent languor of summer was tinged with the melancholy tang of an early Autumn. The drowsy beasts in the placid *entourage* of the *bourgeois Jardin des Plantes*, the muffled murmur of the coopers and other workers, the tender gray of the young day overhanging the deserted *allées* and prim plots of grass with the whitish-brown walks running between them, the disdainful sleepiness of his fierce model, all worked like a narcotic on young Beckford and he began to put his traps together. He had done a day's work in that sketch.

He would go back to No. 12, Rue Jacob, opposite the *Hotel de Modène*, where, years before, the gentle Lawrence Sterne had tarried in his "Sentimental Journey," and whence he used to sally forth in doubt whither he should bend his course. Beckford thought, with a philosophic shrug, that

"Sentimental Journeys," or any other, were not for him, but rather an unsentimental tarrying till his host at No. 12 had received some arrears of francs for lodging.

With such thoughts in his handsome head he raised it and saw something that held his eye. A little woman, as quaint as a silhouette of a colonial grandmother, was coming along the promenade, outside the *grille* which bristled in front of the cages of the *animaux ferores*.

She was slight of figure, and yet *mignonne*. A flaring bonnet of black Leghorn straw with a prim tuft of black lace on the crown, seemed a heavy frame for her small oval face. At the sides of her smooth forehead clustered two or three rows of precise little curls, crisp and thin. A slender aquiline nose, a small mouth with thin lips faintly suffused with pink, and large eyes, round and bright, but with that pathetic mistiness in them which veils the gaze of the Italian metaphysician, or the eyes of those born blind, completed the *ensemble* of her face. The skin was smooth, with its sallow clarity ever so slightly touched with a rose-leaf pink.

Around her narrow sloping shoulders was a small black cape which did not reach quite to her waist, and from its border depended a long silk fringe, knotted into a diamond pattern at the top.

Her dress was black, the sleeves closely fitting to her thin arms, and the skirt falling in meagre folds. A narrow band of lace was sewed at the wrists, and her long slender hands were covered with silk open-work mitts.

This strange little creature, who at once impressed Beckford's agile fancy with a sense of fantastic pathos, as if she were the meet survival of some remote psychic upheaval, came along outside the *grille*, a brisk slowness in her mincing tread. He noticed that she carried a long-handled black-silk parasol with a carved white ivory tip in one hand, and stiffly held in the other was a square bag of black oiled cloth.

She went on, darting a timid glance at the lithe young figure of Beckford on his camp-stool planted in front of the cage, and when she reached the end of the *grille* pushed in through the gate. The *gardien* stood aside and bowed respectfully. She walked on in her light, springy fashion, along the bar which ran in front of the cages, at the distance of about two feet from them.

Beckford's curiosity was keenly piqued. One was not allowed inside the *grille* without a permit, and to see the lonely little thing drifting along, her large luminous eyes glancing at the dormant brutes behind the iron bars, struck in him that strange chord of kindly emotion in which there is one note of mirth, and another, a stronger one, of pity.

She had forgotten him, quite. Her whole attention was given to the animals. Although she lagged along as soon as she came inside the *grille*, she did not pause until she reached a cage the fourth removed from the one where Beckford sat.

Then she stopped. She rested her parasol tip on the ground, and crossed her long thin hands upon the handle. Her slender body sagged slightly on one hip, and she gazed intently into the cage.

What was that? Yes; she had softly murmured something. The tremulous little note was borne as light as down to Beckford's ear. He leaned forward, and threw his head side-ways in an attitude of attention.

"Ægisthe!"

He did not catch the name till she had spoken it the third time, raising her soft voice at each ejaculation. She was talking to the drowsy lion. The melodious cadence of cajoling, crooning tones followed. They fluttered to Beckford's ear like the echo of some Dryad's sigh in a rock-walled glen. He felt they were reproachful and tender.

But the huge African beast, whom Beckford had often admired, the largest, oldest, and handsomest lion in the *Jardin des Plantes*, was evidently oblivious to the tiny creature in black who leaned against the bar and sweetly crooned to him. Evidently oblivious, for after a few moments, she was silent. Then, she raised her parasol, poked it between the iron bars of the cage, and rattled it gently against them. Beckford heard the faint click of the ivory tip.

This bold device aroused the torpid lion, as the sequel showed. With a fluttering solicitude, she drew back the parasol and began fumbling in her black oiled cloth wallet, every now and then letting her eyes rove to the cage.

In a moment more she had placed a bit of raw meat on the ledge of the cage. A large furry paw, with long black hair, stretched lazily into view. It fastened into the meat, and both disappeared into the cage.

The little woman was deft and quick in her movements, and rapidly disposed the contents of her bag along the ledge of the cage, which she covered with bits of meat. The hairy paw would come forward at intervals and a new piece would disappear. After she had ranged these several pieces of the raw meat, at regular distances, along the ledge, she took her parasol, which she had tilted against the rail, while she set forth the meat, and with the carved ivory point, pushed the bits of meat gently in to the lion. Soon they were all gone.

Beckford longed to stroll by and watch the majestic beast as he fed himself on the *bonnes bouches* which his strange admirer bestowed upon him. But a refinement of chivalric feeling that would have adorned the long ago-tenant of the *Hotel de Modéne* told him that it would be intrusion on a scene occultly consecrated, he knew not how.

The caressing crooning began again, after the meat had vanished. Every now and then he caught the word "Ægisthe," uttered with the oddest cadence. It was as plaintively tender as the rain-dove's note.

The scene must have lasted a quarter of an hour. Then the little woman turned lingeringly from the cage, and walked slowly off, keeping her large humid eyes fixed on the tawny beast until she got beyond the line of view.

With the recollected air still deeper on her, she returned as she had come, till she reached the walk on the side of the Quai Saint Bernard, which she followed along to the main entrance at the Place Walhubert.

Beckford saw the *gardien* in his shiny cap with the number on it, and his well-worn uniform, bow in his turn most respectfully to the tiny woman, who returned his salutation with an old-time dignity. Through the palings, he saw the black figure outlined against the gray river as the light steps took it along the Quai.

After it had disappeared, he put his things together, and hurried out. As he passed the cage of old Robert, he paused to look at the glorious creature. He was lying down, but his massive head with the eyes wide open was erect. There was something heroic about the sturdy animal. His full mane was black, and the large tuft on the end of his tail which stretched dejectedly along the floor of the cage, was of the same color.

With the unflinching directness of a lion's

regard, the large yellow eyes fixed themselves on Beckford for a moment and then turned wearily away, as if "Robert" were dreaming of freedom and the desert days.

Beckford only remained a moment, and then passed out. As he approached the *gardien* he said to the middle-aged robust fellow:

"Who is that lady that just went out? She has been feeding the big lion."

"That is a strange history, Monsieur," said the man with the unctuous consciousness of a *raconteur* who knows the value of his tale. He removed his shiny cap and smoothed the thin hair, brushed sleekly from one side of his head across to the other, with his wrinkled hand.

"I should like to hear it," said Beckford, moving toward a seat, and taking out a cigarette leaf and tobacco pouch. He seated himself and rolled his paper cigar.

The *gardien* cast a glance toward the cage of old Robert, and adjusted his cap comfortably. Then he began with the air of a reciter:

"Years ago, Mlle. Zita Lebrun was a very pretty girl. The young men thought so. She was very gay, yet *naïve* and modest. She was woman enough to fall in love with a common soldier, although a wine-merchant with a large business wished to make her his wife. She was the daughter of a wine-merchant herself, and her father had a little sum of money laid by. Zita's *dot* was to be a nice one.

"She was twenty years old when she told *Ægisthe Desjardins*"—Beckford leaned forward at the name, and put his head on his hand, forgetting to smoke his cigarette—"that she would marry him. For two or three months they led the happiest life in the world, for he was a frank, big fellow, true as gold and as brave as a lion.

"Then came the orders for his corps to go to Africa. It was a great blow to poor Zita. She was a sensitive girl, full of feeling, and it almost broke her heart to part with her lover. They wished to be married before he started, but the parents of Mlle. Lebrun would not allow it. A husband for Zita should at least have a corporal's pay.

"The day came when the troops were to start. The evening before the sad day the lovers met. Zita was tearful and *triste*. *Ægisthe* tried to cheer her up.

"'But if you should be killed, *Ægisthe*!' she said, and she clung to him, shuddering.

"'I shall not be killed, *petite*. There is

no danger of having any serious action; and look at me and say if you do not think I can withstand sickness,' said her lover, drawing up his tall figure to its highest.

"'Oh, I will come to you, my Zita! *Ægisthe Desjardins* keeps his word, my dear one. Courage! You must be a soldier's wife, and when I am general you shall be proud of me. Of course, I shall come back. Why not?'

"Poor Mlle. Zita clung to her big lover and felt a little comforted, but not altogether. He was going to leave her, and they seemed to have just begun to love each other. But his confidence inspired her, and she liked the promise he had given her, he who had never broken his word.

"They parted with kisses and tears. The next day the corps started for Africa. Zita came to the station to see them off, and to embrace her lover for the last time before he left her. As he folded her in his arms just before getting on the train, she said to him imploringly: 'Tell me again that you will come back to me, *Ægisthe*.'

"The soldier looked tenderly down into her upturned eyes, and taking her small face between his bronzed hands, said, with a smile: 'Zita, I will come back. Even Death must not separate us, my dear. I have never broken my promise, little one, and I tell you to look for my return. Remember! It is the word of *Ægisthe*.'

"He pressed her to him, and then hurried into the train. Zita's little white handkerchief waved a good-by to him, and he was gone.

"It was six months later that bad news came to the home of the Lebruns.

"*Ægisthe Desjardins* had gone out with a companion into the country. They came upon a lion cub. The mother was away. They thought they would capture the little fellow for the Garden here. They secured it, and were carrying it off through the woods, when suddenly there was a crash through the undergrowth. The men started to run. *Ægisthe* stumbled and fell, and before his companion could turn, or level his weapon, the mother-lion had sprung upon him. Poor fellow! the fierce beast mangled him so terribly that he died before they could get him back to camp.

"The soldier who was with *Ægisthe* had shot the lion dead. The young cub

was brought here to the Garden, and by the great care bestowed upon it, grew up into a magnificent African lion."

"That is Robert, isn't it?" cried Beckford, who had followed the *gardien's* untentious delivery with rapt attention.

"That is Robert!" answered the *gardien*, with a strong sense of this dramatic point in the story. He waited a moment as if to give it the benefit of a rhetorical pause, taking off the shiny cap and carefully rubbing his head with an enormous square of red cotton. Then he deliberately put his handkerchief away, adjusted his cap, and resumed his story.

"Poor Zita Lebrun was prostrated with grief by the dreadful news. She was such a sensitive, frail, loving girl. The result was a brain-fever that threatened her life. The light, smiling assurance her lover had given her had rooted itself in her mind, and it was very strong during her illness. She would cry out: 'You said you would come back, Ægisthe. You promised me. You will not break your word to Zita. Come back, Ægisthe! Come back!'"

"But she was young, and she recovered. After a short time she was able to go out, pale and wan, but convalescent."

"You see," said the *gardien*, with another look in the direction of old Robert's cage, "sometimes a little thing does more than one could imagine. Poor Ægisthe was the honestest of men, and really careful about his word. When he told his trembling sweetheart that he would come back, he hadn't the slightest doubt but that he would. His corps was not expected to remain in Africa for any length of time, and there really was hardly any danger from conflict, because there was not a probability of their being engaged. He knew his perfect health and felt he would weather the climate."

"I am sure his only thought in promising Zita that he would come back was to comfort her as one does a child by saying the hopeful thing in a confident way. He did

not know what would come from his half-playful promise to this frail, sensitive girl."

"If Ægisthe had not made that promise Mlle. Zita might now be a happy wife and mother, with children about her in a quiet home. But she has not married and never will," and the *gardien* sighed a little. "She thinks," he continued, lowering his voice, "that her lover's soul is in that lion! she believes that he kept his word, and came back to her this way."

"This idea took possession of her within a week after the young lion arrived. She came to see him as soon as she got around. Her visits to him from that time have been daily through all these years, except when the weather is too bad. She got to bringing him the choicest bits of meat, and she talks to him, and calls him by her lover's name."

"The strange thing is that the lion seems to know her, and when he looks at her with his big eyes he has something of the appearance of Ægisthe," said the old man again, lowering his tone.

"She comes at this early hour, when hardly any one is in the Garden, and stays sometimes ten minutes, sometimes half an hour. She comes, talks with her lover, feeds him, and goes away happy."

"Her father and mother are dead, and she and her sister live by themselves on a little money that was left them, enough for their small wants. Mlle. Zita always comes here alone, however."

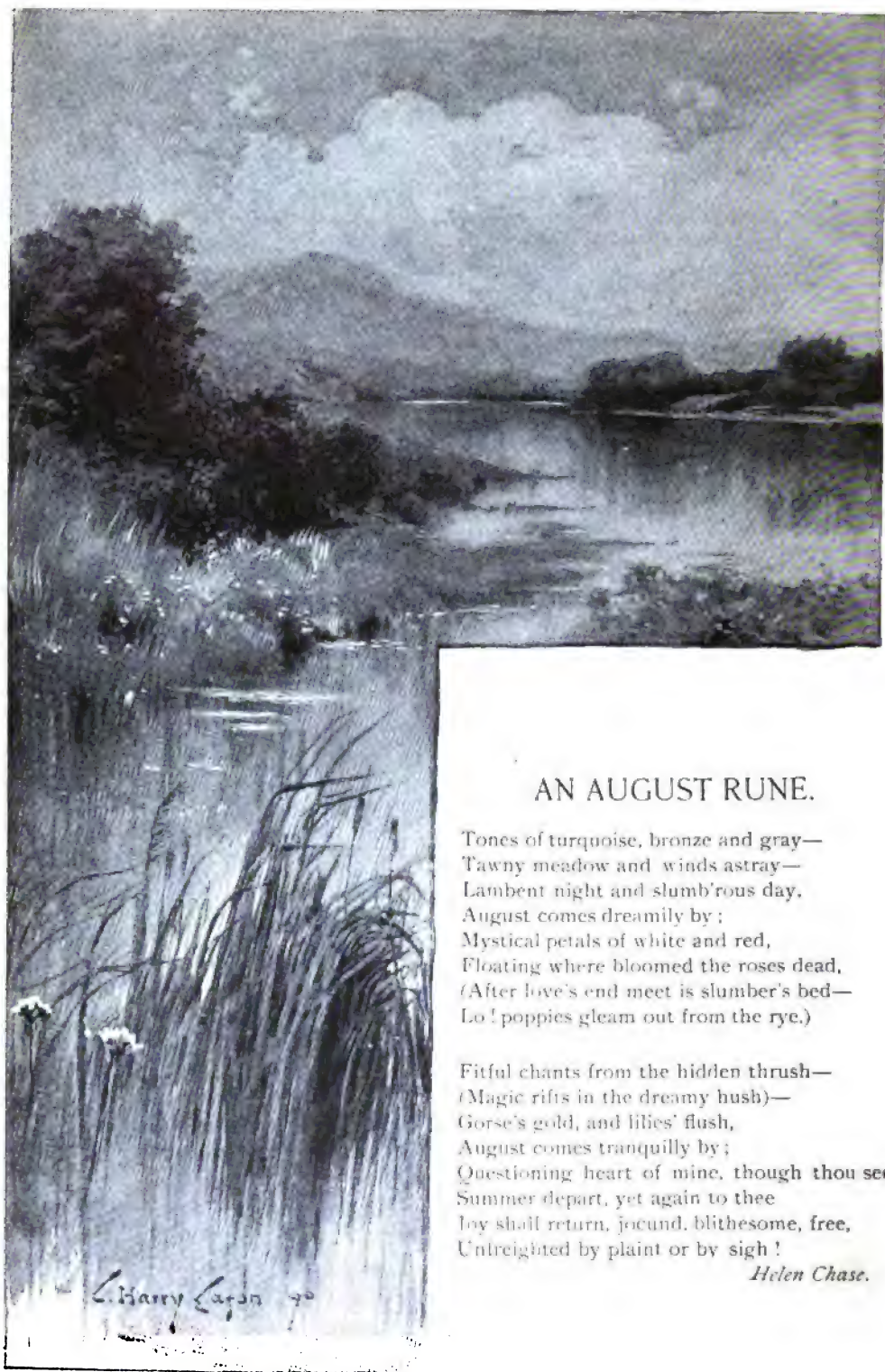
"And that is the story," said the *gardien*, taking out his red square of cotton cloth and blowing his nose vigorously, with a sympathetic air, and certain importance.

"And you?" said Beckford, who had listened with the acutest interest. "Are you connected with the story?"

"I was the soldier with Ægisthe when the lioness killed him," said the *gardien*.

Beckford dropped a franc piece into his hand, and walked slowly back to No. 12, Rue Jacob.

John J. d Becket.



AN AUGUST RUNE.

Tones of turquoise, bronze and gray—
Tawny meadow and winds astray—
Lambent night and slumb'rous day,
August comes dreamily by;
Mystical petals of white and red,
Floating where bloomed the roses dead,
(After love's end meet is slumber's bed—
Lo! poppies gleam out from the rye.)

Fitful chants from the hidden thrush—
(Magic rifts in the dreamy hush)—
Gorse's gold, and lilies' flush,
August comes tranquilly by;
Questioning heart of mine, though thou see
Summer depart, yet again to thee
Joy shall return, jocund, blithesome, free,
Unfreighted by plaint or by sigh!

Helen Chase.

DINING IN PERSIA.



NE of the most curious features of civilization is the differences existing in the customs of cooking and eating. The physical nature of man is everywhere the same, and yet what he eats and how he eats it, differ as the languages he speaks. Climate, undoubtedly, regulates this in a large measure, affecting as it does vegetation, or the amount of carbon required in the system; but the reasons for the various methods of the serving of food are more obscure, although traceable in some cases to the origin and condition of a people, and in others to the religion of a people. As European civilization, through commerce or conquest and increased means of communication becomes more widely diffused, the tendency to adopt European cookery is gradually gaining. But in Asia we see primitive methods and entirely distinct dishes still in full practice. Persians of the highest rank, for example, who have been in Europe, have learned to eat at a table with knives and forks, and give state dinners entirely in the Continental style, with French dishes served in the French manner. But even they, when alone in the seclusion of the *auderoon* or harem, prefer to eat as their ancestors did, while, of course, all other Persians still cling with the prejudice of race and religion to the native food, and the methods of serving it.

As this entirely differs from anything we are accustomed to, it may be interesting to learn how a Parisian eats and drinks at home.

All Persians are early risers. This is partly because during the greater part of the year the middle of the day is too warm to move about and transact business, and partly because the summons to prayer is at

three in the morning, and at sunrise; whether he chooses to rise to prayer or not at three, the Persian is always up and dressed at sunrise, and business begins soon after.

Before leaving the *auderoon*, the Persian of all sexes and ages takes a cup of coffee or tea, and a piece of bread. The Turk always takes coffee, but the Persian generally prefers tea, well sweetened, but without milk; occasionally he adds a few drops of lemon, or, perhaps, *tourchee*, the expressed juice of limes. Sometimes, especially in winter, a raw egg is dropped in the tea. The bread, which is called *sandjiâk*, is unleavened, but well salted. It is in long, thin sheets, the width of a pillow-case, but twice the length. It is eaten fresh, and when crisp and warm from the bakery is exceedingly palatable. After his tea and *sandjiâk*, the Persian, of both sexes, takes a few soothing whiffs on the *kaliân* or water-pipe, and then goes to work. This is all that any Persian takes before noontime, excepting, perhaps, a cup of tea, or a pipe at intervals, especially when making calls, or transacting important business.

At noontime a light lunch of bread and fruit is taken. The latter is abundant and excellent. The figs are good, the apricots are large and rich, and the grapes are unsurpassed. A pound may be bought for half a cent by a native. A European pays more, possibly a cent. The melons are also exceedingly abundant, and, as everyone knows, of superior quality. Who has not heard of the musk-melons of Ispahân? In winter, cheese and dried fruits take the place of fresh fruits. Cucumbers are eaten in large quantities, and, if one can afford it, he generally dresses a salad of lettuce, or some such toothsome greens, cutting up with it some small tender onions. Sometimes a cup of tea finishes off the lunch; but, in any case, a pipe or a cigarette. It is then quite in order during the greater part of the year to throw oneself on his rug, if in the house, or under a tree or the shady side of a wall, if a day lab-

orer, and take a siesta. Those who have nothing to do, men about town, often spend the afternoon in the tea-houses, equivalent to our liquor saloons, and smoke and drink tea, and sometimes a sherbet. But when the sun drops down in the west, and the distant snow-capped ranges cast long shadows over the plains, and the voice of the muezzin calls to evening prayer, all wend with one accord to their homes, and the streets, whether in village or city, become nearly deserted. Men seek the seclusion of the *auderoon*, where no one may disturb them, and the chief meal of the day, equivalent to our dinner, becomes the business of the hour. This meal is not taken in a hurry; the work of the day is over; all calling or visiting is done by daylight; there are no theatres, nor operas, nor public concerts, nor balls after dinner to summon one away; what music there is is in the *auderoon*; and hence the lord of the house and his family, whether wealthy or poor, can make an evening of it.

The dinner is served on a large copper tray, placed on the floor. The Persian does not sit cross-legged like a Turk, for the simple reason that he is not a Turk. But, because he is a Persian, he sits on his knees and heels; that is, he kneels as if in prayer, and falls back on his heels. If any one thinks this is an easy posture to keep at meal-time, or through life, for that matter, let him try it! I tried it once at a Persian dinner, and at one moment, as I reached forward to take a mouthful, I was in danger of sprawling over the entire dinner, soup, ragouts, roast and all. At another moment, perhaps, my knees would ache as if on the rack. The Persians acquire the habit in infancy, and their joints thus become supple. This is the national posture. In old age, or in hours of weariness, one may have a cushion at his back, but he still retains the national position to which his limbs have been educated. Thus at a Persian dinner a dozen gentlemen may, perhaps, be seen seated in this way on a rug, dipping out choice bits from a common dish with their right hands.

Little is said during the meal, but at intervals the host may select a choice titbit and place it with his fingers in the mouth of a favored guest. This pleasant custom is less prevalent than formerly, but is still quite an earnest mark of affection if shown to a favorite child.

The meats are all cooked more thor-

oughly than we are accustomed to eat them, and generally in small pieces. Thus carving is entirely dispensed with. If roast game or lamb, for example, are cooked whole, the cooking is so thorough that the meat can be easily torn apart with the fingers. Rice cooked in the oriental fashion, seasoned, and every kernel separate, is, of course, a staple dish at every Persian dinner. It is always wholesome and satisfying.

Thoroughly strict Mohammedans take nothing to drink during the meal but water, or light sherbets, made chiefly of lemon, or lime juice, with the added flavor of pressed grapes, or wild cherries. But those who are lax in their practices, or *Europeanized*, indulge in the wines of the country, which are pure, although not well cured. Such easy livers also drink arrack before the dinner, sometimes to excess. But they have strong heads, and rarely, if ever, show the results on the following morning. As the Prophet forbade only wines, evidently knowing nothing of the potency of rum, they can take arrack with a free conscience.

When the dinner is over, a basin and ewer are brought to the guests, the water scented with roses, and poured over their fingers. After the dinner tray and dishes are removed, the host and his guests move to another end of the apartment, or to an adjoining room, and coffee is served *à la Turque*, in tiny china cups, placed in small holders of filagree, called zarfs. American travellers have often inveighed against coffee as prepared by orientals, because they find it thick and muddy. But are not the looks of the beverage secondary to the flavor? Orientals make no attempt to have their coffee clear. When they wish it good they roast it on the same day it is to be taken. They grind it just before cooking; this may be done by a coffee mill quite different from ours, or by pounding it in a mortar. The latter is considered the preferable process. In any case, the coffee is reduced to a powder as fine as the finest St. Louis flour. When it is cooked, the sugar is boiled with it, and only the amount of water is used which will suffice to fill the number of cups required. If more than three cups are needed, then more coffee pots are used, each being on the fire at once, in order that all may be equally fresh and hot when served. The coffee is allowed to boil up exactly three times, and no more. No settling is put into it, but it

is served at once. When poured into the cup it stands a moment, but must on no account be shaken. A sediment settles at the bottom of each cup, but around the edge there is a bead just such as one may see around a glass of ale. The coffee, when drunk, is thick like chocolate, although taken, of course, without milk, but the aroma and the flavor are entirely beyond any *café noir* prepared even in Paris. If people drink coffee with their eyes, then the French method is preferable. But if they drink it with their lips in order to get the very essence, the last quintessence, as it were, of the glorious berry of Mocha, then the Turkish way is the only way of cooking and drinking coffee.

A favorite method of preparing coffee for

breakfast in the east is to cook it without water, but only with milk. When I was travelling in Asia Minor, I would send out for a quart of milk in the morning, before starting for a day's ride on horseback. When the milk was almost boiling I would drop in the sugar and the coffee. On boiling up the third time it would be lifted off the fire. With this, some sandjiâk and two eggs, I would ride until evening brought us to a wayside hostel, where I could have dinner, and a spare corner for my rug and mattress. For such travel I would exchange the richest palace car that runs between New York and San Francisco,—when I have the time for it!

S. G. W. Benjamin.

AT THE GOLDEN GATE.

[SAN FRANCISCO.]

To-morrow, when the sun sets,
My love, my love will be
Sailing and sailing westward
Across the world of sea.
I reckon not of the tempest;
I love the noble deep;
But, following her foamy track,
Broad, severing leagues will creep.

This last night, when the sun sets,
My love, my love will be
Beside me at a banquet
Of feast and melody;
Her soft white breast will shimmer
Above soft clouds of lace—
But, mid the music and the mirth,
The hours will fleet apace.

Drag day behind thee swiftly,
Thou misted winter sun!
Speed on the eve of trysting,
But stay ere it be run!
And dally with the morrow,
That ousts the friendly night,
And wings the hour, which banishes
My ghost of dead delight.

I love green Junes in England,
Australia's bright and free;
And California's forests
Are fairyland to me.
But of all lands green and golden
There is none I love so well,
Though starved with cold or scorched with heat,
As that where you may dwell.

Douglas Sladen.

A slender form lace-vestured!
Gold tresses gemmed with flowers!
Clear cheeks, with love and music
Blush-rosed till morn's young hours!
Blue eyes with rapture radiant,
But haunted by distress!
Low tones as soft as kisses! Touch
That thrills like a caress!

Quaff we the foaming crystal!
His pain the Saxon scorns;
Nor have we held life's roses
Without their little thorns.
To-night we give to gladness,
Speech—tender now, now tease:
To-night shall sparkle like the wine—
At noon you cross the seas.

A slender form fur mantled!
A piteous blue eye!
Slim hands in mine that linger!
A voice that sobs good-bye!
A rose-cheek pale with sorrow!
A drooping, quivering lip!
A kerchief waved as, outward bound,
Sheers off the stately ship!



A SLENDER FORM, FUR MANTLED.

WITH THE BEST INTENTIONS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE day, begun so happily by Gem, was drawing to a dreary close. The programme decided upon by the pair of pious plotters—each in her individual way a sensationalist—included hood-winking, up to a given point, the girl who would inevitably hasten the bursting of the bomb by her passionate partisanship of the criminal.

Mrs. Manly could not meet her child's ingenuous eyes, or hear her prattle praise of her friend, and successfully dissemble her indignation. She had but one resort: the talons of The Idiosyncrasy dragged her from her couch of ease to her bed in the darkened inner apartment. The odor of ether, stealing through the transom of the parlor, revealed the situation to Gem before she entered. A whispered exclamation of dismay broke from her.

"Mamma is ill, and she seemed so bright this morning!"

"I will not come in, then," said Karen as softly. "But I will wait here to know how she is."

"Very bad!" was Gem's report. "She hardly knew me, she is so stupefied by that dreadful drug! Fanny is used to giving it, but I am always frightened."

She was a fond and faithful daughter, and, except to take a hasty luncheon, did not stir from the sitting-room all the afternoon. By four o'clock Fanny emerged from the inner chamber to announce *sotto voce* that "it was passing off." By five, a feeble voice called for Gem.

Mrs. Manly's complexion was sanguine, and her spirits were on the gentle rise. She patted her daughter's cheek and promised to be "all right soon."

"I feel as if Natural Slumber would visit me now, my darling," she added, in firmer tones. "Would you mind sitting in the other room with your book while poor Fanny gets an hour's rest? She is quite fagged out, and no wonder!"

Unsuspecting Gem ensconced herself dutifully by her favorite window, a volume

Karen had lent her in hand; and for the next hour-and-a-half divided her attention between the pages and the gay scene without, her ear all the while alert for sounds from the convalescent's room.

Natural Slumber proved propitious and prolonged her stay. The tide of vehicles, riders, and pedestrians up and down the hill capped by Cliff Cottage, was ebbing by reason of the nearing dinner-hour, when, between her bowed shutters, the girl saw Bertie saunter around the bend of the road and come toward the hotel in company with four other young fellows. About a dozen yards above the piazza they paused, apparently to watch an approaching excursion steamer.

"How becoming white is to that boy!" thought our little maiden, in the matronly strain feminine nineteen indulges in toward masculine three-and-twenty.

Bertie's white flannel tennis suit was fresh and fashionable. His snowy cap sat the blond curls jauntily; his racket was in his left hand, and he drummed upon the netting with his right, as upon a mandolin, while he talked. A cigar was between his lips. He was graceful, indolent and happy, the embodiment of midsummer content.

"He is growing handsome, or, is it because I know him better?" mused Gem, in the same affectionately patronizing mood. "I used to think him an affected boy."

The boy had turned sharply, even fiercely, upon one of the group, whose sneering laugh Gem could see and hear. They were so near that she saw the sun-bronzed face she was commending change pallidly, his eyes gleam blue lightning. He took his cigar from his lips; there was a breathless exchange of question and reply; the racket was dropped. Bertie took a step forward. A blow straight from the shoulder, like the leap of a swordcane, full upon the sneering mouth, sent his interlocutor reeling to the ground. Before his comrades could interfere, Bertie kicked the prostrate figure over and over, as he might an empty barrel, until

he lodged in the evergreens barring the edge of the bank from the highways.

Wheeling upon the astonished trio of spectators, his visage livid with passion, the "boy" seemed to interrogate them, his eyes flaming from face to face. Getting prompt, and, it would seem, humble answers, Bertie smiled grimly, as Gem had never imagined he could look, turned on his heel, and walked rapidly into the central corridor of the hotel, binding up his bleeding hand with his handkerchief.

In passing the Manlys' window he glanced darkly toward it but saw no one. Gem had fallen back in her chair, shocked almost to swooning.

"I never knew lambs could bark and bite," she half sobbed, half laughed, in recovering her senses.

She was thrilling and quaking from head to foot. Terror at being the eye-witness of a real fight that drew blood on both sides, pride in the cherub's mastery of a noble art she had not credited him with possessing, and in his prowess in extinguishing in ten seconds a man several inches taller and many pounds heavier than himself, and, surmounting both these emotions, something keener and sweeter than either, novel and non-analyzable by her experience, dominated and frightened her. She was really afraid of the doughty youth. She inwardly catalogued the glance he had cast at the window, as "fell," and tried to speculate upon the probabilities that he had an ungovernable temper, yet had never liked him one-tenth so well before.

At seven o'clock, the Gillettes descended the staircase, the mother resting upon the daughter's arm. The pretty old lady moved more slowly than she had the week before; her skin was like ivory which is beginning to show age; now and then, her lips faded into blue-white that startled the lookers-on. If Karen noted the change, she held her peace, and no shade of solicitude dimmed the affectionate smile with which she talked now to her parent, ignoring the shortness of breath that obliged them to halt for a second upon the lowest landing. As they turned toward the dining-room, Amy and Grace Wilkes met them, the younger sister with a cluster of sweetbrier buds and blossoms, which she held blushing up to Mrs. Dumaresque.

"They came from our bush," said the child, timidly.

"Thank you, dear," caressing the brown

curls. "Sweetbrier will always, after this summer, remind me of you."

The four walked together to the door of the dining-room. Mr. Romeyn and Bertie, entering the rotunda from another side, hastened to overtake them and accompany Mrs. Gillette and her daughter to their seats.

The sisters, from the table occupied by themselves and their parents, saw indignantly what the Gillettes did not remark—the stares, furtive, curious, and insolent, directed towards the quartette. Their modest station at the side of the great hall was the focal point of all eyes. Even the waiters lingered to look at them in passing hither and yon. Two or three, who affected the supercilious "assistant's" manner, rather than the superb suavity of their principal, nudged one another grinningly; the most fashionable dames present, with solitaire earrings like head-lights for gleam, and imported slaughter of native accent upon their mouths, pointed out "the latest sensation" and "our budding scandal, me dear," to newcomers. The objects of all this observation chatted as easily and smiled as pleasantly as was their wont, bestowing even less attention than usual upon the babbling, clinking, and clacking world about them.

"That is what I call perfect breeding!" said Mrs. Wilkes aside to husband. "Can she be as unconscious as she appears?"

"She has eyes, and more wits than all the confounded crew put together!" growled the store-keeper and prospective legislator. "It's clear grit! that's what it is—and woman's grit at that! The best article of the kind in the market—warranted a fit, every time! But I'd give a year's profits and my best Jersey cow to have her clean out of this, and eating short-cake and raspberries with us at home this very minute! I'm sick of hotel cooking and hotel ways!"

"An accident upon the tennis-court? or in boating?" queried Mrs. Gillette, noticing the court-plaster upon Bertie's hand.

"I skinned it against a nasty blo-o-ke—don't you know?" the Anglican smack successfully disguising the slang phrase. The cherubic eyed his marred knuckles in rueful admiration, funny enough in itself. "Lost me temper and hurt me to-o-e, kicking the be-eastly thing into the lake—don't you know?"

"Poor block!" said Karen. "Let us hope it could swim."

But she had intercepted a warning glance from his quondam guardian, and

on their way out after dinner accosted Mr. Romeyn in a mirthful undertone.

"What has the absurd boy been doing?"

"His *duty*!" savagely. "I beg your pardon!" as she looked quickly at him. "Bertie is a famous boxer, and a fellow whom he would style 'a cad,' not knowing his gifts in that line, tried to take advantage of his deficiency in the matter of weight and height—and got left. That is the tale in brief."

"Bertie is as brave as he is sweet," said Karen, thoughtfully. "And a true-hearted, leal friend."

"You are right!"

The response was so grave that she returned from her troubled wonder as to whether Gem might possibly be mixed up in the fracas. Something in the set, colorless face looking sternly forward, brought the blood from her heart to her cheeks—the impotent pain pure women with sensitive consciences who have inspired love they cannot return, know so well. The hurt she had dealt that forenoon was deep, and she could offer not so much as a drop of balm. But for the preoccupation of this reflection, she must have become the sooner aware of the stir of something strange and adverse beneath the surface of the social waters.

As the four, Bertie and Mrs. Gillette leading the way, strolled up the piazza, the crowd parted conspicuously to the left and right, yet nobody seemed conscious of their neighborhood. Promenaders looked fixedly at each other, and talked faster, or espied something of absorbing interest far out upon the lake, or fell into moody abstraction that drew the eyes to the floor, or into vacancy. It could hardly have been by chance that not one of many acquaintances met the mother and daughter in the long, deliberate progress to the upper curve where the twain had held court, evening after evening, for a month past. There the Wilkeses in a body were grouped with overstudied carelessness around the easy-chair set ready for the old lady.

Her breath was uncertain and unequal in thanking them for the courtesy; her smile was a flickering ray.

"Pray Heaven she may not guess what is going on!" Mrs. Wilkes found opportunity to breathe into her helpmate's ear, "She hasn't the strength for it."

Then the worthy souls began to make such diligent talk that the rest of the little

party were drawn in, and those who stood and sat aloof, but attentive, remarked how shamelessly the convicted creature was "carrying on with those men!"

Alas! those who were near were few, those who held themselves apart, many. Besides Mr. Romeyn, Bertie, and the Wilkes family, no one approached her who was but yesterday a queen. People turned in the promenade at the swell of the curve of the noble portico with the precision of sentinels upon their beat. The few who were caught above the infected district beat a retreat to the corridor bisecting the wing, and, through it, made their way to safer regions. "The awful circle of the *'banned'*" was drawn as distinctly about the central group as though defined by governmental edict.

Until—to the amusement of the men and the horror of the women—Emmett Morgan, who had taken an afternoon off, his wife having her mother's society, and spent it in playing chess upon the Dales' porch, and to whom no one dared whisper a syllable of recent disclosures, appeared at the upper end of the piazza accompanied by Captain and Mrs. Dale, and the three attached themselves forthwith to the party under fire. Mrs. Dale accepted smilingly the chair offered by Mr. Romeyn; the Captain bent low over Mrs. Gillette's hand, and then remained standing by her, and luckless Emmett, resting a hand on the back of Karen's chair, leaned toward her ear to retail an amusing story Mrs. Dale had just told him.

The sensation produced by this manifestation of culpable ignorance or astounding effrontery on the part of the young Benedict was so palpable, that Karen, raising her beautiful eyes, sparkling with laughter excited by the anecdote, heard the rustle and murmur. Her startled look, as it swept the scores of faces turned upon them, all bearing varieties in degree of one sentiment, caused Emmett to follow it.

Reviewing the scene in a calmer moment, he could compare the shock to nothing but the agony of a mote that accidentally crosses the focus of a solar microscope. He and his friends were suddenly ranged upon a stage in the merciless blaze of light that scorched, while it blinded.

Everybody was staring at them. In the excitement of the instant, people had turned their chairs to get a better look; strollers looked over their shoulders; men leaned against pillars and surveyed them

coolly; women even lifted eye-glasses in reckless impertinence.

Thus for one blinding second,—then the throng broke into sections, and into knots that resumed idle or serious chat. But it was a second he never forgot. The next, he shifted his position instinctively to shield the pale face of his companion from cruel scrutiny. Her eyes were distraught with asking and misgiving—appeal that recalled, as in a flash of light, what they had said to him on the afternoon of his arrival at Mackinac, when they looked up at him standing with his bride upon the balcony, the instant in which he recognized in the brilliant brunette of the tableau below his old acquaintance.

"In Heaven's name!" she uttered, low and huskily, "what does it mean? What have I done?"

"Nothing! nothing! hush!"

For around the corner of the building tripped Mrs. Manly's maid, smart and smirking, with a note in her hand.

It was for Mrs. Dumaresque. Opening it mechanically, she glanced down the page, and, as if still dazed, passed it to Emmett.

"Shall I read it aloud?" he inquired, when he had run it over.

"If you please."

It was in Gem's handwriting.

"DEAREST MRS. DUMARESQUE:

"This is not I who write; it is mamma. She has been ill all day, but finds herself so much better to-night—in fact, so well, that she begs for the pleasure of your society. And would you have the infinite complaisance (this is still mamma who speaks!) to recite *Lasca* for us this once more? Mrs. Cameron is extremely anxious to hear it as rendered by you. Bring Mr. Romeyn, Mr. Gates,"—the witch had written "*the Ubiquities*," then crossed it out,—"*the Dales, Wilkeses*,"—in short, all your court with you, most gracious Lady and Queen (that's a touch of mamma again!), and make golden one leaden hour of an invalid's dreary day.

"So prays mamma. To which petition, I, Gem, who love you, add Amen!"

"P. S. I wanted to go for you in my own person, which is never 'proper,' but mamma thought this formal request would be in better taste for suppliants."

There was a second postscript which Emmett did not read aloud:

"Come, my darling, won't you? I have

not seen you for eight-and-a-half hours, and I am *withering*." Lovingly, "*Gem*."

Mrs. Gillette arose with the rest when a motion was made in the direction of Mrs. Manly's apartment. Something in her lack of alertness caught her daughter's eye. She was at her side in a moment, forgetful of her own perplexity.

"Mamma, are you not well? Would you like to go to your room instead?"

"Do!" urged Mrs. Wilkes. "I will stay with you while the young people are listening to the recitation."

The fine old figure was straightened; a lovely bloom tinted the faded face.

"Fie! fie! You must not make me out to be superannuated. I shall never be past liking to see young people happy, or enjoying my daughter's triumphs. I shall be well rated for that last word when I *do* suffer myself to be taken up-stairs. So, it behooves me to stay below as long as I can."

Before Emmett could offer his arm, Mr. Romeyn's was extended and accepted. Karen fell back, undesignedly, to Bertie's side, and perceived how it had happened, as he spoke under his breath.

"I say—if you don't want to keep that 'skit,' designating the note she was twisting abstractedly between her fingers, "I am partially acquainted with a fellow who would l-i-i-k-e to lay it away among his *meme-entoes*—you know."

His whimsicalities always amused her. The low, musical laugh that answered him was like a girl's; but Mr. Romeyn's forehead was lined, as with sudden pain, in hearing it.

"What if your 'fellow' should not value it when you are better acquainted with him?" she rejoined, banteringly.

Nevertheless, the little billet rustled into his left breast-pocket as they entered Mrs. Manly's parlor.

CHAPTER XIX.

CLEOPATRA lay in high state among silken cushions of many colors. An India shawl, of fabulous value in the days when only rich people wore such, was flung across her feet. A generous sluice of cold air had dispelled the fumes of ether, and the breath of a big boxful of violets, with which Bertie Gates had paid a philopœna forfeit to Gem, was banishing the memory of the drug.



"A BLOW STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER."—See page 367.

In the midst of her wrath, which was deep, and her useless regrets, which were sincere, the straining after dramatic effect, which had become second nature with Mrs. Manly, was visible in every appointment for the scene of the evening. The stage was dressed for a *dénouement* that was to be historical. From her couch she commanded the semi-circle of chairs, which was artistically irregular. Her gown was pale lavender, trimmed with black lace. Gem's, of white China silk, was girdled with lavender that shaded harmoniously with her mother's robe. The light was stronger than either of them liked to have it at these informal receptions. Mrs. Cameron asked that the silken shade which generally tempered the glare might be dispensed with to-night. She needed clear light for her netting.

The exemplary matron was drawn up in force upon a high-backed chair at her cousin's righthand. A trail of hempen meshes lay across her lap; her strong fingers manipulated and conquered the

stout threads in a relentless fashion that suggested her probable method of handling heart-strings. Her face was as calm as the Jungfrau on a clear January morning. Before coming to the tribunal where she was to act as prosecutor, witness, and judge, she had locked her door, and, upon knees well used to the posture, asked the blessing of righteous Heaven upon the task laid to her hand.

Her equanimity acted like bromide and lavender upon Mrs. Manly's nerves, and awed Clara. At sight of it, the latter felt ashamed of the unladylike heat with which she had regarded her husband's truancy, and the actual hatred that had fluttered her pulses at thought of Karen Dumaresque. Would she ever be able to emulate the marble-like composure of this eminent Christian philanthropist? She, too, had her work. The dozenth faint-buff doyley was to be a memento forever to her of this eventful occasion. As she plied the needle with cold, humid fingers, she stitched into the intricate design of in-

terlating and infinitely be-spoked wheels, suspenseful trepidation she dared not betray in her mother's presence.

Light-hearted, light-footed Gem flitted about the room, pulling a fold straight here, settling a flower there, picking up with the tongs a falling coal, adjusting her mother's screen, and breaking into intermittent murmurs of song, until Mrs. Manly remarked plaintively upon her "fidgettiness."

"Forgive me!" pleaded the child, stooping to kiss the petulant lips. "I don't know what ails me to-night; I feel as if something awfully, transcendently delicious were just about to happen. I suppose it is because you are so much better, mamma, dear, and that we are to have another Dumaresque evening. That is enough to set my pulses to dancing."

Not a word replied. Mrs. Manly closed her eyes and fanned herself nervously. Mrs. Morgan's head bent lower over her work. There was as much expression in Mrs. Cameron's face as in a new grayish slate. Fanny, who had never been more handy, discreet, and demure than while arranging her mistress and setting the room in order for "company," had her own flurry of spirits, but it was not a formless mystery of expectation. When she retired from the scene of action at Mrs. Manly's gracious bidding, it was not, as that lady suggested, to "have a holiday evening with the other maids."

"Lock the bed-room door on the inside, Fanny, and go out this way," was also an order susceptible of ingenious construction. The door was locked, but the key went off in Fanny's pocket. She had not studied stage-tricks under Mrs. Manly for four years in vain.

Voices and steps in the corridor heralded the party for whom preparation had been made; Gem flew to the door before the leader of the band could knock.

They entered with a playful show of processional parade. Mrs. Gillette and Mr. Romeyn were first; Karen came, last of all, upon elate Bertie's arm. Mrs. Cameron and her daughter bowed; the hostess saluted effusively with her fan. There was a tumult, merry, but subdued, in consideration of the invalid's recent indisposition, in seating the company. The room was quite full when all were settled. Mrs. Gillette had the arm-chair of honor; Bertie dropped upon the rug at her feet; Emmett, following his example, drew up a foot-

cushion in front of his wife, and bestowing himself thereupon, rested his elbow upon her knee.

Clara blushed brightly at the action. She knew that mamma thought it indecorous, yet had her life, or the preservation of mamma's favor, depended upon it, she could not have repelled the dear, affectionate fellow. Her heart, hungry and sore, responded with an eager bound to the public demonstration of love and preference. After all, he *did* belong to her, and vaunted the truth.

Mrs. Cameron, better versed in masculine deceptions, drew her threads hard, and narrowed the line of her tight lips. The sugar-plum of uxorious display on the part of a faithless spouse was a stale trick. She had seen, through a convenient crevice of the front shutters, what Clara had not—Emmett's attitude of tender homage not three minutes before the receipt of Mrs. Manly's note; had witnessed, too, Karen's transfer of it to him for the public reading.

"As an honest woman might pass over her private letters to her husband!" thought the virtuous matron.

The pleasant ripple of chat was arrested presently by Mrs. Manly's somewhat awkward introduction of the pretext for her invitation. Karen came gracefully to her relief as she bungled volubly and halted senselessly.

The atmosphere of the familiar room; the environment of friends; the exclusion of the outer line of curious and insolent faces—wrought peaceful gratitude within her soul. *Here* she was safe! When Gem had fluttered to her side, and stolen an arm about her, she could have clasped the child to her heart and broken into wild weeping, so great was the revulsion of feeling. The lustre of unshed tears was yet upon her eyes, a moved smile on her lips as she arose for the recitation she had assured Mrs. Manly "it was a pleasure, not a trouble, to give."

"We wouldn't press you to repeat it, only Mrs. Cameron would like—in fact, is just burning with desire to hear you in this, your masterpiece," the kinswoman declared.

The zinc woman testified her flaming desire by folding the hempen lace and laying it upon the table; then overlapping the strong hands, that could look, cruel upon her gray poplin gown she fastened her unwinking eyes upon the high-bred, sensitive face of the speaker.

The deadening grayness of Mrs. Cameron's complexion, and the dilation of her eyes as the tale proceeded, were something to behold and never to forget. Up to this, she had felt that the creature defied her, with other spotless women, in flaunting the garb of respectability. Now, she and they in the concrete, Virtue in the abstract, and Providence (of course) were insulted openly. The story of lawless love, reckless passion, attempted homicide, and Heaven only knows what other monstrous implications! was recited for *her* pleasure—at *her* request! The selection was Mrs. Manly's. Mrs. Cameron never read poetry or novels. But who was to know that? The First Directress of the Ladies' Aid Association of the Lisbon Church, the prospective lecturer of the Chicago S. S. Convention, stood committed to an ungovernable desire to hear *Lasca*!

"A poem of Western life and adventure," her cousin had said. "Just the thing to furnish an admirable opening for your catechism."

Bertie tingled all over with malicious glee at seeing the stiffening eye-balls roll portentously from Clara to Mrs. Manly, resting *en route* rebukefully upon the unconscious son-in-law, who saw only Karen's speaking face as she gave the lines:

"But once, when I made her jealous for fun,
At something I'd whispered, or looked, or done,

One Sunday, in San Antonio,
To a glorious girl on the Alamo,—
She drew from her garter a dear little dagger,
And—sting of a wasp! it made me stagger!
An inch to the left, or an inch to the right,
And I shouldn't be maundering here to-night.
But she sobbed, and, sobbing, so swiftly bound
Her torn reboso about the wound,
That I quite forgave her. Scratches don't count
In Texas. down by the Rio Grande."

The gray woman's—by now—bloodless lips actually parted when the garter was named, as a fish comes up to the top of the water for air. They stirred again at the "torn reboso." The unknown garment might be—probably it was—a *petticoat*!

The recitation over, the granitic auditor continued to regard the smiling sinner with hard, wide eyes until the bulging gaze drew the notice of others. An odd pause and constraint passed upon the group. Mrs. Cameron cleared her throat. Clara's very feet became ice at the sound; her heart rolled over slowly, then lay still for one awful second.

"May I ask, Mrs.—ahem! *Dumaresque*! if you know anything personally of frontier-life? Not, of course, of such a disreputable career as that described in your favorite poem, but of army and garrison life?"

"Yes," said Karen, tranquilly. "I lived in garrison on the frontier for some years, and made long journeys with the regiment over the plains."

"In company with your husband, Lieutenant—afterward Captain—De-mar-ick, I presume?"

Karen's great dark eyes looked right at her; her countenance was immovable.

"With my husband, as you say. I went out to a garrison immediately upon my marriage."

"What were some of the forts in which you lived?"

The answer was prompt and composed.

"Fort Wingate, Fort Lincoln, Vancouver Barracks, and others. If you are interested in army-life and army-men, Mrs. Cameron, Captain Dale can tell you more than I of forts and fort-people."

The resolute stare was not diverted by the reference.

"May I inquire at which station you changed the pronunciation of your name, and why?"

Response came from an unlooked-for quarter. It was Mrs. Gillette's voice—steady and sweet—that took up the word.

"It was at my earnest request after she returned to my home. Nothing in the English language justifies the eccentricity of 'Demarack.' There is even less warrant in the original French. It is never too late to right a wrong thing."

"The drollest trick of pronunciation I ever ha-appened upon was in the ca-ase of the na-ame of a little cross-ro-oards settlement in the neighborhood of Richmond, Virginia," drawled Bertie, so lazily, one might have thought him drowsy, and bored to boot. "The na-atives call it 'Da-a-rby.' I'll allow a-any of you ten guesses in which to fi-ind out how it is spelled, and give my gold wa-atch to the one who gets it ri-ight at one guess."

"D,e,r,b,y, of course!" from Emmett. "That's English, you know."

"D,a,r,b,y!" somewhat snappishly from Gem. "We see through the catch with half an eye."

Mrs. Cameron's strident tone cleft the nonsense.

"I should think that regard for your husband would have dictated adherence

to the method preferred by *him*. Especially, as it is, I believe, the one universally adopted by other families of the name."

"You'll never gue-e-ss if you try a-all ni-ight," continued imperturbable Bertie. "Listen! E,n,r,o,u,g,h,t,y! 'Pon my honor every letter of *that*! and then to be ca-alled 'Da-ar-by!' Its worse than 'Chu-umley' for 'Chol-mon-de-ley,' and 'Beecham' for 'Beauch-a-mp'—don't you know! The Virginians are great upon barba-arities like tha-at, you know. There's a fa-amily in Richmond called 'Tolliver—'

"I beg pardon, Mr. Gates!" Mrs. Cameron waved her hand imperiously.

"Beg yours, I'm sure!"—cocking his saucy head from his lowly position—"but I believe I have the flo-o-o-r!"

A burst of laughter, louder and longer than the cause warranted, threatened to end ingloriously what everybody present appreciated as a wordy fencing-match.

"I know a man in our part of the country—" Mr. Wilkes was saying, when Mrs. Manly brought up her reserves to support her ally.

Marion Harland.



A SUMMER MORNING IN A NORWEGIAN VILLAGE.



THERE is a hillside covered with waving grass, red on the tops, which grows blithely among the huge boulders. There are patches here and there of gardens and flowers; there are little houses with turf covered roofs and "forget-me-nots" blooming upon the turf. A narrow street straggles down the hill, with a few tributary lanes straggling up the hills.

It is six o'clock in the morning and the northern sun has already been shining brightly on the little valley for three hours.

At the foot of the street is a lake so deep and clear and blue that it looks like a great turquoise. On the farther side of the lake the steep mountains tower thousands of feet, their tops crowned with snow that never disappears, while scores of deep ravines, filled with snow, hang like frayed fringe from the summits. Here and there brooks from the melting snows plunge headlong toward the lake, or spread out like bridal veils gleaming with diamonds, and mirrored in the lake.

The old boat-houses are open, and the plash of oars echoes from the mountain-side. Beside a boat they have just launched, stand two girls. Their fair hair blows loosely about their faces and hangs in a plait down their backs. A red cloth waist laced in front confines the full bust and covers the sturdy back. A white shirt shows above the waist, with long full



sleeves which are fastened above the elbows, showing the strong sunbrowned arms, which can pull a boat in a storm, or caress a babe with equal ease. The black skirt is coarse woollen homespun, and clings to the strong limbs, above the neat ankles and the heavy home-made shoes.

The boat is of fine curved lines, sharp at bow and stern, light but strong.

One of the girls leaps lightly in the stern, the other gives a quick push and a rippling laugh, and leaps after her companion; in a twinkling the oars are out, and away they glide over the mirror lake with a thousand feet of water beneath them.

An old boatman standing near tells me that the larger one who gave the laugh as she pushed off the boat is to be married to-morrow to Ole Larsen, her sweetheart, who is expected from Stavanger, where his fishing-boat now lies, just returned from the banks of Newfoundland with a great catch.

I wander up the street again and watch the little golden-haired children play around the door-steps of stone, the women milking the little cows and goats before they are sent up the mountain to graze.

Perched upon a rock by the side of the street, with green-sward between the outcroppings of the ledge, is the house of my host, Lars Anderson. It is built of plain unpainted boards which time has turned to the gray of the rocks.

Its one story is roofed at one end with large flat stones that were split from some neighboring boulder; the other end has only a board roof, while the centre is gorgeous with green turf bespangled with yellow pansies. Flowers bloom in beds at the front and side. A long, low window with small panes occupies the centre of the front, and lights the principal room of the house.

The red painted door is open, and a cheery *God Morgen, Kom ind*, from the hostess intimates that the *Frukost* is ready. Brook trout, eggs, black bread, and milk make the meal, and the walk in the fresh air has made the appetite.

A heavy table which occupies the centre of the room has the under part painted red, while the top is the yellow of the wood, worn with many scrubblings.

The walls are plastered and colored a light blue, and under the window is a long

Laugh on, girls, and be merry
while the summer sun bids you;
perhaps you are happier than
Ole and Eric.

Harald Hansen, the guide,
here comes to say that the
Stolk jarra is ready, and it is
time to say good-by to this
fair valley and its fair dwellers.

As we wind up the mountain
road, and the whole valley and
lake lie spread out like a map,
still can be heard the laughter
of the girls mingled with the
sighs of the waterfalls, and
the faint odor of the new-
mown hay.

James Symington.



FORTUNE.

Let Fortune frown or smile!

With steady patience I can bear it all;
I have my joy the while,
And lo! she cannot make it great or small.

Let troubles come or go,

The past is mine and cannot fade away;
And there shall come, I know,
Out of these storms, a still, untroubled day.

The glories of the light,

Because I saw them once, are ever mine,
And in the blackest night
Across my spirit's casement bars they shine

Old voices will not die;

How should they, when their echoes are
so sweet?
And in their melody
My broken friendships are again complete.

Old kisses on my brow,

The pressure of dear hands upon my palm,
Are with me always now,
And in the peace of love my heart is calm.

I find no weary day

But has its recompense of joy revealed;
Love meets me on my way,
And by his magic touch my wounds are
healed.

Let Fortune smile or frown,

She is my friend for gifts of long ago;
And I am not cast down,
And not elated, by her joy and woe.

Isaac Ogden Rankin.



THE THREE MISS MURFREES.

A SKETCH.



HE had been going to the Pugamawassa House for years and years. Everyone knew everyone else at the Pugamawassa House, and a new arrival was looked upon with suspicion and disdain. The only way for her (or him) to make friends was to go into ecstasies over the beautiful view from our piazza, and to exclaim loudly that there was nothing so fine in any land; or if she could only make out the outline of "Peggy's nose" on the mountain-side on her very first attempt to espy it in the mass of irregular green against the blue sky, her welcome was sure to be a warm one, and she would straightway be taken into the bosom of the Pugamawassa family.

For we were one family, the boarders at the Pugamawassa House; summer after summer each came there and occupied the same room, and the same table; and the same waitress smiled from behind the same chair. Any change in the furniture of a room, or any change in the domestic service of the house, was a subject for general discussion. If Mrs. Blank's bed had been shoved to the left to make room for a fine new wardrobe, it was the occasion for a grand reception in Mrs. Blank's room, for the consideration of the propriety of the change. If, as now and then, it would happen every few years, a new chambermaid startled the trustful feelings of the occupants of a floor, no one rested until the new-comer had stood the time-honored test of finding a stray dollar under the bureau and returning it to its lawful owner; meanwhile, everyone was in a flutter of expectation as to the result. If the jovial hosts (for they were more like hosts than hotel proprietors) bought a new chest of drawers for the old-fashioned hall, it was put on exhibition for at least two days,

when everyone could comment upon it; and the purchase of a new horse was the occasion of general felicitation. In short, it was a dear old place, and we complacently bore the knowledge that we had settled down in the only comfortable summer home in the United States.

One day, the ladies were seated in the great hall-way that divided the parlor, filled with roomy rocking-chairs, cosy little tables for quiet "rubbers," a big open fireplace, and an antediluvian piano, from the dining-room with its straight rows of alternate tables and side-boards, shining with brightly polished silver and glass. This hall-way was the popular place to sit of a morning, because it was always cool (even during that fearful heat of '87), and the favorite view could be seen from the large window-doors. Yet it was not exposed to the mischievous breeze which would whisk off neatly-rolled skeins of silk, upset work-baskets, send needles and thimbles and numberless spools rolling out onto the grass, and take all the dignity out of the most carefully-prepared bangs.

The floor of the hall was oak, with a careless profusion of bright-colored rugs. To the right, just before the great dining-room, was the little office separated from the hall by an alcove, which framed in the genial face of Uncle Joe, the bachelor brother of the host, the good-natured butt of all the connubial jokes imaginable, the good angel of babies in stealing odd sweet-meats for them; and the friend of boys, in slyly opening the dining-room doors for them after meal hours. Against every available wall stood an old-fashioned chest of drawers, of which each member of the household possessed one drawer. Those drawers! No one would have given up her own particular drawer for anything in this world, not even for another drawer that didn't require so much stooping; and there would repose, year in and year out, various relics—shawls, books, bats, and balls, in unquestioned security.

Then to the side of the great winding



"MAKING THE MOST WONDERFUL TIDY."

staircase was the wonderful curiosity shop with its contributions from all the family. There were flat axe-heads, supposed to come from the stone age, and resembling to a suspicious degree the axe of the Irish working-man of the XIXth. century; there were tomahawks with an unfortunate likeness to modern kitchen hatchets; wonderful looking stones, and all sorts of precious knick-knacks. Everyone had the greatest possible reverence for the genuineness of the collection, mothers taught their children history from it, and even after a night of peculiar hammering emanating from one of the rooms, if one of us would gravely present a stone arrow-head belonging to the Indians of the French and Indian war, even then no one thought of doubting for one moment. Doubt and scepticism had not entered the Pugamawassa House.

Well, on this particular day, as I have said, the ladies were seated in this hall, all rocking in a bunch near the doors. I remember Mrs. Perth, a widow with an engaged son and an engaged daughter, and wearing the constant smile of successful

enterprise on her face, was making the most wonderful tidy that was ever beheld. Some three or four ladies were leaning over her chair learning the stitch.

The bride, a real bride of only two weeks, (the house across the lake boasted of a bride and we discovered she was two *months* old) was protesting that she never, never could learn that stitch, and that Mrs. Perth was the most marvellously clever woman, and we heard Mrs. Perth's monotonous voice:

"Why, don't you see? You count one, two, three, turn, one, two, three, turn."

Another, our old maid, another genuine article, was making a baby blanket, and good-humoredly taking our teasings; while a sweet, genial, little old lady was bending her white curls over a heavy woollen comforter, trying to persuade herself that winter would come some time.

There was just the least shade of anxiety on the faces as they sat there sewing, for the usual noon-time boat was over an hour late. There was just sufficient agitation to throw off dulness, and anxiety was tem-

pered with a pleasant sensation of unwonted excitement. Mrs. Goodenough had recited her well-known thrilling tale of how the "Pride of the Lake" had sunk just five years before, and how everyone was saved by a perfect miracle; and Miss Perkins was cheering them with various accounts of ship-wrecks, when good-humored Mrs. Brown, our hostess, entered the hall in evident distress over the dinner which was being spoiled by the delay.

"No sign of the boat?" she asked anxiously.

The ladies shook their heads mournfully. Little Mrs. Blair furtively wiped her eyes, her husband was on board, and this was their first separation.

Mrs. Brown looked sympathetically at Mrs. Blair.

"Come, now, it's late, and you must all be hungry; a good dinner will fix you all right. Why, it's quarter to one."

"It was just quarter to one when the 'Pride of the Lake' went down," remarked Mrs. Goodenough.

We shivered. Our bride burst into tears.

"Come, now, there's a dear," said the hostess; "the boat's all right, only a bit delayed. Humph! me and Uncle Joe's seen worse delays than this, ain't we, Uncle Joe?" she asked, as he came in, red from walking up the hill.

Joe shook his head uneasily. "No signs yet, but it'll be all right. What with Cap'n Griggs, there ain't goin' to be nothin' happen to that boat."

As he stood there fanning himself with his hat, and casting pitying glances at the weeping bride, half a dozen children entered noisily, crying, "The boat! the boat!"

"Where, where?" cried everybody, relieved, and yet I don't know but what some were just a little wee bit disappointed.

Immediately there was a stampede; worsteds were dropped, tidies and knitting-needles deserted, and soon everybody was running down hill at the top of her speed. Some had grabbed hats—anybody's; others had parasols; and some had snatched pieces of fancy work to protect them from the rays of the sun. Sure enough, there was the boat, a mere white speck against the beautiful mountain shore. But it was not long before the stately "Mermaid" came gracefully up to the dock where stood the impatient crowd. By the way, I must explain that it was a matter of honor to all the boarders of the Pugamawassa House

to be on the dock when the boat arrived. There was no game too exciting, no flirtation too enchanting, no fancy stitch too absorbing not to be abandoned at once on the arrival of the boat. There were other boarding-houses on the lake, and it was only just to good Mrs. Brown that the tourists on the lake should see the superior quality of the Pugamawassa guests.

At last the boat came up, panting and groaning, and squeaking along the sides of the dock, splashing water, and making us all run laughing back; while the captain, known to us all, managed to greet us in between his orders. Above, on the deck, were curious faces looking down upon the happy group; and below, waiting to land, was the young groom, longing to hug his little wife.

But, horror! besides Mr. Blair stood three strange ladies, evidently waiting to land at our place! Our cordiality and romping good nature instantly fled, and we stood on our dignity, while whispers of inquiry passed from mouth to mouth. No, no one knew anything about them. The gang-plank was lowered; the captain shouted, "All off for the Pugamawassa House! show your tickets! step lively!"

The husband embraced his wife, the three ladies stepped carefully ashore, the bell rang, the engine puffed, and with more groaning and squeaking the boat glided off along the green shore, and was soon lost behind a leafy island.

Immediately upon landing, the three ladies looked after their baggage; "evidently used to travelling" some one remarked. Then they looked about with an embarrassed air, as if searching for somebody. Suddenly we saw fat Mrs. Trumble at the top of the hill, frantically waving a handkerchief, and hobbling down the hill as fast as she could. A sigh of relief was breathed by us all; so, then, somebody knew them; they were not absolute strangers. Mrs. Trumble arrived at the dock, breathless, of course, and full of apologies.

The three ladies saluted her gravely, and the four proceeded to walk up the hill.

At once Mrs. Trumble was the heroine of the hour. As soon as the ladies went to their room, she was pounced upon by us all.

"Who're the Miss Murfrees, anyway?" asked one who had just returned from peeping into the register.

"The Miss Murfrees!" said another; "I never heard of such a thing. Why

don't they say the Misses Murfree, like any other mortals?"

Mrs. Trumble good-naturedly promised to tell us all about them,—that is, as much as she knew, which was not so much after all.

"You must know that the Miss Murfrees, as they are always called, belong to one of the oldest families in Philadelphia. They live in a great, lonely house on Chestnut Street. They have lived there all their lives with an only brother, a young doctor. They are very charitable, in fact, devoted to the poor; and they live, apparently, only to do good, and to keep house for their brother, whom they adore."

"Wealthy?" asked our widow.

"Enormously. They have one of the most elegantly furnished homes in Philadelphia; yet they never entertain, rarely go anywhere of an evening, and one seldom sees anyone visit them."

"Why aren't they married?" asked the old maid.

"I don't know. I am sure they've had plenty of chances. It *has* been said that they preferred to take care of their brother; and as each wanted to make the sacrifice, none of them married."

"The youngest one can't be old," said someone.

"Why no!" said Mrs. Trumble, "have you looked at her? She's just as sweet and pretty as she can be, but she dresses just like the older ones. She seems anxious to do away with all appearance of dissimilarity. I know she refused to become the second wife of one of the most prominent men in Pennsylvania."

"And the choice of a middle-aged man is so much more dignified," said the old-maid.

"Hush!" exclaimed some one; "here they come."

After dinner, the long-postponed dinner, we were in turn presented to the three Miss Murfrees. They were very much alike. All three wore plain black-silk dresses with fichus, and turnover cuffs of rare old white lace. They wore their hair parted exactly in the centre, and they wore no jewelry of any kind. The face of the youngest was much younger than that of the others, but she evidently did her best to follow her models; she even went so far as to slightly powder her hair. All three sisters had very small feet and dainty white hands, and although their faces were rather barren of expression, yet they bore an air

of refinement and of slight hauteur. The youngest had an amiable smile, which she apparently could not quite approve of. I caught our old-maid looking at the youngest Miss Murfree with unfeigned wonder. Here was a woman who calmly threw away her own chances, and tried, actually tried, to make herself look older than she really was.

I don't think any of us liked the three Miss Murfrees. Even Mrs. Trumble became vexed that she was responsible for them in a certain way. To begin with, they failed to admire our view, they infinitely preferred the view from the piazza of the hotel at which they spent the summers, the Bay View House;—if I remember right, they seated themselves with their backs to the lake. Now nothing could have been a worse beginning. Then they could not make out the nose on Peggy's mountain.

"Not make out Peggy's nose!" exclaimed our bride; "why, dear me, it's as clear—as clear as daylight."

The three Miss Murfrees dolefully shook their heads. No, they could not see it, although three tortoise-shell lorgnettes were aimed at it.

Miss Brook rushed up frantically. "Come to this corner," she cried; "*it is possibly* a little clearer from here, if *anything can* be clearer. There! now you see that farthest isle?"

The three Miss Murfrees uttered a half-hearted "yes;" they could hardly refuse to do that.

"Well, Peggy's nose is right up there on the mountain side—the mountain just above the isle."

"Slightly north-west," suggested some one.

"Why, can't you see it now?" asked one impatiently. "I can't for the life of me see how you can help seeing it."

"Why, it's right there!" cried another, frantically.

Still the Miss Murfrees gravely shook their heads.

What a picture we made! No mother failing to receive due appreciation of the beauties of her babe could have been more indignant than each one of us.

We had to let them reseat themselves, and we all felt very much abused; but just fancy our feelings when Miss Murfree calmly said:

"We have a face on the mountain near the Bay View House, where we always

spend our summers, that one can see so clearly that it is even visible in a photograph."

And "Even in a photograph" was echoed by the other Miss Murfrees.

The Miss Murfrees remained about one week. During that time we were kept in a constant state of irritation. There was our archæological collection, whose genuineness was questioned for the first time by the Miss Murfrees. I remember we were thrown into a great state of indignation by the fact that the Miss Murfrees always locked the hallway drawer that was consigned to them. One day the chamber-maid came to us in tears: she had been accused by the Miss Murfrees of stealing an old cuff-button. We all comforted the girl (who had undergone our test with flying colors some years ago) to the best of our ability.

The Miss Murfrees could not bear their rooms, which they declared horribly stuffy and untidy; and they exclaimed one morning that they had scarcely slept, for the mosquitoes had nearly devoured them. Mosquitoes at the Puggamawassa House! We were all ready to die with vexation.

"It's mighty strange!" cried Mrs. Goodenough; "I never saw so much as a baby mosquito here."

"Nor I," "Nor I," exclaimed several.

Even our table was not free from their criticisms. They complained bitterly of our butter, our eggs, our milk, our cooking. That capped the climax. Now if we ever did boast (which we never did) it was of our table,—it was our especial pride. Every one admitted it was the best table on the Lake; and, more than that, the best, the cleanest, the daintiest, and the most appetizing in the country.

Well, was it any wonder that no one was sorry when we heard that the Miss Murfrees were going to leave? When the boat came to the dock, Mrs. Goodenough said spicily, "We'll have to take a trip to your Bay View House some day."

"Do," said the Miss Murfrees as the boat glided off.

* * * * *

Uncle Joe's birthday was approaching, and we were earnestly discussing the best way to celebrate it, when some one exclaimed,

"I have it! Let's go and visit the model hotel—the Bay View House."

"Good!" said we all.

* * * * *

We had landed from the boat two hours ago, and the Bay was far behind us. We were all perched rather unsteadily on the top of a shabby tally-ho, and were being bowled along a very barren country. As unattractive as the country was (nothing to compare to the drives around Puggamawassa), yet the setting sun made a beautiful picture. It would have taken a barren country indeed not to have been beautified from the top of a stage-coach. We were all in excellent spirits; and many were the jokes flung at the broad back of Uncle Joe, who loomed up before us, seated very close—so we thought—to our old maid.

"Say, Uncle Joe, we don't think Miss Martha's going to fall." "Say, Uncle Joe, don't lean so on one side, you'll unsteady the chariot." And so on.

We had great fun, but I don't believe there was one of us that didn't have just a little fear at the bottom of the heart that the Bay View House would beat the Puggamawassa after all. But we bore a brave front. As we passed a desolate field of stubble, some one drawled out, "'Pears to me this reminds me of the scenery raound about Mother Brown's."

At last the house, the great Bay View House, came into view. It was the loneliest-looking spot, I think, I have ever seen. It was of a dull, hot-looking red brick, trimmed, not embellished, with a dull brown wood. It had one forlorn narrow porch, and a solitary tower looking out on to the fields of stubbs. Some one said:

"Where's that great view of the Bay?"

"Why, don't you see the tower? Got to climb up there," answered another, ironically.

"Hence the name," called out some one else.

All sorts of jokes were cracked. I think we were all somewhat relieved to find the outside of the hotel, at least, so little to compare to ours.

We dispersed into our small, stuffy rooms, and shortly the party met in the dining-room. We were ready to make havoc with a good supper, for our ride had given us all good appetites. But we looked upon that supper-table with mingled sorrow and joy. The table itself foreshadowed the coming meal, a forlorn dish of lonely ginger-snaps, a tumble-down jar of very green pickles, a greasy bottle of Worcestershire sauce, a cracked pitcher of milk with three or four flies struggling in

its depths, a small dish of preserved prunes (item: too dark to make any reasonable estimate of number of flies),—all this, to an experienced eye, portended much—or rather little.

We all looked anxiously at Uncle Joe as he put his fork into the steak with a determined thrust. The energy of that thrust told us all.

There is no use going into too many details; suffice it to say that ten minutes later a hungry crowd squeezed itself into Miss Martha's room, and from the depths of a brown bag the good soul produced in great triumph those delicious round cakes, so dear to the hearts of Mother Brown's guests. How we devoured them!

"Stop!" cried Miss Martha, as she saw one of us furtively approaching the bag. "Stop! we must save some for breakfast. Who knows what they'll be giving us then?"

We answered with a deep groan.

"But the Miss Murfrees," said somebody; "they looked as if they knew what good living was like. How did they ever put up with this for three months?"

"Maybe they saw we were from the Puggamawassa House, and thought we weren't used to any better," said Mrs. Goodenough, scornfully.

The next morning we looked at each other mournfully; our eyes were heavy and dull from lack of sleep, and the bottle of ammonia was passed around among us with avidity.

"How did you sleep?" inquired one of the other, and the answer was hopeless in every case.

When we saw Uncle Joe, with his broad face one mass of small, red eruptions, a shout was raised. He stood dramatically. "I need say no more," said he. All together we expressed our indignation: "And they felt mosquitoes at our house!" "Did you ever see the like?"

"Well, we were royally serenaded, anyhow," etc.

As we were standing there disconsolate, and yet triumphant, our bride's husband came flying in, exclaiming, "I have seen the Bay! I have seen the Bay!"

"Where? where?"

"I was determined to do it. I climbed, and I climbed, and I climbed up those fearful stairs; and I met a solitary chambermaid, and she looked at me inquiringly, and when I said, 'I want to see the Bay,' she looked as if she thought I was daft,

and hurried on. But I got there, and finally, covered with cobwebs and dust, I reached a window."

"Well?" we inquired eagerly.

"Well, I opened it after great difficulty, and looked about, at first utterly without success. But just as I was going to give up, my eye was attracted by a glitter in the distance, and lo and behold, there was a thin strip of the Bay before me, shining in the sun! Oh! it was magnificent. Meg, I'm going to pack up and leave Mother Brown's to-morrow, and I'm coming here, the only place where one can have a fine view. I want to put my rocking-chair on top of that tower, and watch that view of the Bay all day long."

An appreciative audience listened as he rattled on.

"Did you see the face?" asked some one.

"Pshaw! I clean forgot. But it's all for the best, anyway, because we don't want to go home *utterly* crestfallen. We must hold fast to *some* point of superiority."

* * * * *

Again the Puggamawassa family was gathered at the dock; and there was particular enthusiasm this time, because young Mr. Quickly from Philadelphia was expected. We gave him a rousing good welcome, because he was one of the many unequalled institutions of our place,—a man who could dance, play tennis, put up picnic tables, relate capital stories, devote himself to spinsters, and, above all, he was an authority upon all questions of pedigree.

When he was comfortably ensconced in his favorite chair on the piazza, contemplating with renewed delight and veneration Peggy's nose and the beautiful lake, and sending up curls of smoke into the ivy vines about the railings, we all related to him all the news of the season:

"We had a sample of your howling Philadelphia swells here."

"Yes, you're welcome to them," added another.

Mr. Quickly took his eyes off the view just long enough to say "Who?"

"The Miss Murfrees."

Mr. Quickly looked amused: "Did you? Well?"

"Well, they're abominable."

Mr. Quickly raised his eyebrows inquiringly. Then such a clatter:

"Such impudence"—

"Did you ever hear the like?"—

"Locked her drawers."—

"Bay View, ha! ha!"—

When the hubbub subsided somewhat, Mr. Quickly looked up serenely. "Well?" said he, in the most exasperatingly quiet way.

"Well!" echoed we, indignantly.

"Don't you understand?" he asked.

"No, we don't!" said we.

Mr. Quickly took one more whiff from his cigar, and then looked as if about to run for his life:

"The Miss Murfrees are the chief owners of the Bay View House," said he.

A. N. M.

INLAND AND COAST.

Last night I heard one say in great content :
"Nay, I've ne'er supped of sorrow ; tasted
grief.

Grim care has never, like a threatening thief,
Robbed me of sleep. My days in peace are
spent."

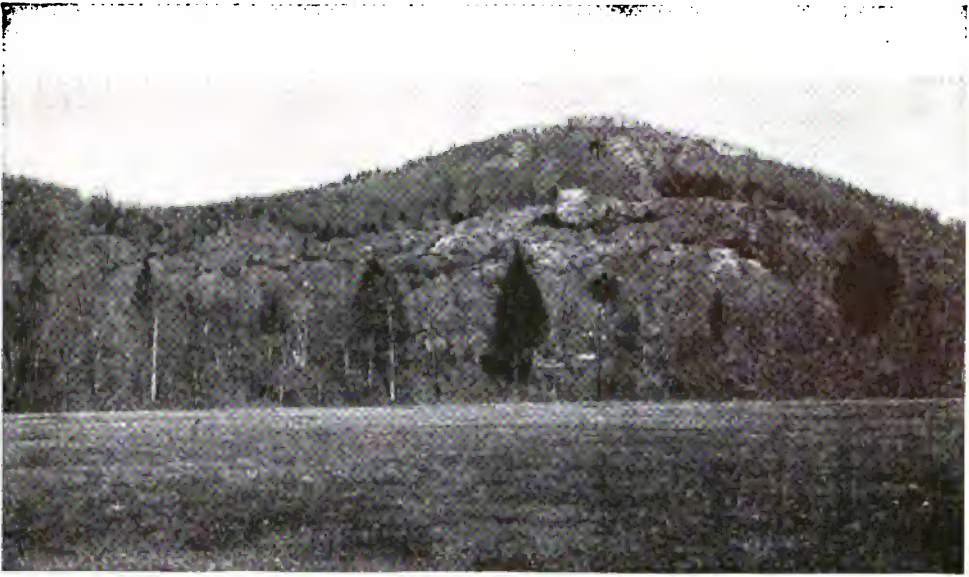
And straight I pitied him, as one long pent
Within the limit of low hills, whose chief
Concept of sea and storm and rugged reef,
Is fancy-formed, and with vague hearsay blent.

He ne'er has felt his sinews stretch and strain
In struggle with the wave's contending arm.
Nor heard the ocean-infinite's alarm
Sound "Storm!" along life's level, sanded
plain.

He is not seaman strong to save from harm—
He has not known the privilege of pain.

Julie M. Lippmann.





HOVENKOFFT.

THE RAMAPO VALLEY.



HE valley of the Ramapo is one of the most interesting and romantic stretches of country to be found in a day's travel from New York. The scenery in summer and early autumn is singularly

grand and beautiful, almost beyond description. Rugged hills, rising in some places to the dignity of mountains, from one thousand to one thousand five hundred feet high, bound it on both sides throughout its entire length.

From the village of Suffern, which lies at its southern outlet, it runs its course for sixteen miles, and debouches into the level and fertile fields of the county of Orange, N. Y., at the little hamlet of Turners, a station on the Erie Railway.

At no point is it more than half a mile wide, and in many places its mountain barriers contract in such a manner as to almost

form a gorge or deep ravine. From "Hovenkofft," that grand old peak which stands as a sentinel to guard its southern entrance, the prospect is entrancing. Immediately at your feet lies the thrifty and fast-growing village of Suffern; to the east and north as far as the eye can reach, may be seen the farms and villages of Rockland, bounded by the highlands of the Hudson and the distant Palisades; while away to the south, over the level lands of New Jersey, appear the city of Paterson, the high hills around Hoboken, and the towers of the Brooklyn Bridge, altogether forming as wonderful a panorama as the eye ever rested upon. "Hovenkofft" received its name from the original Dutch settlers who came over from Holland about the year 1630, and established themselves in the valley and its neighborhood. The literal translation of the name is, "High Head;" which is certainly very appropriate, as its bald crown rises majestically above the neighboring peaks, forming a landmark that may be seen for many miles around.

Taking the old stage road, north from Suffern, which runs parallel with the railroad



LOG CABIN IN THE MOUNTAINS.

track the entire length of the valley, the traveller soon comes to the small manufacturing village of Hillburn, nestling cosily in a nook of the mountains, which protect it on the north, west, and south, and gives it a temperate climate in the coldest weather. Here an extensive manufacturing business is carried on by the Ramapo Iron Works, in the building of cars, switches, and other railroad equipment. The village is located west of the works, on the right bank of the Ramapo, and upon a beautiful plateau extending back to the foot of the hills, and is one of the most lovely and well-kept manufacturing villages in the country.

In the mountains to the west and south of Hillburn, there lives a very peculiar race of people. They seem to be a mixture of Indian, white, and negro, as all shades of color may be found among them, from the coal-black of the pure-blooded African, to the chalk-white of the Albino, and with hair short and kinky, in some instances, and in others long and flowing, like that of the Indians of the plain. The Indian blood comes from the Tuscaroras (one of the Six Nations), who, when on their journey

north from their seat in North Carolina in 1715, to join their near relatives, the Iroquois, or Five Nations, in central New York, rested for some time in this valley; and so, without a doubt, it is from them they derive the Indian blood and characteristics which predominate among them. The other strains of white and black came from the poor whites, and the old time slaves, who after emancipation here, intermarried, and gravitated to the mountains; the three different strains intermingling in such a manner as to produce this peculiar race.

This triple mixture of blood has had another very strange effect, viz., the production of a large number of Albinos; those odd freaks of nature, with perfectly white skin and hair, and pink eyes. They are so plentiful that they may be seen almost any time in the streets of the different villages, or along the mountain paths going from, or returning to their homes in the hills. This mountain region has been the unfailing source of supply for circus owners and showmen generally; and many of the Albinos on exhibition throughout the country came from this place.



MOUNTAIN CHAPEL.

Upon the banks of a foaming little mountain brook, and surrounded by the primeval forest, stands the rustic log church where these people worship. The preacher who ministers to the spiritual welfare of these simple children of nature, is a remarkable character. He has the appearance of a man of about seventy years of age, of almost gigantic stature, yet symmetrically moulded withal; and with a head of more than Websterian grandeur and size, he reminds the observer of one of the priests of ancient Israel.

It is a sight worth travelling miles to see, when on a sabbath morning the old man rises in the pulpit to open the services of the day. The dark and solemn face; the snow-white hair hanging in abundant locks almost to his shoulders; the earnest, deep tones of his voice, as he reads the opening chapter, or intones the morning hymn, make a picture not soon to be forgotten. Many of the white people of the neighborhood attend the services here, and are forced to acknowledge that in this mountain chapel they hear more honest truth and good sound scripture doctrine than in many of the more fashionable churches whose spires reach much farther heavenward.

About a quarter of a mile north of Hillburn you come to the "Quarantine Ground," a large level field on the right side of the road. Here in Revolutionary times the sick belonging to the detachment of soldiers guarding Ramapo Pass were quarantined, when camp fever or other diseases were epidemic among them. Passing across this field the traveller comes to the



THE PREACHER AT MOUNTAIN CHAPEL.



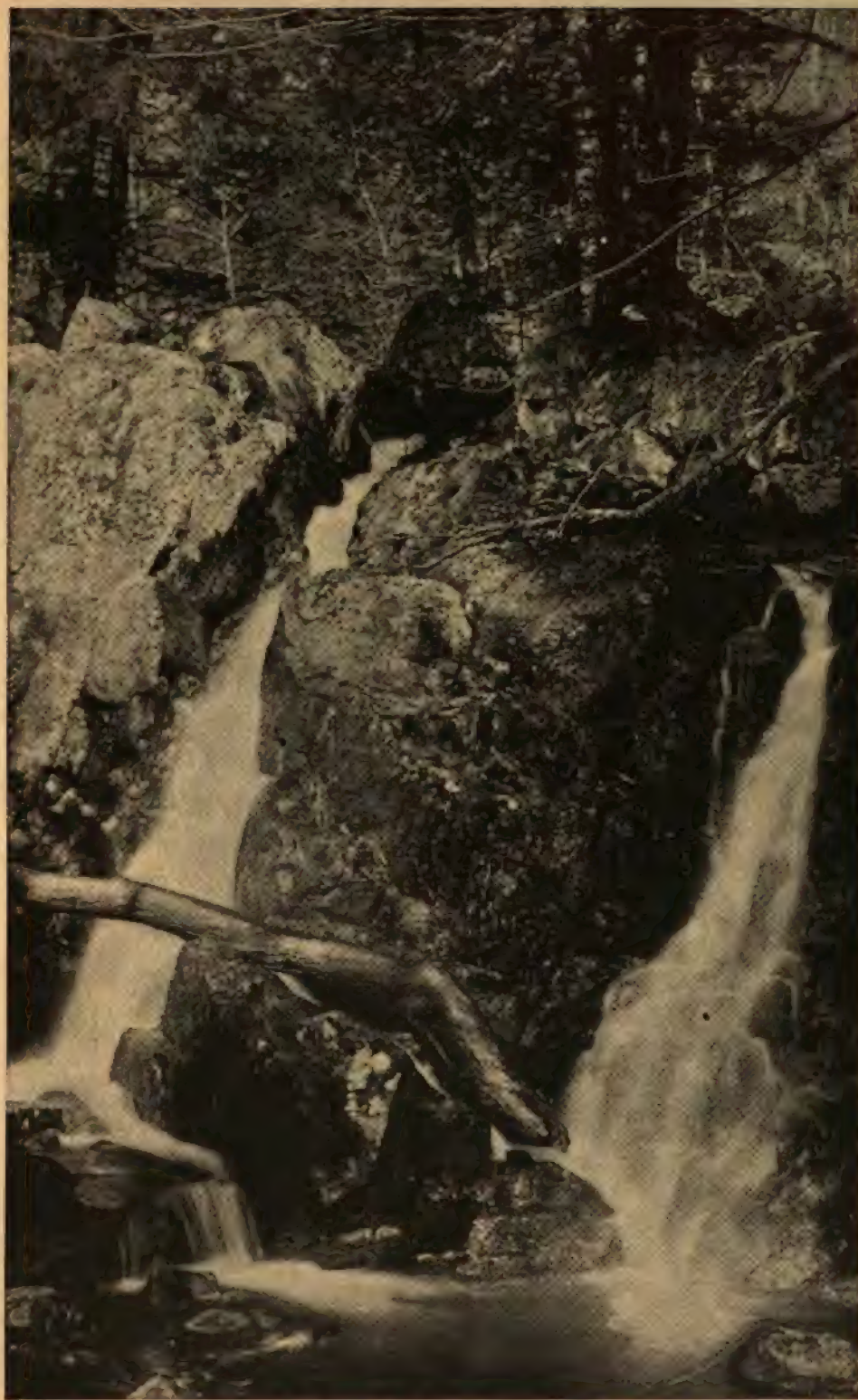
QUARANTINE GROUND AND TOME MOUNTAIN IN THE DISTANCE.

old entrenchments built in 1776. They extend from a point of the mountain on the east, to a similar point on the west, and at the narrowest part of the whole valley. In some places the ditch is still four feet in depth, and it can be traced the whole distance from point to point. Turning the western point of the mountain, brings you to a peculiar valley or large ravine, stretching away to the south for probably a mile or more. In the centre of this ravine is a semi-circular knoll, upon the summit of which is found the remains of a small fortification or redoubt, as perfect almost as on the day it was built. This redoubt was occupied by a South Carolina regiment, consisting of very young men. The camp fever broke out among them, and destroyed nearly the whole regiment, and their bones are buried under the cliff that marks the western side of the little valley. It was a sad fate for those gallant sons of the South, who, through the cold and snows of that dreary winter of 1778, marched to the defence of their northern brethren. Along the base of the mountain, and just north of the redoubt, were still to be seen a few years ago, the foundation stones of some ten or twelve of the army ovens, in which the soldiers' bread was baked.

Farther to the north, and not many feet beyond where the railroad bridge crosses the Ramapo, a block-house once stood. A hole in the ground, which formed the cellar, is all that is left to mark the spot. This had been built at an early day, and of such strength as to withstand an attack from Indians. The old door may still be



ERIE RAILWAY AT RAMAPO.



FALLS BACK OF TOME MOUNTAIN.



GRAVE OF COMMODORE SLOAT.

seen at Washington's Headquarters at Newburgh, on the Hudson.

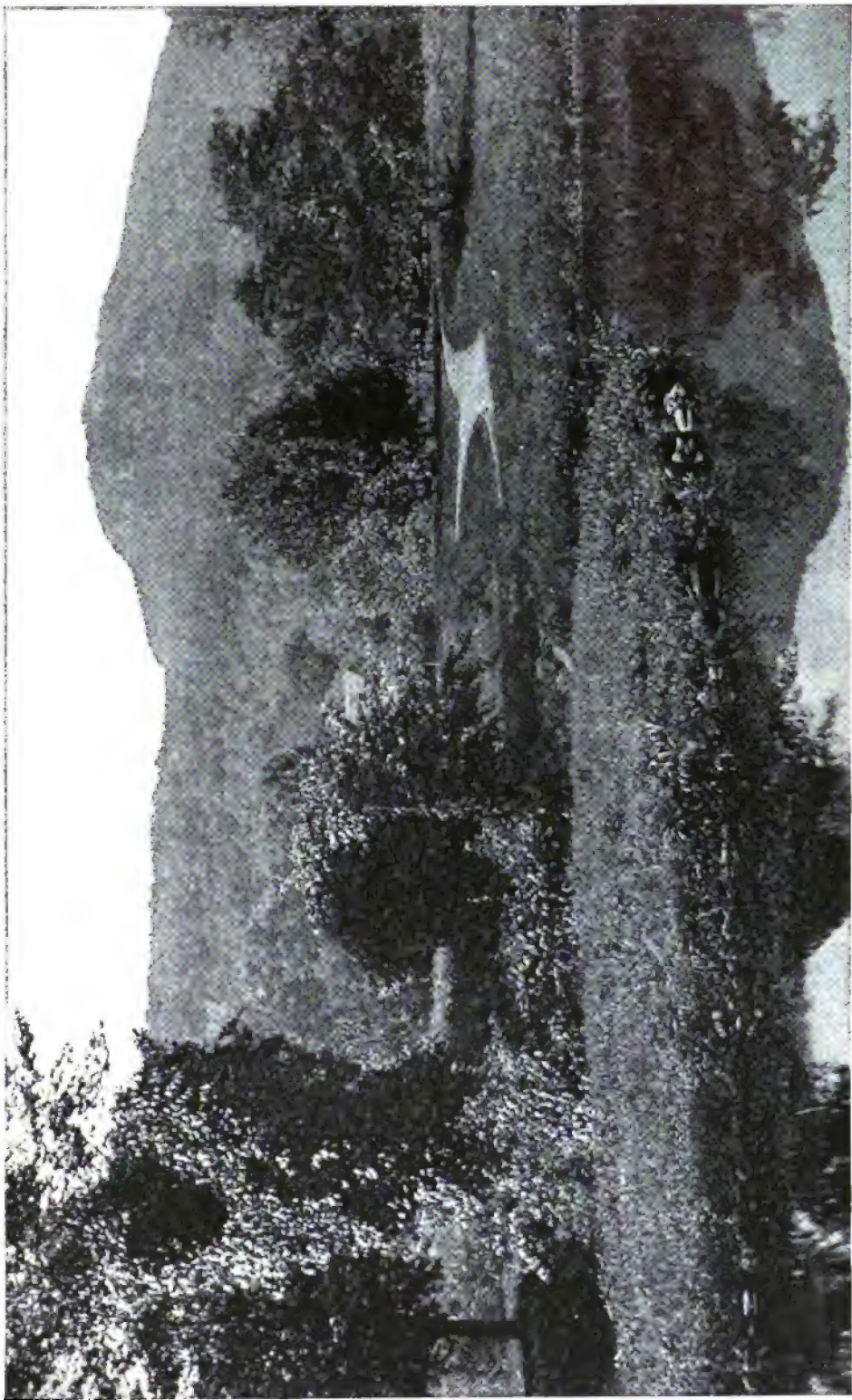
Almost in sight from where the block-house stood, is the village of Ramapo. This was at one time a thriving manufacturing town. Here the first cut nails were made, and here also the gimlet pointed screw was invented. The Atlantic and Great Western Car Works were located here, and a very heavy business was done in building cars and other railroad appliances; but its glory has departed, and now all that remains of the many shops and factories which lined both sides of the stream, is the Ramapo Wheel and Foundry Company's Works, which manufactures car wheels and patent brake shoes.

The village lies at the foot of the highest peak in the whole range, and Tome mountain (as it is called) is a great resort in summer for picnic parties from Paterson,

and other cities along the Erie Railway. It is a rugged peak, with fissures and deep ravines cleaving its precipitous sides, and seaming its perpendicular face; and from the solid rock which crowns the summit, a wonderful scene is spread out to the view. Toward the east, the eye travels over the intermediate mountains, across the hills and valleys of Rockland, and is limited only when it strikes the hills of Westchester beyond the Hudson. To the north, the whole length of the valley may be seen, with its villages and scattered farm-houses dotting the landscape, as plain and distinct, and far more beautiful than an artist could paint it. Here upon the summit of Tome mountain once blazed the signal fires which sent the news of victory from peak to peak, until from the highlands of the Hudson to the rugged banks of the Delaware, every hill and mountain-top



PORTER'S LODGE AND KEEP, TUXEDO.



TOME MOUNTAIN.

shone out like stars, announcing the capture of Burgoyne.

Two miles beyond the old village of Ramapo, is situated the little hamlet of Sloatsburgh. Its location is charming, lying as it does under the shelter of the mountains which almost surround it, and shield it from the cold northern blasts of winter. Here, in a little cemetery on the west side of the old stage road, on a knoll in the meadow, lies buried Commodore Isaac Sloat, who commanded our fleet on the coast of California during the war with Mexico, and was a prominent member of the family who were the founders of the village.

Going on from Sloatsburgh north, the stage road and railroad run side by side for about three miles, or until the entrance to Tuxedo Park is reached. The change that has taken place in this part of the valley is simply too great to be described. Everything that the power of money could accomplish has been done. The entrance is approached between two immense stone walls, which swing out to the right and left, and contracting gradually as you advance, end in a large stone keep at the one side, and the porter's lodge at the other

side of the gate. On entering, the eye is greeted with a view of beautifully gravelled roads and walks extending into the mountains for miles, and bordered with all kinds of shrubs and flowers. About a mile from the entrance you come to Tuxedo Lake, one of the most beautiful bodies of water in the world, and completely surrounded by a macadamized drive, perfectly graded and drained, and making one of the finest race-courses to be found in the country. Magnificent lawns, palatial dwellings, and cosy cottages have taken the place of unsightly rocks, impassable ravines, and miry swamps, and caused this wilderness to blossom like the rose.

Leaving Tuxedo, the traveller will find about half a mile north of the station, a huge rock lying on the left side of the road, shaped very much like the dismantled hull of a ship. It is called "Man of War Rock," and the place in the cliff from which in ages past it must have fallen, can be plainly seen. It is probably twenty-five or thirty feet long, and fifteen feet high. It serves as a landmark to locate the den or cave of Claudius Smith, the famous bandit and cowboy of the Revolution.

Ramapo Valley was the scene of many stirring Revolutionary incidents; among which none are more interesting and romantic than the story of the bandit Claudius. He seems to have been a wild and daring man from his youth, and when the troublous times of the Revolutionary war came on, he became an efficient aid to the British army.

The cave or den spoken of before, served the purpose of a rendezvous for him and his band of freebooters, and also as a secure place in which to conceal the stolen cattle and other plunder, which he afterwards sold at great profit to the British army. In many particulars he was above the common herd. Tall, broad shouldered, and powerfully built, with a high intellectual forehead, and an eye like the mountain hawk; Claudius Smith was a born leader of men, and well calculated to command the rough and dangerous band he had gathered around him.

Through all the years of trouble between the colonies and the mother country, his sympathies had always been with the latter, and now, since actual hostilities had begun, he openly espoused her cause, and threw the whole weight of his influence and active exertions in her favor. Still,



TUXEDO PARK CHURCH.



MAN-OF-WAR ROCK.

at the same time, while aiding the royal cause, he did not forget his own pecuniary advantage, and his love for the old country was often made the excuse for depredations upon the property of his patriotic neighbors.

His usual mode of procedure was to go out into the farming districts westward as far as the Neversink valley, and even beyond it, and there buy a few head of cattle, and then start eastward with them, generally driving until far into the night. As he proceeded on his way he would steal from the farmers along his route, and in that manner increase his herd, so that by the time he reached his mountain stronghold, he had a valuable drove of fat cattle, and as opportunity offered would run them into the British lines.

As time passed, and the number of his followers increased, he became bolder, and more open in his operations, and did not scruple to rob the adjacent farms of all their stock, and if resistance was made, to commit murder; and more than one farmer in what is now the county of Orange, N. Y., paid the penalty of death for standing in the way of his designs.

At last his depredations reached such a magnitude that the peaceable inhabitants of the valley and surrounding country determined to rid themselves of his presence, and secretly organized an expedition to attack him in his stronghold, or wherever he or his band could be found. From scouts sent out, they soon found that he had just collected a large herd of cattle and horses in the cave, preparatory to driving them to Clarkstown, where a detachment of the British army was at the time lying.

The purpose of the expedition was to take him by surprise, and therefore they selected a dark and stormy night for the attack. They numbered about twenty-five men, and silently marched down the valley road until they came to "Man of War Rock." Here they halted to make final arrangements for the assault. The company was divided into two detachments, one to attack the cavern from the north, and the other from the south, when they should arrive upon the same level with it.

Having made these last preparations, the two detachments started across the valley

and up the mountain side. Silently they wended their way through the darkness, each one marking well where he trod, so as not to make the least noise, until finally they arrived at the designated place, and were about to wheel and enclose the cavern within their contracting lines, when out upon the air came the flash and report of a dozen rifles, waking a thousand echos, and resounding among the hills like the crack of doom.

The enemy had discovered them, and were firing from behind every tree and bush, and picking off their men. Their only hope lay in retreat. They fled precipitately, down the mountain side, carrying the dead and wounded with them. When they arrived at the rock they halted to make an inventory of their loss, which was found to be one man killed, and four severely wounded.

Thus ended the people's expedition against Claudius and his band; and that it ended so disastrously was attributed to the fact that some traitor among them had notified the outlaw of their intentions, and thus put him on his guard. Who the traitor was, is a question that remains unanswered to this day.

The defeat of his assailants had the effect of making Claudius bolder than ever, while throughout the territory of his operations the people were stricken with fear. It also caused a still further increase in the number of his followers, who were recruited from among the tory families of the district, and the mountaineers residing in the ranges which bound both sides of the valley.

Flushed with victory, and with quite an efficient force at his command, he boldly ravaged the whole territory now embraced in the counties of Orange and Rockland, killing without the least compunction any who dared to interfere with his villainous schemes. The inhabitants being unable to bear it any longer, finally complained to the Commander-in-chief of the American army, and Washington (who was then at his headquarters at the Suffern mansion near the southern outlet of the valley), issued an order to suppress him and his band, no matter what it might cost.

Accordingly a number of American scouts were detailed to hunt the robber down. From this time forth Claudius had little rest. The men put upon his trail were well acquainted with his hiding

places, and kept him continually on the run from one point to another, for fear of being captured. Once or twice he ventured out into the open country, but the scouts were upon his heels, giving him no time to rest.

At length, one beautiful afternoon in the autumn of 1781, they brought him to bay at the foot of the mountains, across the valley from "Man of War Rock." The conflict which ensued was short and sharp, and very bloody, considering the numbers engaged. The result was that four of the outlaws were killed, and all but five of the remainder wounded. The five who escaped included Claudius, who with his companions in iniquity fled to Long Island, where they were shortly afterwards captured, and brought back to the scene of their depredations, incarcerated in Goshen jail, and when the next court convened, tried, found guilty, and hung.

Their bodies were buried in the old jail yard, and in after years when the new court-house was being built, and while digging for the foundation, the workmen came upon five human skeletons, the remains of Claudius and his men. The skull of the robber chief was recognized from its size and shape, and taken by one of the masons at work on the court-house, and securely imbedded in the brick wall of the building immediately over the front door, where it remains to this day.

Just above Tuxedo station on the right bank of the Ramapo, stand the ruins of the furnace and forge where the chain was made which was placed across the Hudson at West Point, to prevent the British war vessels from passing up the stream. One gable containing an arched doorway is all that is left to tell where once a great and thriving business was carried on.

Both banks of the stream for miles are dotted with the ruins of foundries, furnaces and forges, which were in full blast long before Revolutionary times, and which during the war supplied the American army with nearly all the artillery and cannon balls used through those years of strife. These, with many other factories of various kinds, made this valley a very hive of industry.

Near the centre of the eastern range, and about two miles from Tuxedo Park, are located what are called the marked rocks. In a depression, or little valley on the summit of the mountain, and in the

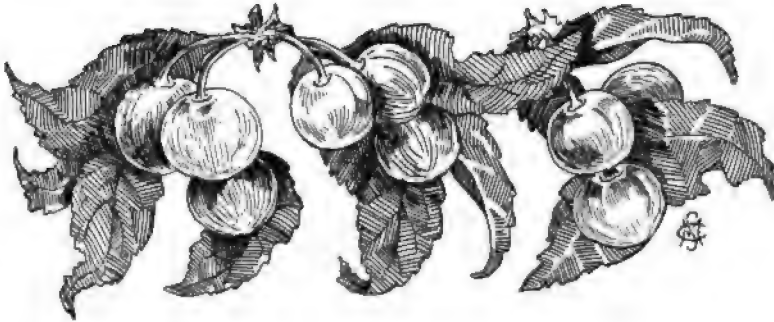
solid rock are imprinted the tracks of bear, deer, wolves, foxes, rabbits and other animals, as distinct as though made but yesterday; some of them so perfect that the combings or rough edges may yet be seen.

The tracks seem to be all leading to the north, as if the animals had been frightened and fled across the valley in their efforts to escape from some foe that was pursuing them. The rock in which the tracks are seen appears to be the common

granite of the surrounding hills, though a geologist might call it by some other name. This spot is known to but few people, and no scientist has ever investigated the mystery of the tracks.

That they are a curiosity worth clambering up the hills to see, can not be doubted, and in the future, some one competent to express an opinion in regard to them, may take the trouble to climb the mountain for that purpose.

P. Demarest Johnson.



WHY?

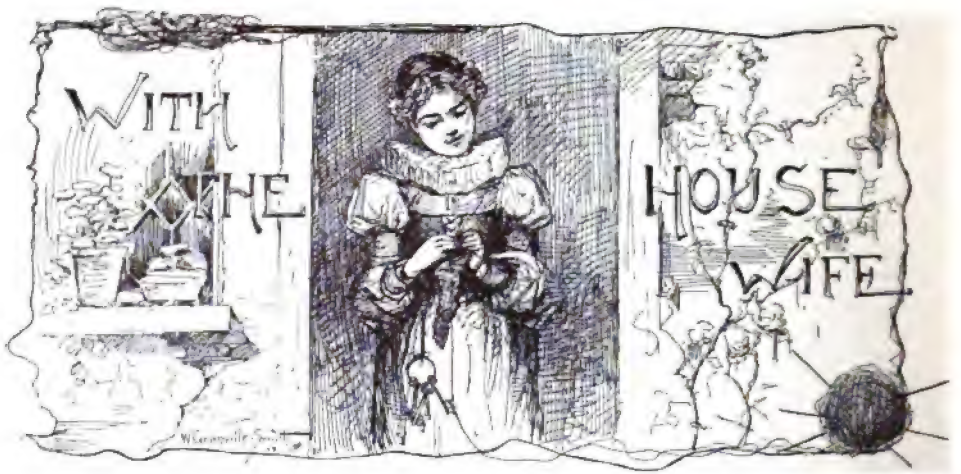
If you ask me why I love her,
How am I to know?
Ask the wild bees hovering over
Yon wind-drifted bank of clover,
Why they loiter so.

Ask the sunlight softly lying
On the water's breast,
Listening for the low replying
Of the wavelets at their sighing
Why it seeks this rest.

Tell the eager winds, pursuing
Fluttering leaves all day,
That the madness of their wooing
Speeds the leaves to their undoing;—
Will the winds obey?

When the dark that woos the starlight,
Moon that woos the sea,—
Wisdom of their own choice proving,
Breathe the secret of their loving,
Then come back to me!

Mary Lowe Dickinson.



EDITED BY CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK.

BEE-KEEPING BY WOMEN. No. 2.

FROM the winter's sleep our guests awoke in spring and proceeded so faithfully to multiply and replenish beedom, that we found it needful to establish over them that kind of parental government which men usually exercise over inferiors, that is, to provide a local habitation and then despoil them of the fruits of their labor, save only so much as is necessary to sustain life. Early in June, therefore, they were reduced to subjection by the following method:

Closing doors, windows, and blinds,—with the exception of one of the latter,—the Master sawed through the flooring directly over the bee-colony, and exposed to view a remarkable scene. Extending back from the small aperture through which the insects had gained access to the space between the floor and ceiling, the area between two sills to the length of four feet was literally packed with brood and honey-comb. Winding galleries penetrated every portion, and gave entrance to innumerable cells crowded with life in all stages of development. Here were tiny eggs, larvæ, unfolding chrysalis and young bees. Swarms of bewildered workers flew up in our faces, expostulating against

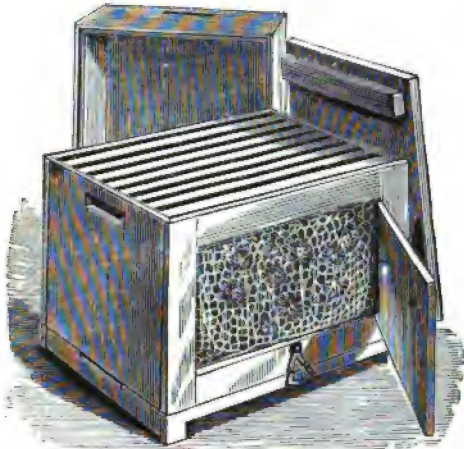
liar to bees; but protected by our smokers and veils, and assisted by two friends, we conquered.

It was hard work, demanding caution, strength, and swiftness. By sunset that room looked like a miniature battlefield in which countless Lilliputians had been vanquished. The comb had been sawed from sills and flooring, broken bits dripping with amber sweetness were thrown into pails while the larger pieces and brood-comb were fitted and fastened into frames enough to make the nuclei of four colonies; that is, eight frames to each hive, or thirty-two in all.

Though the story is briefly told, the task was arduous. The bees buzzed about the room, bumped their heads against the windows, or were entangled in their own sweetness. But we kept quietly at work, and suspended the frames in the four hives which had been provided to receive them and upon which the bees gradually settled back into their own places upon brood and comb.

It was estimated that in all we had taken out at least two hundred pounds of the products of the bee, including brood. The dripping mass of sweets was taken to a close room from which it could not be

rified by its little makers; the old opening to their improvised hive was closed; the bees brushed from the sole windows which admitted light, and dusk fell like a curtain upon the scene. Then three of the new colonies were carefully carried out and placed on low stands ready to receive them on the lawn, fronting south, and only a short distance from the cottage.



OBSERVATORY HIVE.

The fourth colony we proposed to keep in the house subject to daily inspection. One might suppose bees to be peppery inmates, but they were given no opportunity to express disapprobation. Quarters were provided in such manner that it became an "observatory hive," and during four successive years it furnished our friends and ourselves with unlimited delight and instruction. By this means we were able to watch all departments of bee-housekeeping, and to admire every day something new about those instincts which act more swiftly and surely than the hard-won lore of men. The hive was annexed in a peculiar way.

In the bottom of one of the sashes of the bay-window the Master sawed an aperture corresponding with that through which bees enter their domicile. Having securely fastened window and blinds, he then attached the hive, upon standards to the window, so that these apertures perfectly coincided. Through them the insects came and went without being able to enter the room, while we, from our coigne of vantage within, could examine them at leisure.

To do this, we covered the frames with

a piece of wire window-netting fitting closely to the interior of the hive, but which could be raised at will; over this was spread a piece of enamelled cloth, which is used in every colony to keep the inmates from waxing the frames to the cover. We had previously inserted a large pane of glass in the back of the hive over which fell a curtain, for bees demand darkness as a condition of working with a will.

One thing more, the most important of all, was needed in each colony—a fertilized queen. As we hoped, the old hybrid queen was lost in the melee and four pure Italian majesties, which had been ordered, duly arrived. They were accompanied, as usual, by a few attendant workers. Lifting the covers, the queens, still caged, were placed upon pieces of unsealed comb where they could partake of their native ambrosia. While the bees are making their acquaintance through the bars, we will proceed to examine their little communal dwellings.

"In ye olden time" bees were kept in box-hives, having neither divisions nor compartments. From them honey could only be procured by that cruel and wasteful process, the destruction of the entire swarm by sulphur. Afterward, boxes were inserted for the deposit of comb-honey and finally the present improved "movable frame" hive was evolved.

The one most in use is the "Simplicity Hive." In size, roughly measured, it is about two feet deep, one high, and fifteen inches wide. During prosperous seasons,



A TWO-STORY HIVE.

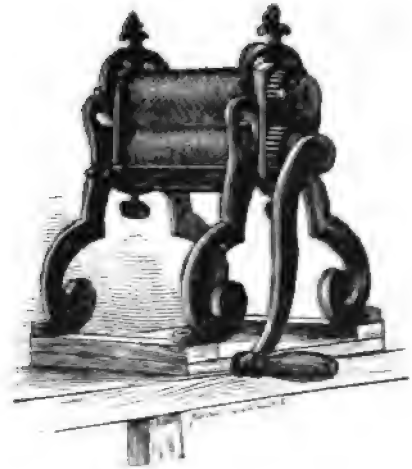
a second and similar story is placed over the first to contain "section boxes," those small, square, glass-covered cubes in which comb-honey presents such an attractive appearance. After the workers have filled the lower story, they are provided with the upper hive, which they proceed to fill in like manner.

The material for hives, blocked out and ready to put together, can be purchased of the manufacturer more cheaply than when complete. These latter come about three dollars each. There is no reason why a strong woman who has the wit to handle saw and hammer should not put them together herself, and so save seventy-five cents on each hive.

When finished, within it from cleats near the top are suspended slender frames, made much like mosquito or fly window frames, slightly smaller than the interior, and three fourths of an inch in width. The upper portions project an inch beyond the ends and bottom in order to hang on the cleats or "robbets," so that at pleasure and with only slight disturbance to the bees, one or another can be moved from side to side or taken out for examination. These frames clear the bottom of the hive and are never allowed to quite touch each other, so that the bees can circulate between them. From eight to ten of them fill the hive. When less are used at once, a movable "division board," fitting more tightly than the frames, serves to shut them from the empty chamber and to retain necessary warmth.

Now the object of the apiarian is to have these frames filled with comb attached firmly to the four sides, with two layers of cells opening at right angles, front and rear, to the plane of the frame. This the bees proceed to do in the flowering season, for "'tis their nature to," using the top centre of the middle frames as the nursery. Eggs and brood require heat and this is the warmest portion of the swarm.

Evidently the first work of the bee is the making of a foundation upon which to build cells through all this space. Here science steps in to help by the manufacture of artificial "comb-foundation" out of natural wax which science cannot furnish. It is a thin sheet stamped with the pattern of a cross-section of honey-comb. This sheet stretched across the middle of the frame is held in place by fine wires drawn from side to side. They also serve to keep it from sagging in warm weather.



VANDERVORT'S COMB-FOUNDATION MACHINE.

In this way are saved much valuable time and work, for it is estimated that no less than twenty-five pounds of honey must be gathered in order to furnish material enough for one pound of that peculiar natural exudation of the bee. Sometimes during a prosperous season a swarm will draw out into cells a sheet of foundation in a single night.

Much in this connection might be said concerning the strength and economy of space and material shown in choosing a hexagonal pattern, and the marvellous instinct shown in its size and formation by the tiny mathematician. But other traits of the bee are no less wonderful exhibitions of that intelligence which broods in the very heart of nature. In describing cell-architecture both Tyndall and Agazzis were at fault. Through haphazard work, without apparent order or sequence, the cell grows and is filled with honey as it develops according to certain unerring principles, just as truly as harmony runs through the seeming disorder of the universe.

Two kinds of comb are found in every hive. The bulk of it, the worker comb measures five cells to the inch, the drone comb being one fourth wider. There is a difference in colonies, some making coarse and clumsy cells, others those as thin as tissue paper. Whenever queen cells are needed, the workers tear down the partitions between three of their own brooding apartments to give room for the future royal highness. These cells in appearance greatly resemble small dark-colored pea-

nuts. They are generally found on the bottom edges of the comb, but only in small numbers. When the hive is crowded with bees and in the height of the flowering season it desires to send out new colonies, there are from five to fifteen of these cells in various stages of development.

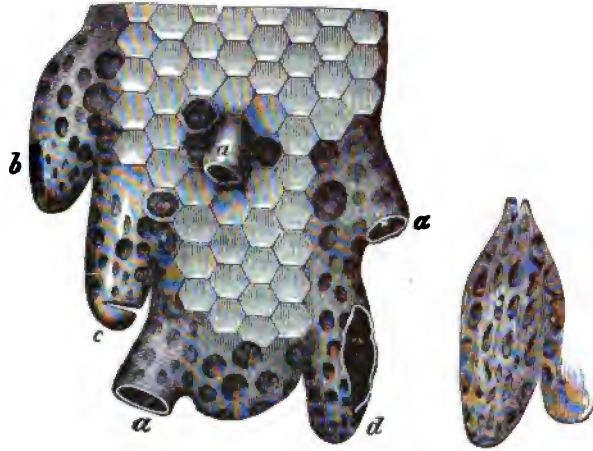
And now let us return to the four hives into which, the previous day, as many queens had been introduced. The cage containing each had been placed over an old piece of comb and the bees were left to their own devices.

Readily adapting themselves to their new homes, they went in and out bringing honey as usual; opening the hives cautiously and removing the enamelled cloth covering, one could hear that low "hum of content" which is real music to the lover of bees. None of them were clinging like balls to the queen-cages, nor could we detect that peculiar hissing sound which indicates bad temper. So the following day, opening the cages close to the central frames, we saw their majesties scamper out of sight, and, closing the hives, left them to fulfil their mission.

In all cases where a new mother is to be introduced, it is necessary to be certain that there are neither queens nor queen-cells in the hive; nor must the newcomer be put into the colony without proper formalities. Each swarm has its own odor, recognizes its companions and resents the presence of strangers, until they have become possessed of the prevailing scent. Hence care and gentleness are needed, though a queenless hive will usually welcome a mother with brief delay.

Where for any reason a new queen is desired, the central or brood-frames may be lifted out, one by one, and closely examined. The resident majesty is then caught by the wings or shoulders and whisked into a box, the frames replaced and the colony left for several days to realize its motherless condition. At the end of that period it will be ready to welcome with joy a fresh young queen.

Where a home-reared queen is desired, a frame containing worker brood may be inserted in the queenless swarm. Move along the division board which separates



CLUSTER OF QUEEN-CELLS.

a, a, a, Size of the cell when the egg is deposited; b, Finished cell; c, Cell from which a mature queen has issued; d, Cell in which the queen has been destroyed by a rival and removed by workers; e, Queen-cell cut from the comb.

the frames from the vacant chamber and in the middle of the hive place a frame of brood containing larvæ two days old. This should be taken from a strong adjacent hive which can well spare some of its incipient population. Replace the cover and let the bees work out their own form of perpetuity.

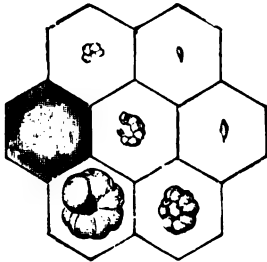
By one of the most marvellous processes known, they will at once begin to develop from several larvæ a new and higher order,—the Queen. After enlarging the cells the inmates are fed on "royal jelly," which is much richer than the food usually doled out in the nursery. It has the effect of changing the worker into the fully developed female. This food is a creamy mixture of pollen and honey, and, like the other food, is first partially digested in the stomachs of the nurses.

When the larvæ are six days old, or nine days after the laying of the eggs, these queen-cells are sealed up under a convex lid. In one week more the first fully grown insect bites off the end of her roomy prison and emerges, a slim dainty creature ready to examine her environments.

Her first work is to look about for other unhatched queen-cells, since her majesty allows no rival within the hive. With her strong mandibles she bites apart their prison-doors, not to give them freedom but to sting them to death. Unless it is preparing to send out a new colony the swarm will not interfere.

The newly hatched queen, now monarch of all she surveys, crawls about on the comb, and usually a week afterward,—it

may be either a few days sooner or later—takes her virgin flight into space. Returning in matronly guise she settles down to serious work. Before she is three weeks old she begins to deposit eggs. During the next three years, unless overtaken by misfortune, the queen will become the mother of thirty thousand insects, each perfect in instinct and volition. These are every-day facts, yet in them what revelations concerning those mysterious potencies ever working throughout the universe!



EGGS AND LARVÆ.

The first eggs are laid in or near the centre of one of the middle frames, the quietest, warmest and most secluded portion of the hive. Take out such a frame and you will see, attached to the base of the cells, small white objects no larger than pin-heads. These are eggs. At the end of three days look again, and coiled at the bottom will be found small white worms surrounded by milky food. They grow very rapidly so that six days after hatching, their bodies fill the cells and they are capped over by the workers.

Then follows another wonderful transformation. In twelve days more, or three weeks from the laying of the egg, the larvæ gnaws open its tissue-like cap and steps out a beautiful little creature with gentle bee-baby wings and graceful mien.

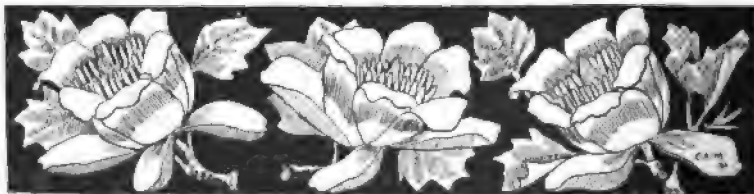
And what is the first work of these delicate juveniles? It is simply that of feeding the unsealed brood or larvæ with pol-

len brought by their elders, just as they were fed in their tiny cradles. On emerging from the hive after a week's experience of this function, they can be observed, poised on slender wing, to take their bearings before a first excursion into the honey-yielding world.

In balmy sunshine young bees may be observed in large numbers disporting like a cloud of gnats, but with this difference. Before starting out, they invariably circle about, facing the hive. These younglings evidently take notes not only of that, but of surrounding objects. This circling is repeated several times before they venture to a distance. Then rising swiftly in a spiral to a height of fifty feet or more, the young bee or the old darts off with celerity to do his duty in the station of life to which he is called. In flight, bees confine themselves to a radius of two or three miles, except in a season of scarcity.

In power of vision the bee is no doubt telescopic. He is also attracted by color. In consequence, it is a good plan to have the several hives in an apiary painted with different tints. The bright colors of flowers attract them, so that nature had somewhat in addition to gratifying the love of beauty when she clothed the lily and the rose in ineffable loveliness. While "beauty has its own excuse for being," it has an added one in securing the fertilization of the plant through the office of the bee who unwittingly carries pollen from one flower to its neighbor. And it is a curious fact, as Darwin has pointed out, that flowers with deep cups, spurs or bells, which cannot readily shed their pollen, are those which secrete a precious drop of condensed sweetness within petals glowing with richest coloring. In like manner do all the processes of nature play and interplay. And in no other form of life is there found greater evidence of intelligence and design than in the honey-bee.

Hester M. Poole.



HOW A BRIDE TRANSFORMED CERTAIN ARMY QUARTERS.



THE old Irish colonel and his wife looked askance at the pots of yellow and white paint visible through the open door of the front room.

Then they exchanged glances

that conveyed a sense of doubt and superiority, as they were ushered by the neat house-maid back into the dining-room of the quarters of a recently-married captain, whose house was not yet "set up,"—to use an army phrase; therefore, the dining-room was doing duty as a reception-room also.

This colonel and his wife had not been "East" for several years, and had not even heard of the "white and gold" effects, so popular now, and so pretty always.

But the sweet young bride had gone into her frontier home with decided and definite ideas of how she intended to embellish it. It should all be in colonial and First Empire style. After making several rooms comfortable for immediate use, she proceeded with the parlor as follows:

First, she had the floor painted light yellow, with a border of white,—the border about eighteen inches wide. The wood-work was painted the same light yellow, with the panels white. The side walls were covered with an inexpensive flat yellow paper, very light in tone, which was a pretty background for the hangings of the China silk and lightly-framed pictures, remarque proofs, and water-colors, that were among the wedding-presents. The frieze was of white paper, embellished by a conventional design of gold tracery. The picture moulding was pale gold, and the ceiling a most delicate rose-color, put on in kalsomine.

Now, while the painting was going on, the carpenter had made a plain over-mantel of pine, and a shelf to go under the mantel to accompany it. Any carpenter can make one of these plain over-mantels by the aid of a cut from a furniture catalogue.

In this case, the shelf under the mantel proper was five inches wide and seven inches below, and had a rail of spindle-work around it. The over-mantel consisted of a small shelf on either side, placed seventeen inches above the mantel proper. Twenty inches above this was a long shelf, connecting the two sides. Around this, all the way, and also across the front of a small shelf, was a rail of spindle-work similar to that on the shelf below the mantel. In the centre was a looking-glass of small size, seven and a half by eighteen inches, surrounded by a flat framing of the pine. The whole was taken to the "paint shop," as the bride had dubbed one of her upper rooms, and painted white, relieved here and there by gold paint.—One word about this gold paint: It must be of the very best quality, to hold well, and should be bought in the dry powder and mixed with the medium as it is used.

The old black mantel was painted white, by virtue of many coats, so that when the over-mantel and under-shelf were adjusted, there was perfect harmony. No drapery adorned this mantel, but the gold and white paint, with a few well-selected, large ornaments, together with the brasses below, inlaid with blue and white, made a most pleasing picture.

It was good taste to omit all small ornaments, for their presence on one of these over-mantels at once gives a grotesque suggestion of a toy-shop.

In the recess at the right of the mantel was a high window, small-paned, and curtained by striped silk grenadine, in which yellow predominated. These curtains hung straight, and were well spread out to fill in the entire recess. Back of them a lace-trimmed shade, of a soft old-rose color, intercepted and softened the light.

In the recess at the left the treatment was especially artistic. About four feet from the floor was a shelf set against the wall, the full length of the recess and twelve inches wide. It was painted white, and on the edge was a tiny rod of iron, gilded, and held in place by two screw-eyes, also gilded. From this hung a full

curtain of China silk, yellow as to ground, with a large, bold design of white lilies. The silk was not carelessly put on with rings and those objectionable pins that always show, but had a hem run in just large enough to take the rod and leave a frill above. It is of the utmost importance that the silk should be full, for in wall drapery a little silk is a dangerous thing.

Above the shelf, hanging from a rod similarly fastened to the picture moulding, and filling in all the space from the frieze to the shelf, was another curtain of the same silk, against which some pictures hung.

On the shelf was a round Venetian mirror, whose open-work bronze frame was set off by the soft background; and at the side of this were placed the small pieces of bric-à-brac that would have been inappropriate on the over-mantel. A Louis Seize clock on one corner of this shelf gave the final touch.

It is an easy matter to introduce one of these shelves into any part of a room, and thus a bad piece of paper, or a defect in a wall may be concealed, and at the same time a bright spot, and a suggestion of something uncommon and original, is added to the apartment. On the floor, in this recess I have described, stood a quaint Mexican vase filled with golden-rod, which gave a dainty bit of color.

The two windows in the front of this room were curtained also with the striped grenadine, wide-spread on long brass-tipped ash poles, so that that entire side of the wall was covered. And the effect of much drapery greeted the eye pleasingly, as one entered this apartment, and involuntarily one would make a mental comment that, after all, nothing adds so much to the refinement of a room as a little well-adjusted drapery.

The furnishings in this parlor were as happy as its decorations. The rugs were in palest shades, yellow and white predominating. A crowd of little easy-chairs and ottomans of all forms and all colors stood here and there, with an appearance of disorder which was the perfection of art. A divan of home manufacture, soft and downy as a bird's nest, invited the weary and indolent. What a secret! What a tribute to the bride's ingenuity was this divan!

The seat was a long, low packing-box, sixty inches long and twenty-five wide. To the back of this were nailed three strong

flat upright pieces, each forty-five inches in length, above the seat. At the top of these was a shelf six inches wide. The seat was covered with a thick hair mattress. From a pole about three inches below the shelf, and held in sockets in the shelf-brackets, hung a rug just the width of the couch and the length of the uprights. It was securely fastened by tapes, so as not to show the pole. Over the mattress was thrown another soft rug, large enough to cover both ends of the box, and to come to the floor in front; it was held in place by tacks at the back of the seat. The shelf was all of the wood-work that showed, and it was painted white, with gold moulding. Many down pillows, covered with various shades of dull yellow silk and bound with white cords, were heaped high on the rug-covered seat.

By the side of this divan was a low oblong table. And indeed its original owner would not recognize it as the much-battered one of bachelor days! It too had been to the paint-room. Two inches were sawed off of the legs, and the ever-ready white paint faithfully applied. All of the beading and lines were brightened in this case with bronze. The cover of the table was a piece of old-rose tapestry, with feathery Angora tassels at the corners, and upon this stood an antique lamp with amber-colored shade.

In a corner of the room a piano, in an oak-wood case, was invitingly open. It was not placed hard against the wall, or in the conventional cross-corner, but with one end just missing one wall, and the face of the piano towards and about three feet from the other wall. The back of the piano was hidden by a three-panelled screen, the frame of which was open scroll work, and the panels *écru* China silk, on which delicate embroidery, delineating blossoming boughs and reeds, was done in natural tints.

Again, the music-rack was of home manufacture. In these home-made articles every inch was of so great value in obtaining an artistic proportion, that I will give the dimensions for this little stand, as it was quite perfect. It was made of pine, with solid top, sides, back, and floor. Top and floor, 18x14 inches; sides, 14x22. The sides extended two inches below the floor, and were cut out to form the legs. There was a drawer eight inches deep set in below the top, and two upright pieces below this

made three open divisions. The whole was painted with the white enamel paint, picked out here and there with gold. The curtain, which hung from a brass rod just below the drawer, was a piece of perfection in a decorative way. It was a breadth of delicate rose-colored silk. A broad band of chamois-skin was laid across the silk. Upon the chamois was drawn a treble clef. This was so accurately done in sepia, that the practised eye would at once recognize the bars of music thereon as from one of Chopin's choicest waltzes. A piano lamp stood near by with a rose-silk shade.

There was much else in the room that was charming, and one picture bore an idea that was novel in the extreme.

A rich aunt, who was in Rome just before the time of the wedding, had the picture "Aurora," so well known, painted for the bride: and the face of her grandmother was cleverly executed in that of the third figure from the left. This certainly enhanced the value of the picture to the owner, even if it might divest it of all market value. This picture, framed in

good form, hung on the wall back of the piano, and its soft yellow and pink tints harmonized happily with the dainty surroundings.

At the large double doors, that let into the back room hung a portière of rich old rose velatine, covered with a pattern of sunflowers, which was graceful in its arrangement, and was surrounded by a border of golden-brown plush.

But if you have not seen a "gold and white room," try the effect for yourself. I can recommend it unhesitatingly.

Have the courage of your own conviction. Make the start, and you will find your work progressing with a growing intuition of correct and pleasing combinations. By expending plenty of good taste and a trifle in money, the portals of "The First Empire" will open for you, and I venture to say your surprise at the result will be as genuine and delightful as was that of the old Irish colonel and his wife upon their second visit to the "Bride of the Regiment."

Edgar Lucien Clarke.

THAT BOOKCASE.



WE had moved into a new house, and, as is usual in such cases, found ourselves needing a great many things we had not needed in the old one; among other things, we needed book-

shelves. We had not been buying more books, and all the shelves we ever had had been brought along; yet, by some mysterious hocus-pocus, after all were filled, there remained numbers of odd volumes lying about in all sorts of precarious and inconvenient places.

Richard, head of the house, had appeared impervious to the delicate hints

thrown out in his presence; yet *something* must be done, and quickly.

"There is nothing that gives a room such a delightfully *livable* look as plenty of well-filled book-shelves," remarked my daughter, Victoria, a young woman of eighteen, who has inherited that visionary turn of mind with which I have nobly and unsuccessfully struggled for so many years.

As she said it, she was standing in a graceful pose with her eyes dreamily fixed upon a niche between the dumb-waiter and the chimney-piece, and I knew she was in imagination filling out that space with nice ebonized shelves all neatly edged with pinked leather and rows of brass-headed nails, and hung with a pretty silken curtain. So was I, or rather with something a little less fine, but more attainable. I don't think Victoria was prepared for my response.

"Suppose we *make* a book-case?"

Victoria stared.

"*Make* a book-case?" she repeated.

"Do you know what you are talking about?"

"I do," I calmly answered. "Let us first consider what is a bookcase, or rather, a set of book-shelves? An object, a structure, let us say, composed of boards sawed or otherwise fashioned into appropriate shapes, fastened together by nails, and, finally, stained or varnished. Is there anything mysterious, or occult, or even elaborate about an ordinary set of book-shelves? Given the raw material, what is needed to produce the desired result?"

"A cabinet-maker, I should say," said my daughter, "or at least a carpenter."

"And what *is* a cabinet-maker or a carpenter?" I persisted. "You forget that in the beginning every man was his own carpenter. The germ, the rudiment, of a carpenter lies dormant in us all. In other words, every man—"

"Is a sort of mute, inglorious carpenter," interpolated Victoria.

"And every woman;" I went on, ignoring the interruption, "for the female of every species—"

"Don't!" broke in Victoria again. "This is not a meeting of 'The Woman's Anthropological Society.' Go on and tell in plain English how you propose to make a book-case."

"In plain English, then," I responded, "I propose to buy the raw material, borrow Mrs. Macafferty's hand-saw,—we have a hammer,—and with your assistance construct a book-case, or a set of shelves, which though probably lacking in some non-essential points, will answer all reasonable purposes."

Victoria did not oppose me: people seldom do. We immediately set about making the necessary calculations. I made the measurements, which Victoria jotted down on her tablets. We found that we should need twenty-eight feet of boards eight inches wide for the sides and shelves, twelve feet of narrow strips for the rests, and a few nails. We had some walnut stain left over from the floors, and we had a hammer of our own; and, as I have said, I hung my hopes of a saw on the obliging Irish grocer-woman at the corner.

The next morning I went to the nearest lumber-yard, and stated my wants to a red-

eyed young man who was yawning over a ledger in the office.

"I want some boards," I began.

"What yer want 'em *for*?" asked the young man, with a suspicious look.

"To make book-shelves," I meekly answered.

"Who's goin' to make 'em?" again asked the young man, with a hideous yawn.

It may seem strange, but it never entered my head to wonder what this red-eyed young lumberman had to do with that side of the case, and I answered humbly, for I cannot tell a lie, "I, and my daughter."

The look which the young man bestowed upon me would have aroused the self-respect of a door-mat. Just as I was on the point of making a remark calculated to reduce that horny-handed son of toil to his proper place, the telephone call sounded, and, leaving me standing where I was, he went leisurely over to that instrument and engaged in one of those one-sided conversations so curiously interesting to an outsider. It was about as follows:

"Mouldin's? Ya'as. Why in—didn't he say so?"

Aside, evidently reflecting on the intellectual powers of third party referred to.

"My orders was for cherry, I tell ye!"

Aside, containing frightful suggestions concerning the immortal part of third party.

"How much d'ye want?"

Aside, referring in disgraceful terms to the ancestry of third party.

"All right, *I'll send it down.*"

It was quite exciting to listen to: it might have been even more so, had the remarks interpolated gone over the wire also.

Presently the young man lounged back to his desk, and surveyed me a moment in a dazed sort of fashion.

"Oh," he suddenly exclaimed, "you wanted some shelvin's, what kind?"

I had no idea, but answered with calm dignity:

"The kind generally used."

The young man looked at me with undisguised, though mild, contempt.

"Some uses white pine, some yaller pine, some poplar, some ash, some walnut, some cherry—"

"I don't want anything expensive," I explained. "We are going to stain the shelves."

"Wall, I guess white pine shelvin' is good enough."

He did not say "for two women to fool with," but I am morally certain it was in his mind. I followed him into a huge shed piled high with lumber, and he began pulling out boards.

"I want them smooth," I suggested.

"Dressed," corrected the young man. Then he yawned so that for a whole moment the shed was obscured. I thought the boards never would be forthcoming, he was obliged to repeat that process so often; but we came to terms finally, and paying the young man the sum of \$1.10, I exultantly departed, leaving him engaged in another lurid telephonic conversation with his invisible adversary.

Yet in justice to this misguided young lumber-dealer, I must say that he proved himself not wholly without feeling, for just as I turned to go he relented sufficiently in his supercilious treatment of me to throw out a valuable suggestion.

"You'd better git *wire* nails," he remarked between two more yawns.

I shall always keep a warm corner in my grateful heart for that young man, for I know what that suggestion saved me from in the way of mashed fingers and moral deterioration. Those wire nails are a great invention.

With five cents worth of them in my pocket I returned home. The boards and strips had preceded me, and were in the basement awaiting our efforts. Emmeline, our colored maid-of-all-work, was despatched to fetch Mrs. Macafferty's hand-saw. When she arrived with it, it looked very formidable. It was at least three feet long, and proportionally broad; but I remembered having sawed wood "for fun" when I was a child, and thought I could manage it.

A box was dragged into the middle of the cellar, and the shortest of the boards, twelve foot long, laid over it. Having carefully drawn a pencil line across the middle, Victoria seated herself on the board, and I attempted to saw.

"*C'est le premier pas qui coute*," say the French, and said I, too, as in spite of me that saw began dancing over the board like a live thing, inflicting dreadful little jags and bruises on its surface, and seriously jeopardizing the drapery of Victoria where she sat curiously watching my movements. The antics that saw went through were simply amazing. It reminded me of a spirited horse that feels a woman's hand

on his bridle for the first time. But I am proud to say that I got it under control at last, and sawed straight through the board in a masterly manner.

"Oh," said Victoria with a nervous laugh, as the process was going on, "it feels awful funny! Like having your foot asleep, or taking an electric shock."

Every now and then Emmeline came and cast a disapproving eye on our proceedings. Your colored lady is a great conservative, and I have no doubt that Emmeline suspected Victoria and myself of the most advanced and reprehensible sentiments, and that we lost caste with her thenceforth.

The two sides of the book-case being now ready, we proceeded to saw the strips into eight-inch lengths for the shelves to rest on.

Before this job was completed, Victoria was almost in hysterics. Once she decided that she would prefer to saw, but after a brief tussle with that instrument, returned to her former position, sadder and wiser.

By the time the strips were ready it was twelve o'clock, and Dick, my boy, aged nine, came home from school. Of course he was seized with a desire to have a hand in the business, and Victoria at once resigned in his favor, and went up to the dining-room to nail the short pieces to the sides, which had to be done before the top and bottom pieces were nailed on.

Then Dick took up the position abdicated by his sister, and I set about sawing the sixteen-foot board into short lengths for the shelves, having previously measured off and marked the distances in the most workman-like manner. I was pretty well worn-out by this time, but I meant to have those shelves sawed off before lunch, and struggled (I was going to say manfully, but no man *I* ever saw would keep on working after twelve o'clock with lunch close at hand) to finish the job.

I missed Victoria. It was not only her avoirdupois that was wanting, but her moral support as well; for in spite of "feeling funny" and getting hysterical now and then, she had stuck to her post with true Casabianca heroism. Dick, on the contrary, wriggled, squirmed, screamed with laughter, fell off the board several times, tried standing up on it, and ended in open rebellion and tears.

If any one is disposed to condemn Dick, let him try sitting on a board laid across



"THE SAW BEGAN DANCING OVER THE BOARD LIKE A LIVE THING."

an empty box while an undeveloped carpenter saws that board in two. As is well known, when a woman sets out to be cruel, she beats the record, and I blush now to own that I kept poor Dick undergoing this torture *peine et dure* until the last shelf fell to the ground. Then we went up to lunch. I took one of the shelves along to be sure that I *had* measured rightly. I held it up against the wall; it seemed to be just right.

"There is nothing like accuracy," I carelessly remarked, as I laid the shelf on the floor of the niche. That is, I tried to do so, but it would not lie down. I had measured too high. I had allowed nothing for the floor boards. The shelves were all too long, and there were seven of them.

I did not enjoy my lunch. Neither did Dick. Those seven shelves with their superfluous inches rested heavily on our spirits. Victoria, on the contrary, was in high feather, though to do her justice she did not *say* much, and did offer to relieve Dick, but gave up the attempt at the first shelf, and that hapless urchin accordingly passed another *mauvais quart d'heure*.

"It feels like I was a crazy-bone all over," whined Dick.

"It will soon be over," I cheerfully urged. Then, more severely: "How will you ever be a great soldier or a great explorer, if you cannot bear a little discomfort? Think of what General Greely and his men suffered, and Stanley. Think of poor Stanley!"

"Yes," responded Dick illogically, "and think of all they've got for it! The Government is'n't going to make *me* a General, or give *me* a heap of money, for just sitting on a board and having my insides jiggered to pieces!"

Where *do* boys in respectable families acquire so many vulgar expressions?

At last it was over, and Dick and I, with our physical systems all in a quiver, took the pieces up into the dining-room. Victoria was waiting for us, and it did not take long to nail on the end pieces, which were, by the way, sawed just the thickness of the boards longer than the others. Then with exultations in our souls we stood the thing on end. It was a tall, narrow case, and I regret to say it wobbled fearfully the moment it found itself upright. It evidently had no confidence in itself, and of course *our* confidence in *it* was shaken.

"It reminds me of a girl I knew at school," said Victoria, trying not to laugh. "She was thirteen and taller than the teacher, and he was a tall man. She lopped and wobbled around just like this."

Then we both sat down and laughed until we cried, still holding on to the bookcase.

"This will never do," I said finally. "Some way, somehow, this thing must be finished and in its place before your father sees it. You know how he ridiculed the idea."

By which it will be seen that my vaulting ambition and sublime confidence had suffered already a decline.

We set the thing—we had ceased to speak of it as a bookcase by this time—into the niche, and one of us slid in the shelves, while the other held on. They went in beautifully, but still the thing would not stand on its own responsibility.

"Something is the matter with its centre of gravity," said Victoria.

"It *hasn't* any," I averred.

I shall never know what ailed the thing. In appearance it did not differ from a hundred other bookcases I have seen before and since, constructed by amateur carpenters, but the fact remains that the instant we took our hands from it, it began to pitch forward.

"It will have to be fastened back to the wall, somehow," I said, in desperation.

So Victoria held on to it while I went for the step-ladder, and some picture nails, and some wire, and some hooks, and some rings, and some screws, and the hammer, and the screw driver, and a gimlet. Then I mounted the ladder and went to work.

At the end of half an hour both strength and ingenuity were exhausted, and all I had to show for it were several big holes in the wall and a variety of bent and broken nails, screws, etc. The lacerated state of my moral nature I will pass over.

Victoria still clung heroically to the toppling structure. The situation was becoming desperate. A *coup d'état* was called for.

"I have it!" I cried at length. "We will nail it to the dumb-waiter! When the books are in no one will see it."

Three long nails secured the thing to the dumb-waiter, and it was wonderful what a difference it made. The thing really began

to hold up its head and look us in the face, and we stopped speaking of it as a thing, and gave it its original title again.

Next came the staining. Victoria, being the artist of the family, was entrusted with this delicate task,—delicate, because it must be done without smearing the wall at the back.

"Why *didn't* we do it before we nailed it up?" moaned Victoria.

"Because then we should have had to wait for it to dry, and your father would have seen it in all its ghastly incompleteness."

The reply was satisfactory.

When my husband came home that evening, he found me a physical wreck, (though of course I took care that he should not discover *that* fact), and the bookcase stood firmly in its niche in all its brazen impudence and spurious dignity. The stained surface looked very well by gas-light, and Richard's eyes not being good, he did not discover these nails that held it in place. A brass plaque and a vase filled with heather and grasses from the Rhine had been artfully placed on the top shelf, so he did not discover the holes in the plastering either, but viewed the grand result with mingled surprise and amazement.

"Do you think you could have done better?" I haughtily inquired.

"Well—I think I could have nailed

the strips on a little more evenly," responded my better half.

Perhaps he would have done so. I *had* noticed a deviation or two from the straight line, but Victoria had kept herself so well in hand when my mistake in measurement came to light, that I had not felt like saying anything.

Before breakfast the next morning I had the shelves filled with books, and really, no one would believe how well that bookcase looked. My husband shows it to everyone who comes in with an air of ostentatious pride, that under the circumstances is highly entertaining.

Victoria and I are often compelled to retire to conceal our unhallowed mirth. We know too well that the bookcase is a sham, a fraud, depending upon three wire nails for its perpetuity, and we try to harden our hearts and say: "What does a sham or two more or less matter in this world of shams?" But there are moments when the insincerity of that bookcase, the brazen front it presents to the beholder, strike us with disgust; and a guilty consciousness of being participators in an undiscovered crime destroys our enjoyment of the humor of the thing.

At all events, if any one is tempted to follow our example, she may as well have the benefit of our experience, and perhaps, like some other pioneers, we shall not have suffered in vain.

Julia Schayer.

FRUIT JELLIES.

THE approaching autumn brings with it not only its delightful dreamy days, its gayly-tinted, many-hued flowers, but its golden apples, rosy-cheeked crabs, downy peaches, luscious pears, purple grapes, brilliant red plums, and orange quinces as well.

To the inexperienced housekeeper I would like to give a plain, practical talk upon the subject of converting these delicious fall fruits into good, wholesome jellies,—ideas I have gleaned from that most excellent teacher, Experience.

In the first place, select *under*, rather than *over*, ripe fruit. Acid varieties, to many people, give the best results, though apples, quinces, and pears make delicious

jellies. It is an unprofitable, disappointing business trying to make jelly of peaches and pears. It *cannot* be done. A *ropy* compound can be made that is fairly good to put between layer cake; but after all, one rarely feels satisfied with the result, taking into consideration labor, time, fruit, and sugar used.

In making jelly of apples, crabs, and quinces, do not pare the fruit; cut into small pieces; put into a porcelain-lined kettle, cover with water, and boil until tender, stirring from the bottom occasionally, to prevent burning. Strain in a three-cornered white flannel bag. Loops sewed to the sides of the bag large enough to admit a stout stick (the clothes-stick or

broom-stick will answer) will hasten matters, as the bag can be filled with the hot pulp, suspended and allowed to drain into an earthen bowl without further assistance from the jelly-maker, until she is ready to do the last boiling. In the meantime she can busy herself getting ready the cans and glasses. If fruit is scarce, what remains in the bag can be put through a sieve, then boiled (stirring constantly to prevent burning), with half the amount of sugar. A good marmalade will be the result. Crab-apples treated in this manner make an excellent relish with bread and butter.

For sweet fruits, two coffee-cups of sugar to three of juice will be sufficient to make good firm jelly. Boil in a porcelain-lined kettle;—or a bright *new* tin pan is excellent for this purpose. Let the juice boil up well for five minutes, skim, measure, add the sugar, and boil until jellied. Skim during the boiling process, and test by dipping out a spoonful and holding it on a block of ice. When it ceases to run from the sides, it has been sufficiently cooked. Remove, and pour into glasses at once.

If the sun is shining (and all jelly-making should be done on a fair, bright day), place the glasses on a waiter, cover with tarlatan or mosquito netting, and set where the warm sun will shine on them.

The next day, cut some stiff, white papers the exact size of the tops of your glasses. Dip in whiskey, and lay over the top of the jelly. Cut rounds of stout tissue-paper a little larger, dip the edges in the beaten white of an egg, place over the tops of the glasses, and, with a clean, soft towel, draw tightly, pressing the papers well around the edges. Never use tin tops over your jellies. Treated in this way, they are almost sure to mold.

Quince jelly is made in the same way that we make the apple and crab.

When there is a scarcity of fruit, and you are making your quince marmalade or preserves, save the parings and add to good "Maiden Blush" apples; make as you would apple jelly, and you will afterwards

eat with a relish a condiment closely resembling the genuine article—quince jelly.

To my taste nothing exceeds in richness and pungency of flavor the common wild plum. Boil in sufficient water to cover; when soft, strain through a flannel bag.

Boil the juice a few minutes, skim, measure, allowing a coffee-cupful of juice to one of sugar.

The luscious grape, beautiful in its pristine bloom, and so delicious to the taste, contains a saccharine substance which, when subjected to great heat, becomes so gritty that one would almost imagine it had been sprinkled with powdered glass. Grapes are in their prime just before they turn. At that stage they contain a gelatinous quality that they lose as they near perfect ripeness.

If possible, secure them at that time. Pull the grapes off of the stems, and put them into the preserving kettle, just covering them with water. When thoroughly cooked to pieces, strain through a flannel bag. Put the juice on in the kettle or new tin pan. Let it boil five minutes, skim, remove from the stove or range, measure the juice, allowing a cupful of sugar to one of the liquid. Being as tart as plums, the grapes require about the same treatment.

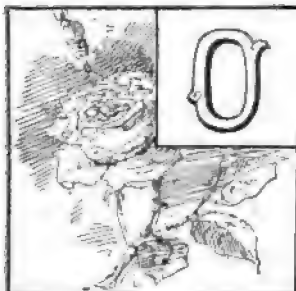
If grapes at this stage cannot be procured, and you are forced to use the "dead ripe" ones, slip them from the skins, using only the pulp. Made without the skins, the common black "Concord" makes a bright red jelly, which is entirely free from the glassy substance found in jellied, or preserved, ripe grapes when the skins have been left on.

Our list of fall fruits is completed; the hard, back-breaking work is at an end, and we feel as if—well, we never wanted to see or taste jelly again. But there are few of us who do not in time regain an appetite for these dainty relishes, and who do not, after a rest, enjoy viewing the array upon our pantry shelves.

Annie Curd.



GIVEN TO HOSPITALITY.



NE of the great pleasures of having a home of one's own is the ability to exercise hospitality; yet with the best intentions one often fails to make a success as hostess from ignor-

ance or disregard of certain fundamental principles. One of the first rules I should lay down is this: Never give an invitation unless you really desire it to be accepted. One sometimes hears the remark, "Oh, I'd never invite her, if I were not certain she wouldn't come!" Such invitations are a species of fraud—obtaining credit under false pretences; to say nothing of the fact that one in the habit of giving them is almost certain to be unpleasantly surprised sooner or later, by an acceptance.

Unexpected guests will come at times; usually at *inopportune* times it seems. When they do come make the best of it; welcome them with all possible cordiality, and do all in your power to make their stay pleasant. One who entertains at all is usually able to make such additions to meals as are required by increased numbers. "Common Sense," or some other tried cook-book, will suggest sundry *addenda* for a young house-keeper in such emergencies. A good house-keeper will not be overwhelmed by an unexpected visitor. You may regret the lack of time to give little touches to house and table, but what is nice enough for husband and children—your nearest and dearest—you surely need not hesitate to set before a chance comer.

When you do give an invitation let it be as cordial as possible, and specify the date and length of time for which it is given. That is one sensible English custom. Guests are invited for a definite time, be it two days or a month, often even the hours are named for the arrival and departure.

When your friend is expected, see that some one meets her at the station, your-

self, if she is your senior; if greatly your junior, send your daughter.

In England, a guest is brought from the station and shown at once to her room, frequently not being visible to even her hostess until she has had time to remove all traces of her journey. To many, such a reception seems wanting in cordiality, but the American custom leans too far to the other extreme. For instance, a recent experience of my own is in point. Our young hostess, by way of giving us a warm welcome, brought a party of her friends to meet us at the station. The train being crowded, we were unable to secure a sleeper. We had had twelve or fourteen hours on a night-train in August, on one of the roughest, blackest roads, surrounded by wailing babies and perspiring mothers. Dusty, sleepy, warm, hungry and generally forlorn, we stepped from the car into the midst of a group of pretty girls and trim young men, fresh from bath and breakfast; except our hostess they were all perfect strangers to us. It was kindly meant, but the effect was not gratifying. Under the most favorable circumstances I should hardly choose the moment of leaving a car for meeting strangers; this time, not only had we been obliged to sit in a crowded car all night, but the water supply had given out, and various other small miseries added to the depressing effect. It is best to allow for such contingencies.

Your guest, on reaching her room, should find certain conveniences. See to it yourself that plenty of towels and fresh water and soap are in readiness. Don't trust this to servants. Be warned by the story of a young girl, invited to stop over with a friend of her mother's on her way through a certain city. Her room was richly furnished and beautifully adorned, but not a towel was to be found. Being very young and painfully shy, rather than ask for them she resorted to pocket handkerchiefs during her brief stay, much to the mortification of her hostess, to whose ears the tale came later.

The match-box should be well filled, and its place pointed out. A small night-lamp is convenient, though not absolutely necessary. Let your guest know how she may

communicate with you in case of fright or sudden illness during the night. The bed should be comfortable and well aired, and extra covering should be within reach. There should be at least one easy chair—a low rocker, dear to the heart of the American woman. A small desk or writing table, with calendar, pens, pencils, good ink, paper, envelopes, sealing wax and stamps add much to the comfort and convenience of your guest and are more to be desired than elaborate upholstery. Should your dressing case (no matter how plain), be supplied with brush, comb, hand-mirror, hair-pins, toilet powder, scissors, needles and pins (black and white), and your toilet-table with a bottle of glycerine and rose-water, or a box of cold cream, ammonia, and some delicate toilet-water, the stranger within your gates will doubtless rise up and call you blessed.

• Naturally, you will make your guest-room as well as your whole house, as attractive as possible. But don't crowd too much into it. Heavy draperies are a mistake in bedrooms. Plenty of fresh air and sunshine are needed, and should not be shut out. Don't have furnishings that cannot bear the sun. A fine soft matting, with rugs for bedside, bureau, and fire-place will be much more satisfactory than the most expensive carpet. A well chosen wall-paper, a few pretty pictures—some of the soft photogravures or autotypes, if you cannot afford anything expensive—a few bits of bric-à-brac, a shaded lamp, a stray book or two, a vase of flowers, airy window draperies, and above all, if it be winter, a bright open fire, will go far toward making a charming room. If it be large, and especially if two persons occupy it, a folding screen is almost a necessity. It may be as inexpensive as you choose, only it should harmonize with the general effect of the room.

If possible, place a closet at the service of your friend. Few modern houses are without closets with their rows of wire or wooden yokes, and shelves of various depths.

If you have children, no matter how dear and good and generally lovely they are, do not allow them to enter a guest's room uninvited. Perhaps she is fond of children, but do not risk letting them bore her. Don't let them clamber over her, pry into her belongings, finger her jewelry, comment on her appearance. If they do

any of these things, don't scold them, for it is extremely likely that you and not they, are to blame. Children are naturally curious little creatures—interested in almost anything new to them, and have no idea that they are making themselves objectionable by these little ways. Few and far between are the children who cannot be taught *by example* thoughtful consideration for others. If you want your children to have beautiful manners, treat them with unfailing courtesy. A little ten year old visitor of ours reported to his mamma that his host treated him "like a Prince." He was a thorough boy, but he showed his appreciation of the "Princely" treatment, by imitating it consciously or unconsciously.

Dismiss the old-fashioned idea that your guest must never be left alone. It is a strain on both hostess and visitor. The sense of being under constant surveillance is simply torturing to some temperaments.

Don't "entertain" her too much; leave her to her own devices at times. Consult her tastes in providing amusement and occupation. Don't insist that she shall enjoy everything you like. I once knew a lady very fond of having company. Unfortunately, she had one solitary amusement, and every visitor, old or young, was bound to her backgammon board, evening after evening, for three hours or more at a stretch. She had almost a mania for it, and it never dawned upon her that it was a bore to most of them.

If you are inviting a party to visit you, be careful to select those who are congenial. The enforced companionship of persons unlike in tastes, disposition and temperament is often disastrous to one's hopes of an enjoyable time. Want of tact in this regard is almost sure to be followed by a dismal social failure. In many cases it is the result of thoughtlessness. Let us hope there are not many like one I heard of, who deliberately invited half a dozen, knowing their "incompatibility of temper," and utter dissimilarity of taste and opinions,—two of them actually not on speaking terms. "I don't like any of them, and I know they don't like each other—but they can't quarrel in my house," she replied coolly, to a young relative, who alluded to the want of harmony so evident. "They've all entertained me, and I'll just have them all at once, and get them off my mind."

And she called this *extending hospitality*!

Don't set up the commercial spirit among your Lares and Penates. Banish sham hospitality from your own fireside. Have nothing to do with that social debit and credit system of so many lunches, dinners and receptions to be paid in kind. How charming, how satisfying such affairs are!

But to return to your guest. Don't continually disparage everything belonging to your house and family—unless you are in China, where etiquette demands it. But unless you want to reach the height—or rather the depth—of ill-breeding, don't boast of such unaccustomed luxuries as you may happen to possess.

Do your best for the pleasure of your visitor, but if your plans fail say as little as possible concerning them. Don't recount trials with servants, domestic worries, annoyances or vexations of any kind. Current events, social happenings, books and papers will afford much pleasanter topics of conversation. Don't let your friend feel that her coming has caused a general upheaval, and dislocated the domestic machinery. Let her know the

hours for meals, etc., when she arrives—but don't make her feel that a cast-iron rigidity of rule must be observed though the heavens should fall.

When the visit draws to a close, find out for her the best *route*, with all due information concerning hour of departure, changes on the road, and if there be no dining car, put up a nice lunch for her. See that arrangements are made for taking her baggage to the station, and be sure that she leaves the house in time to allow for accidental delays. True hospitality "speeds the parting guest," you know.

But all this, and much more you may do, and yet fail to make your friend's visit a delight. Remember, she comes presumably, not for any external attention or amusement, but to *see you*. Don't fail, then, to be so far as possible, your best, brightest, most sympathetic, truest self. If your means are limited, your help insufficient, your cares many, you will find it hard, no doubt; but I am sure that half the inability to "*Use hospitality without grudging*" comes not, as many women declare, from extra work but from worry.

H. T. D.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR HOME-MAKER: For the benefit of those who have not used gasoline for cooking, I will say that the cost of my fuel this summer, at 15 cents per gal., with an average amount of cooking, baking, washing, ironing, etc., for a family of three, has been 6 cents a day.

I am sure that the same amount of work could not have been done with less than a bushel of coal a day, which would have been 9 cents with us. The difference in heat for the summer, especially in small houses, is much; but the difference in the amount of work, is more, to me. Having no heavy lifting of coal or wood, no handling of ashes, no litter of kindling and shavings, and no stove-blackening, is a great gain. Then, whichever way the wind blows, your draft is all right. But most of all is the convenience of having a fire always

ready for boiling, simmering, broiling, toasting, and baking. I always thought it would go hard with me to find contentment without the privileges of a cook-stove, and now I am sure I will always find cooking a delightful recreation. Cooking has thus been reduced to an exact science, and bids fair to become a high art. I wanted two things—a microscope and a gasoline stove. I decided in favor of the stove, at last, and shall never regret my choice. The microscope must wait.

L. M. F.

"LAPLANDS" No. 1.

To 5 eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, add a pint of rich cream, and a pint of flour. Bake quickly in small tins.

S. R. P.

"THE BRIARS," Va., 1855.

"LAPLANDS" No. 2.

1 quart flour.

1 pint milk.

3 eggs.

A small piece of butter.

Beat well, and bake in small pans in a quick oven.

WATER CAKES.

Two eggs, beaten very lightly, *together*. Pour on them one pint of *cold* water; add a little salt, and flour enough to make a batter, as thick as for fritters. Bake half-an-hour in a hot oven, in small pans *filled full*. Eat with butter. These are nice for breakfast, and also for dessert, with butter, wine, and sugar.

VIRGINIA CALVES'-HEAD.

Get the head, with the skin on, and remove the hair by rubbing it all over with powdered resin, after thoroughly scalding it. Scrape with a knife, and the hair comes off easily. Cut off ears, rough parts of mouth, and remove the eyes. Next boil it until tender enough to take out all the bones. Cut out the tongue, and take out the brains. Stuff the head with bread-crumbs, egg, sweet herbs, salt, and pepper, and bake, with a gravy of some of the water in which it was boiled. Take some of the stuffing, add to it the tongue, chopped fine, and make balls, which must be baked with the head. Serve as much shaped like the unboned head as possible, with the balls around it; and the brains, beaten up with egg and flour, and fried in little cakes, also placed around it. The soup can be used by straining and seasoning highly, and adding some Madeira or sherry wine. This is a very old and delicious dish, and not as troublesome as it appears. It is also a very economical one.

M. A. R. K.

"CASSILIS," VA., 1850.

BEATRICE, NEBRASKA.

DEAR HOME-MAKER: Thank you for the recipe for cucumber-catsup in June magazine. I had heard of it, and wanted the rule, but could not get it. But now I have it without any trouble. Well, as one good turn deserves another, will you now do the other good turn, and, if you can, give me the directions for a pickle called *higdom*? I have heard it is very nice, tried once to get it through a weekly paper, but it did not come. Also for making tomato-catsup that shall be *red* after it is all spiced

and corked, and taste like that you buy as "home-made catsup."

An Admiring Reader.

Answer:

"Higdom" is unknown—under that name at least, to housekeepers in this region. Perhaps some one of *The Home-Maker* correspondents can furnish the recipe.

The directions given below for tomato-catsup are from COMMON SENSE IN THE HOUSEHOLD, and have been tested to the satisfaction of makers and consumers in thousands of homes.

TOMATO CATSUP.

1 peck ripe tomatoes.

1 ounce salt.

1 ounce mace.

1 tablespoonful black pepper.

1 teaspoonful cayenne.

1 teaspoonful cloves (powdered).

7 tablespoonful ground mustard.

1 tablespoonful celery seed (tied in a thin muslin bag).

Cut a slit in the tomatoes, put into an agate-iron or porcelain kettle, and boil until the juice is all extracted, and the pulp dissolved. Strain and press through a collender, then through a hair sieve. Return to the fire, add the seasoning, and boil at least five hours, stirring constantly for the last hour, and frequently throughout the time it is on the fire. Let it stand twelve hours in a stone jar on the cellar floor. When cold, add a pint of strong vinegar. Take out the bag of celery seed, and bottle, sealing the corks. Keep in a dark, cool place.

WELLESVILLE, NEW YORK.

EDITOR OF THE HOME-MAKER: I want to tell you of a plan that has been floating vaguely in my mind for many years—indeed, ever since I read an article of Mr. Lossing's on the condition of Mrs. Washington's tomb. It has not taken definite form until this morning. Then I resolved to write to you and see if you could not present it in a way to insure its success. It is simply this: to see if there are not "Marys" enough in the United States to finish that monument if each would give twenty-five cents; making the sum so small that all could contribute. Interest the churches and the leading newspapers in it, and it seems as though it could be quickly and quietly done. I have counted *eighty-three* Marys I have met, or

known, and if others can number a fractional part as many among their acquaintances, we might have a marvellous monument for that noble mother.

Don't you think it could be done? I would ask the Romanists too, for, though largely foreigners, they enjoy the blessings of our broad, free land, and I would have all Americans given the opportunity to perpetuate the memory of this strong, brave woman, if they wished to respond to the appeal.

Hoping that in this, or in some other way, success may crown your efforts, I am,

Very respectfully yours,

Mary C. D.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HOME-MAKER:

In the June number of the HOME-MAKER, which reached me yesterday, I read in the Editorial of a girl who makes corset-covers (*neatly*) at 40 cents per dozen.

From this, I judge that she can sew fairly. All New York City groaneth and travaileth for lack of *good* seamstresses, and yet this girl goes on with corset-covers at 40 cents per dozen. *Why does she do it?* If she is capable of good, plain sewing, by which I mean making cambric underskirts for dresses, after they are cut out, facing and binding them, overcasting waists and putting in whalebones, making good button-holes, and running the machine, she can have more work than she can do at \$1.25 per day and board, and \$1.50 per day if she be at all expert. To make good my words, if this girl can show proof of respectability, *and is able to do anything better than 40 cents a dozen corset-covers*, I will at once employ her myself for the kind of work I name, at prices stated above. Work to begin promptly at 8.30 A. M., and stop at 6.30 P. M., with time for luncheon at noon; or, if preferred, to begin at 7.30, cease at 6.30, with an hour and a half noon spell, to read, sleep, or go out. Three meals a day, served in the work-room, or in the dining-room after family have finished. I will employ this girl on these

terms for two weeks, beginning *immediately, if she can do the work* (mark the proviso), and interest myself for her among my friends, dressmakers, and the ladies of the Y. W. C. A.

She can have quantities of work, if she can do it, and at living wages.

But oh! the mighty army of incompetents that infest us! I grow fierce as I think of the women who have come into our house, and received and destroyed the material given them; of the careless, *botchy, dirty* work; the sewing, every *stitch* of which had to be ripped out and then put in again, the skirts which fell to pieces, the crooked, frayed button-holes, the slovenly machine work, the utter, wilful disregard of directions, the persistent inattention to the expressed wishes of the employer,—not to name the peculations, big and little, and the downright, gratuitous insolence to a lady who can truthfully say she has never in her life spoken to a seamstress otherwise than as she would wish to be spoken to herself.

This was the army (not noble) of incompetents—the great horde of those who “can do anything.”

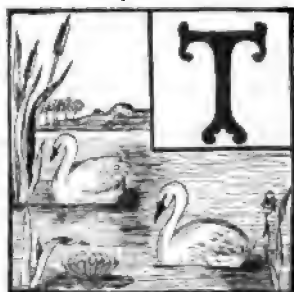
This is the other side: A young girl whom I knew was employed in one of the great tailoring establishments of this city. The profane and obscene language and low ways of the workroom distressed her, and by my advice she gave up her place, to go out as seamstress. I made her exactly the same offer I have just made Corset-Covers. She came, very disheartened at having given up a certainty for she knew not what. I had advised her to enter her name at the Y. W. C. A., and had spoken to several of my friends. She came, as I say, for two weeks' work. She stayed *two days*, when a call came for her and for nearly a year I could not get her, for even a day, so overrun was she with first-class custom. *She knew her business.* I can multiply instances of this sort, too. But let this suffice.

In brief—the woman who does *excellent work* and is willing to do it, can get it as a rule.

M.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

A KLEPTOMANIAC.



freedom on the instant.

"How the day has gone and so little done!" cried Madame, born Miss Betsy Jones, but Frenchified and provided with a matronly prefix in the course of her elevation from Eighth Avenue and day's work to Lexington Avenue and the latest Parisian styles for the most select customers.

"I shall go crazy. Here, some of these things must be carried home. Maria, pack Miss Bolton's box,—you pass her door. Henrietta, you might as well stop and leave Mrs. Grigg's dinner-dress; she'll be in hysterics by this time, she wants to wear it to-night. And for mercy's sake, Christine, put Miss Thompson's cape and her mother's basque and all her pieces into a parcel and stop with that. The boy has gone out with nine boxes. My gracious! don't muss everything so! And you, I say,—I never shall remember your name,—begin to pick up, do, and don't do any more mischief than you can help, you new girl."

"Yes, Madame; my name is Ida, please," answered a bright, alert, dark-eyed girl of sixteen, a new-comer only taken on that afternoon. "And I'll be very careful, Ma'am."

THE girls who stitched all day in the big work-room at Madame de Joinville's dress making establishment had started to their feet at the stroke of six, claiming their

"See you are," said Madame. "And when you've tidied everything, get your tea. I'll leave it on the kerosene stove in the end room. And don't hang things up by the ruffles and ribbons, and don't crush them, and don't sweep out the needles. Put the tiny bits in the rag-bag, and the pieces in that big basket. I must go to Miss Ince's wedding, for, besides the bride's white satin, we've got a blue silk, and a brown silk, and a mouse-colored velvet, and I want to see them go up the aisle."

And away Madame sped to beautify herself, while the new girl went carefully and briskly to work, with a painstaking air that was perfectly genuine.

"I'm going to please Madame," she said to herself, "and I'm going to work. Oh, how I'll work, and I'll learn. I'll get on, and then I'll get wages, and then I'll be a dressmaker, and I'll hire a room and put out a sign, and have Benny live with me. I might get rich. I guess *she* is pretty rich. And I'll have everything nice. Oh, dear, *how* I'll work! I'll know my trade in four years, and Benny will be ten by that time. Oh, how I wish time would fly and get me there at once. But I'll do it, if it does seem long and slow! I don't mind work, and I love dressmaking," and the little 'prentice-girl laughed aloud in her glee, and danced a little on her tiny toes between wardrobe and table.

Hers may seem a very humble ambition to you, and the thought of all that stitching may make you shudder; but only a little while ago Ida Gordon had spent long days sitting on the stairs of a dingy tenement, or staring in at the bakers' windows, longing for the bread behind the glass.

Her mother dead, her father seldom sober, her life that of a street child, her tender heart and her love for little Benny alone kept her from wickedness. The father's death had sent her to a home where Benny now enjoyed the unwonted luxury of regular meals and a bed with sheets and blankets; but a sensible patroness had seen that Ida could use her fingers, and had contrived to get her dressmaker, Madame de Joinville, whom she had known in her chrysalis state, to take the child as a sort of apprentice.

"You share in the good work, and you know you've prospered, Betsy," the lady said, and Madame, with a moan over the frightful risk, yielded. The girl came, trim and neat, well provided with aprons, handkerchiefs, and good little books for Sunday reading; and her desire to please was ardent, and her face pretty, and her touch light on the soft and easily soiled things she was to handle. They liked her at sight, but no one dreamed how high her hopes ran, how her ambitions rose, how that picture of the dressmaker's establishment of her own, with Benny going to school and everything respectable filled her heart. How proud she was of being respectably at work! No more sitting on dirty steps for her, no more cinder-picking or begging of good-natured cooks at area gates. She had even done that after dark when Benny was hungry, sometimes.

"Oh, I will work so and try so!" said the girl, as she took her tea and bread and butter in the little room with the kerosene cooking-stove, with a sort of reverence of the pretty china which she washed afterward. Then she went to the work-room and sat down beside the table. She had not been told to do anything, but her fingers longed to busy themselves.

"I might dress Benny's doll," said she, and with this she thrust her hand into her pocket and took forth a little jointed puppet with a sort of harlequin face.

She had bought it for Benny of an old Italian on the corner, at the cost of five cents.

Her patroness had given her a small purse with some change in it to start life with. She looked at the little thing critically, and mentally designed a costume which should be striking. A little red cloth soon made a tiny clown's suit, and in the rag-bag, which hung on a nail at the side of the wardrobe, she found a scrap of rich

blue and gold brocade—a bit about four inches square at its longest side, of which she concocted a little gathered cloak and hood. It was an extremely gay little mannikin by the time it was done, and Ida said to herself that it would delight Benny, and that she might run down to the school with it that very night. She had not been told that she might go out, but neither had she been forbidden, and she would be back before any one knew. Benny could come to the door and take it, and she could run all the way.

She tossed on her hat and scampered down stairs. It was only a short distance to the home, but the hours were early there, and the woman who opened the door could not let her in to see Benny. However, she promised to carry the puppet up to the dormitory, and to give him his sister's message, and told her he was well, though he still cried for her; and Ida was forced to be content with that. She hurried back again, and met Madame on the steps of her establishment.

"Understand for once, little what's-your-name," said this lady, as she fitted her latch-key into the key-hole, "that my girls can't kite about the streets at night. I don't allow it."

"Yes, ma'am, I won't," replied Ida. "I won't do it again. I only went to see Benny—I'm Ida, please."

"Well, Ida," said Madame, "you might say it was Benny, and it might be anywhere; home is the place for girls at night. For the matter of that, you might have cut that gray poplin piping if you wanted to employ yourself. 'Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do,' and you really seem to have a turn for that sort of thing."

"Oh, let me do some!" cried Ida, with enthusiasm. To her, the girl who had never handled pretty stuffs or been amongst pretty things before, this dainty dressmaking was full of the charm that comes to the art student with the first lessons in color. Possibilities lay before her, dreams of making such ball dresses as those which the figures in the French fashion-plates haughtily displayed to each other. In a little while she sat close to the table, her clever fingers snipping the gray poplin accurately. She had had a habit of cutting things in paper for little Benny,—horses, dogs, ladies, babies, gentlemen, what not, which had given her

unusual skill with scissors. Old hands could not do this work so well. How her cheeks flushed and her eyes sparkled when Madame told her so. At last she was fairly sent off to bed to dream of gray poplin piping.

"I guess she is a nice girl, after all," Madame said to herself, "though it was a risk to take her out of the street."

Meanwhile, the boxes and parcels had all gone home. Miss Thompson, a particular person, who was always making crazy-quilts and cushions, turned over her cape, her mother's basque, and the pieces in a bundle.

"How provoking!" she cried to her mother. "Madame hasn't sent that yard and a half of brocade that was left from my tea-gown trimming. It was five dollars a yard. She ought to be particular about a piece like that."

"See you get it soon, Almira," said the mother, solemnly. "There are always light fingers in a work-room."

"I'll go for it," said Miss Thompson. "This cape don't fit me. It must be altered, and I'll take it back and bring home the piece early to-morrow morning."

Farther away, in a very elegant boarding-house, rich, elderly Miss Bolton shook out the dinner-dress that the servant had brought up stairs in a long box, and then shook her head over the bill.

"What an awful price!" she sighed. "And the findings twice what they ought to be. Madame de Joinville is getting dreadful." Her face puckered and her mouth wrinkled. She was rich and without responsibilities, and her sole duties were to provide herself with fine attire and keep herself comfortable. But she was parsimonious to a degree and (alas, that it should be so!) acquisitive to the point of kleptomania—that is what they call the affliction when it befalls a rich person. When poor people are smitten with it, it has a harsher name.

Miss Bolton had not come to shop-lifting—she was too timid; but button-hooks, and hat-pins, handkerchiefs, and little books that could be slipped into a coat-pocket, often went home with her after visits at her friends' houses. She felt quite a throb of delight when she saw some other woman's blue veil lying on the seat of a public vehicle and drew it toward her softly and kept it; and once she put her foot over a queer little crushed old pocket-

book, and later picked it up to find a quarter in it and rejoice;—she who had only to draw a check for any sum she needed! No one guessed this peculiarity, even at the church sewing-circle, of which she was a member, and no one connected her with a mysterious disappearance of umbrellas, which had been a regular epidemic in these meetings all winter. Miss Bolton had hung up her dress, and was about to return the cover to the box for which the dress-maker's girl would call in the morning, when she spied a pretty piece of striped paper in the bottom, laid there to protect the silk, and became possessed with a desire to have it for her own. She had no use for a bit of striped paper, but it tempted her. She put her long, lean hand into the box and drew it out, and as she did so a beautiful piece of blue and gold brocade fell to the floor. She knew at once that it was a remnant of some other customer's dress put there by mistake, and that she should of course send it back to Madame; but it seemed at that moment as if to possess that piece of brocade would be bliss unutterable. She wanted to make a bag for the sewing-society work, and she would not have to buy the silk if she kept that. She could use a long-treasured piece of crushed strawberry surah for the lining. "It would be lovely with ribbons to match," she said, as she spread the silk over her knee and gloated over it.

"I don't believe that Madame would ever give it to the owner," she said. "She'd just cram it into her silk rag-bag. I know how they do things at dressmakers' rooms. And it is only a bit left over, after all, and she does cheat me so in her bills." She folded the silk in the paper.

"Anyhow, I'll see if they send for it," she said; and with a look over her shoulders at the door, lest the servant should have lingered there, the rich woman, with the glance and gesture of a thief—well, let us say a kleptomaniac—slipped the remnant of brocade into a drawer of her carved chiffonier, and as she did so, blighted forever all those honest, humble hopes and ambitions that had been cherished in the bosom of dark-eyed little Ida Gordon, now fast asleep on the little sofa-bedstead at Madame de Joinville's.

And so night came and the city grew as still as it ever does. And Miss Bolton dreamed of making her work-bag, and Miss Thompson of getting up early to get her



"I HOPE YOU ARE BETTER, DEAR."

heart was broken, and whose health was shattered before her hour of freedom came.

Miss Bolton, with that beautiful work-bag on her arm, that every one admired so at the sewing society, was folding the flannel petticoat she had made for Mrs. McGuire's new baby, when the minister's wife spoke to her.

"Do come to see my little sick girl with me," said she. "It's only a step; I'm so interested in her. She's been in prison, and you believe she was innocent; and oh, she is! dear, dear! you'll be interested."

Miss Bolton, who liked to be interested, and whose expense was not involved, went sympathetically and went, to the hospital where the minister had bought two beds for the poor. One of these lay Ida. She had a racking cough, her fever that fell upon her, and the weakness of the great belief that God, who put her trust, but one

thought, that wrong of her's, and now, as the minister's wife piled the pillows behind her and helped her to sit up, she looked at the new-comer, only longing, like the Ancient Mariner, to tell her tale of woe, and when Miss Bolton said:

"I hope you are better, dear," she answered:

"I feel very comfortable. They are so good to me—oh, so good! And Mrs. Wray says she knows I did not do it. Oh, I would not have done it, I wanted so to be good and to work. I wonder whether the girls think I stole it? That tall girl with black eyes looked as if she did. But oh, how could they think so? It wasn't wrong to take that little mite out of the scrap-bag to dress Benny's doll with. But the big piece was a yard and a half. Oh, no, I never touched it, and yet I've been in prison for a thief, six dreadful months. How cruel they were to send me there!"

"Miss Bolton does not know about all this," said Mrs. Wray. "It was at a dress-maker's. A piece of brocade was missing. Quite an expensive remnant, and poor little Ida was the only stranger. They ac-

cused her and punished her for it. But I feel sure she is innocent, Miss Bolton, entirely innocent."

"Why, yes," said Miss Bolton, kindly. "Why, of course. Such good, candid eyes! But we must bear what heaven sends, and wait and be patient, child."

"If I thought heaven sent that, I should be afraid, now I am going to die," said Ida. "But no, a wicked *person* did it. Some one stole the brocade; it was beautiful!—oh, dear, kind lady, it was just like your bag," said Ida. "All blue and gold, with the tiny cord all in and out amongst the roses." And she took the work-bag in her thin hands.

Miss Bolton gave a great start, and her face turned pale.

"Yes, just this very pattern. Madame de Joinville had to pay Miss Thompson for it," Ida said. "It was hard for her, but why couldn't she believe me? What was a piece of silk to be compared to being trusted and getting my trade and bringing Benny up, that I should steal it. You will go and tell Madame that you know I never stole it, won't you, after I'm dead, Mrs. Wray?"

"My goodness!" cried the nurse at this instant. "Mrs. Wray, let me get there, your friend is fainting!"

Miss Bolton had indeed swooned away. A kleptomaniac may otherwise have the ordinary emotions of humanity, and the realization of the horrible thing that she

had done, or been the instrument of doing, had smitten her to the soul.

"I never dreamed she had such tender feelings," the pastor's wife said afterward.

"She took the poor child every luxury, and she made her so happy telling her that she knew she was incapable of stealing anything, and such a funeral, such lovely flowers! Oh, never tell me that Miss Bolton is penurious again!" And good Mrs. Wray wiped away a tear before she added: "And she means to see to Benny. She told me that."

But meanwhile, poor little Ida, worn out with shame and suffering, lay dead, and no one saw how old and white Miss Bolton's face looked as she crammed a gorgeous blue and gold work-bag into the heart of the grate-fire in her own room at midnight, and, crushing it with the poker as it burst into flames, saw it turn slowly into tinder and float in black patches up the chimney.

"And oh, God forgive me!" poor Miss Bolton prayed to herself, not only then but often. "For I didn't dream what I was doing! I did not know what I was doing!"

And still, though she never forgets Benny, though she does her best to atone, poor Miss Bolton often starts awake in her luxurious bed, and cries to God in the silence of the night, "Pardon! pardon!" scarcely daring to hope that she may win it.

Mary Kyle Dallas.

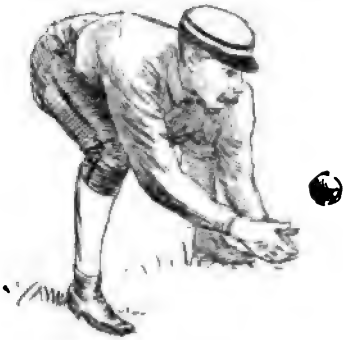
WITH BAT AND BALL. No. 2.

THE correct playing of the various positions on a nine, when placed, is so much a matter of individual worth and ability, that it seems almost futile to endeavor to give directions for the acquirement of skill. Still, it is undoubtedly true that experience has at least partially shown the proper way in which to play in certain situations; and, by a knowledge of these, the work of the player is made much easier, as he now learns in a few hours' practice that which it took days of experience to acquire before some of these questions in base-ball had been solved.

By a careful watching of the direction

which batted balls most frequently took, lovers of the game began to discover those positions in the field in which such balls could be most advantageously stopped and returned, and, as a result, we have the well-placed out-and-in-field of the modern game, in which it is well nigh impossible to knock a ball where some careful fielder cannot handle it. These positions are, aside from the base-men, short-stop, right-field, centre-field and left-field, and between them, every foot of ground encompassed by the limits of the diamond is supposedly covered.

Let us now take a look at these men and



SCOOPING IN A "FLY."

see how they stand, awaiting the first chance to display their ability. About two thirds of the way from third base to second, and some few feet back of the line extending between those two positions, is the short-stop, whose territory lies between the men on either side of him and who, indeed, is expected to handle the majority of the hard grounders batted in his direction. On the other side of the diamond, about midway from first and second base, and at a distance from the base-line ranging, as a long or short field is being played, is placed the right-fielder. His chances will, in the main, be on fly balls, as first and second base between them will cover the grounders. A man who is sure catch is the most valuable in this position, as he has not, like centre-field, so many long throws to make. This latter fielder must possess a strong arm, as double plays are often dependent upon his ability to throw a fly ball in to either home, or one of the bases. He should, however, always remember not to overthrow his objective point in his anxiety to have the ball reach there quickly. A bounding ball, or one, at least, that does not require the catcher, whoever he may be, to leave the place he should be in, even though it be slower in coming in from the thrower, is the much safer and usually more effective way of throwing.

Indeed, too much importance can hardly be laid on the necessity for keeping all thrown balls "down." I have seen, more than once, men on bases, whom the nine in the field thought they had safe where they were, reach home on a wild throw by one of the too zealous fielders; and as this allowing of one or more men to cross the plate through carelessness invariably

will tend to "rattle" the men in the "outs," it should especially be avoided.

The left-fielder, who should be stationed in about the same position on the left-hand side of the diamond as that occupied by his fellow-player on the right, with the exception that he is usually expected to play a little further out, must, as much as any man on the nine, keep a sharp eye open for long, high flies. He will have plenty of these, and, indeed, if he is not a sure catch and one that can take a ball and handle it quickly while on the dead run, he will be entirely inadequate to the proper playing of the left field.

And now a word or two to the outfielders as a whole. To attempt to describe even briefly the situations in which an out-fielder may find himself called upon to assist one of the base-men, would be entirely too big a task to enter upon here, but one or two words of caution may prove useful. Always be ready to back up the base-man, if he be in your territory, no matter whether you know him to be perfectly capable of handling the ball coming to him or not. It will give you but little trouble, cannot possibly hurt your playing, and may be of the greatest aid in putting out the base runner. No man is infallible, and the best base-man that ever stood on a bag may sometimes fail to stop a seemingly easy ball. He may stumble, the sun may blind him, or the ball itself may take an unexpected direction. Any one of the many little accidents may happen, which, if you have properly "backed up" your fellow-player, can give but little advantage to the opposing nine.

Another thing which is of importance to all men fielding,—in fact, of the highest importance, is the ability to properly "judge" a ball. To judge



A CATCH.

a ball is to come to an exact determination as to the place the ball coming rapidly through the air will land, and then, allowing for wind, etc., to get under it and handle it. This faculty is one of the requisites of a good fielder. However, though taking a ball on the fly is of such importance, of equal importance is it not to overrun a ball, and, when too late, stop and find it has landed some feet back of you. Much more is to be gained by not attempting to make a fly catch unless the fielder feels fairly sure of getting his hands under it, than by making a desperate attempt, overrunning it, and then having to lose time by turning and retracing one's steps. Oftentimes a man may be able to pick up a ball while running at full speed and throw it in quickly enough to put a man out on one of the bases, where the same base-runner would have reached the base in safety if a catch had been tried for. Do not misunderstand me; I do not wish to urge upon the fielder not to undertake difficult fly-catches—by no means: no man can become a competent fielder who does not attempt them; but at the same time, I would add a word of caution.

And now I am going to speak on a subject which I feel pretty sure every boy will laugh at me for speaking of and attempting to explain. I refer to the proper way in which to "take" a ball. Every



AN ARTISTIC CATCH.

boy, from the time he commences to throw up a rubber ball, considers that *he* knows how to catch, and would give you a kindly but pitying smile, if you attempted to show how to do it. In spite of this, I intend to say a few words. There is a right and wrong way of doing everything, and though a boy, or, if he prefer it, a man, may be able to, in nine cases out of ten, hold a high fly or a liner—safely, yet he may do so at imminent risk to his fingers or body, a risk which he can only appreciate when he receives a broken finger or a heavy blow from a ball which he has been unable to stop.

There are two classes of thrown or batted balls which require entirely different handling. The first of these are the fly-balls or shoulder high "liners." To properly take these, the hands should be put up with the thumbs and outer edge of the forefingers together, the entire hand, by the bending of the fingers forming a bowl-like hollow in which the ball may fall in safety. This way of catching, however, will never do for those balls which come lower than the shoulder, unless the fielder bend sufficiently to take them from below. For these latter the position of the hands must be reversed, and the lower edges of the hand and little fingers be touching. In both ways the catcher must bend his body to the force of the ball. To stand stiffly, keeping the arms and hands unyielding, is rendering it more than likely that the ball will be driven through the barrier, a result disastrous to good fielding. On the contrary, the body must bend at the knees and the force of the oncoming ball be met by a gradual but spring-like resistance of the muscles.

Grounders, of course, require quite a different mode of treatment. Here the object is not so much to get hold of the ball in a certain way as to cause it to reach some



A LA WELCH.



SLIDING THE BAG.

other point quickly and truly. The great requisite then is to make sure of *stopping* a grounder, though of prime importance is the doing so in a cleanly and workmanlike manner. Bend the body then; keep the legs as close together as possible; try to cover as much space with your body as you can: but above all things be sure that space which you do cover is *thoroughly* covered. Nothing is so fatal to fielding, makes the fielder himself more angry, or excites the derision of the crowd, like the passing of a fielder by a bounding ball, which the man awaits with a confidence amusing when the result is as above. The most desirable way of handling a hard-hit bounding ball is on one of its bounds, but if a man be near his base, or may put a man out by waiting for it, it is usually far better to do so, even though the stoppage of the ball be more difficult.



READY FOR DELIVERY.

Of equal importance with catching, and a thing more often badly done, is the return of the ball by the fielder. Throwing is an art usually considered simpler and more easily done than catching, but at the same time it is rarely done, except by professionals, in the most effective way. Men who are obliged to run three or four paces and then bend and throw their bodies back before they can drive a ball to any distance, are a common sight on the majority of base-ball fields but already throwing is becoming better understood, and the shoulder throw is being superseded by the "short-arm delivery," which saves both time and strength. A man who can drive the ball correctly and swiftly in this manner has always an advantage over one throwing in the old way. But the method needs lots of practice and a strong upper arm. Every fielder, and especially base men, should acquire the habit of throwing in this way, when possible.

To deliver a ball with a short-arm throw, keep the body straight, do not put the hand back of the shoulder, but bring the forearm up and then deliver the ball as you would a javelin or spear. For a time the result may be a very weak and ineffectual throw, and your arm may become very lame before you achieve success; but as your arm grows stronger the throw will be more powerful and swift, and you will soon find yourself throwing to bases, while another man, in the old way is just preparing himself. For driving a ball moderate distances the short-arm throw is unexcelled.

And now let us take a look at the base-men. We find, on examination, that these players rarely take a place immediately over the bag indicating their position, and for a good reason. Though the three points known as the bases indicate the position of the lines forming the diamond, they are by no means points at which the most useful infielding can be done, and so the base-men move sufficiently to cover the

more likely ground. Thus we find first base some six or eight feet along the line from first to second, second baseman about a similar distance towards first, and his fellow-player on third assuming a position slightly outside the diamond and some short distance from the third base bag. However, when a base-runner is attempting, or rather threatening, a progression, we see a change. On whichever bag he may be, the base-man at that point is all attention and is ready at any moment to receive the ball from pitcher or catcher and catch him unawares. First base must be prepared to take both fast grounders and line-balls and also an amount of wide, foul tips, which the catcher may be unable to reach. He should also practice constantly making pick-ups, and stopping the wild throws which fielders are constantly liable to make. Throwing to third must also be done constantly, in order to get the range and distance, this throw being a very usual one in attempting double plays. Second base may expect all kinds of hits to be handled by him, and must be accustomed to getting to his base quickly, and at the same time receiving the ball. Third base and short-stop are expected to work together in a measure and to divide the hits made in their direction between them. It will be found most useful and effective to allow short-stop to take all hard-hit grounders he can reach and also all fly-balls from his position to second base, while the third base-man reserves to himself the grounders near the base line and

all fly-hits he can get under. This will avoid all misunderstandings as to who is to handle balls coming in that direction.

Of all the men on a nine, the pitcher and catcher, as is natural, attract the most general attention, and consequently, as so much is dependent upon them, the playing of their positions has been brought to a higher state of excellence than the remainder. It is not my purpose in this paper to endeavor to make clear to the aspirant for pitching honors the methods by which the skilful pitcher gives to the ball those twists which cause it to curve and drop unexpectedly. Such directions would require far more space than can be given at present. Aside from the knowledge of how to curve a ball, there are certain rules which when followed help much to a skilful playing of the pitcher's position.

As the pitcher stands in the box before the delivery of the ball, supposing him to be right-handed, his right leg should support his body with knee slightly bent, his left leg should be advanced with the toe slightly pointed. The ball is held in the right hand in front of the chest, with the left hand covering it. When about to make the delivery, the pitcher glances at the bases to see if the base-runners, if any, are far enough off the bags to allow of their being put out by a quick throw, and then, seeing they are not, brings his left leg with bent knee up and in front of the right, throws his right shoulder back and quickly delivers the ball, at the same time the weight being brought on the left leg, which has been thrust out with the departure of the ball from the hand. By this means the weight of the body is put into the throw and the muscles are not exerted to such an extent, an important consideration when the same act must be performed many times for some nine innings. The pitcher must also be ready instantly to turn and throw to second, as a base-runner taking advantage of his back being turned, may steal a goodly distance from that bag, in the hope of being able to reach third base. This watching of bases and being always on the alert to run to the home plate and there put out a runner from third with the ball, (if a passed ball has given him the opportunity), beside pitching, are his only duties. Straight hits may occasionally give the pitcher a chance to display his fielding ability.

The catcher, on the whole, has perhaps



THREE STRIKES AND OUT.

the hardest position to play on the team. He must be a good catch, both of fly-balls and grounders, must be a powerful and sure throw, and must also keep himself constantly ready to make plays which are unexpected. The position usually assumed by catchers when playing behind the bat, is with bent knees, body balanced evenly and easily and with the hands thrust forward a little below the level of the face ready to receive the ball. Throwing to second to put out the base runner from first, is a duty he is often called on to perform and one which requires a quick, strong throw to accomplish. Here it is that the "short-arm" throw is peculiarly effective. The catcher must also be on the lookout at any moment for foul balls which will necessitate the quick removal of his mask in order that he may see to catch them. Much more could be written on this, and in fact on all the positions, but space denies, and I will close with a word on captaining.

Perhaps there is nothing which tends more to bring a team to a state of perfection in its play than a judicious and steady captain. If *he* can only keep his head perfectly clear, is not to be rattled by the shouting of "catchers," and always understands and can direct his men just where to play each ball when hit, much may be accomplished which otherwise

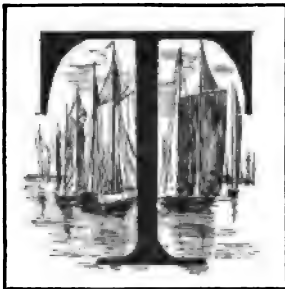
would not be; and instead of chaos and disorder, and man after man running home through the agency of wild throws and misplays, the men running bases find themselves unexpectedly cut off by the cry from the umpire, "Out!"

Francis Churchill Williams.



LINE OUT.

HISTORIC MOTHERS. No. 3.



Carlyle of Samuel Johnson. From his babyhood, Johnson's mother taught him truth and honesty; she taught him by precept, she illustrated them by Nature's works; the sun and moon exemplified them; the oak, the floweret, the pebble, and the mountain spoke the same voiceless language. And the mother, the interpreter, was herself the embodiment of incorruptible honesty. Boswell says, "So excellent

HE man whom Nature has appointed to do great things is first of all furnished with that openness of nature which renders him incapable of being *insincere*." So wrote Thomas

was her character, that on one occasion when an unjust neighbor wished to take from her a little field, no lawyer could be bribed or persuaded to undertake a case against her."

Those who knew the mother, recognized her spirit in the son, when, a poor servitor at Oxford, struggling and studying, poorly clad, with no money, he had cast disdainfully from him a pair of new shoes which a wealthy commoner had kindly left in his room. He could endure the stings of cold and of poverty, but he could not humiliate himself to a fellow mortal, nor could he be seen in better apparel than his own means could supply.

The mother of Johnson was not made up entirely of heroic virtues; she was distinguished for her charity of word and deed, and for her engaging manners. In "The Vanity of Human Wishes," Dr. Johnson characterizes her "The general favorite, as

the general friend." In a letter, written a short time before her death, he says, "You have been the best mother, and, I believe, the best woman in the world."

When diseased, disfigured, and unknown, the lexicographer toiled in want and misery, the mother sympathized and encouraged, and hers was often the only eye that could discern any ray of light in the black, tempest-riven sky. When gleams of good fortune shone upon him, transfiguring the repulsive face, no voice was so hearty in congratulation and no heart so genuine in thanksgiving. In one of his last letters to her he wrote, "I know you are fit to face death, but I do not know how to bear the thought of losing you."

Kind, honest mother of Litchfield, strong in your honesty, and sturdy in your kindness! your name shall be handed down as that of one who, true to herself, her child, and her Maker, wrought a character which a critic as exacting as Carlyle has pronounced "Ultimus Romanorum."

Wordsworth's seemingly paradoxical dictum, "The child is father to the man," may perhaps be applied with more truth to Charles Kingsley than to any other modern man of genius. The vehement spirit, the quick sympathy, the keen observation, the disposition to trace facts to principles, the impatience of injustice which characterized the man are all noticeable in the child.

Impressible, and disposed to reason upon all questions, the duty of training him, which devolved upon his mother, was extremely difficult and responsible, involving great tact, sound judgment, and a wide range of information.

His sermons and poems date from his fourth year. He delighted to fashion a little pulpit in his nursery, arrange seats for an imaginary audience, put on his apron for a surplice, and deliver little sermons in a rather severe theological style. His mother was his only auditor. He would question her searchingly—"Was that true?" "Don't you think I shall make a good preacher?" The following extract is from one of these four-year-old efforts—"When the tempter came to Christ in the wilderness and told Him to make stones into bread, Christ said, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.' He has given us a sign and example how we should overcome the devil. . . . Religion is reading good books, doing good actions, and not telling lies, or speaking evil, and not calling our brothers Fool or Raca."

The mother of Kingsley was brilliant, enthusiastic, poetical, keenly alive to the charms of natural scenery, and imaginative. From her the son inherited his fondness for science and literature, his eagerness for knowledge, and his conversational ability, which rendered an interview with him, even at twenty, a feast to the intellect.

Carlyle drew a very pleasing picture of Mrs. Kingsley: "A most lovely woman, with large, clear eyes, and a somewhat pathetic expression of countenance, with gracious courtesy; a fine talker, and sincerely interested in all religious questions."

As a child, Charles Kingsley showed a deep appreciation of his mother's judgment and taste, and this appreciation grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength. In the light of his own experience, and from long observation, he wrote: "More and more am I sure, and thinkers and physiologists are becoming more sure also, that the mother is the more important, and, in the case of the boy, is everything."

Lives there an American who does not unite with Theodore Parker in thanking God "for the sun, moon, and Ralph Waldo Emerson?"

The father died when Ralph was only eight years old. Six children, the eldest about ten, were left dependent upon the mother. A hard struggle with poverty opened before her. Wherewithal should they be clothed and fed?—not the body alone, but the mind. To the bravery of the hero she added the self-sacrifice of the martyr. She managed to keep her children in Boston to educate them. She took boarders; she worked at whatsoever her hand found to do; she never wearied, never faltered.

Dr. Frothingham has sketched her most beautifully. "She was a woman of great patience and fortitude and serenest trust in God, of a discerning spirit and most courteous bearing. Both her mind and character were of superior order, and they left their stamp upon manners of peculiar softness and natural grace. Her sensible and kindly speech was always as good as the best instruction, and her smile, though ever ready, was always a prized reward."

Miss Mary Moody Emerson, no indiscreet giver of praise, said of her, "When she first grew up I knew her to be without comparison. I continue to think her looks and actions the sweetest, wisest, fittest, chastest of all."

"Men are what their mothers make them," wrote the Sage of Concord himself. And as his name goes sounding down through ages, his fame growing with every revolution of Time's wheel, the analyst of character will acknowledge as the chief source of his greatness the mother who toiled for him and with him unto her life's end.

The land of Washington owes an inestimable debt to his mother. Not only did she mould a character capable of controlling the destinies of the nation, but by her wise decision she directed the application of that character. When the question of George's future career had to be settled, the navy seemed to offer the most desirable path to fame and fortune. His family favored it; friends whose opinions were valued and valuable advised it; the youth himself inclined to it. A midshipman's warrant was obtained; his baggage, it was said, was on board a man-of-war, anchored just below Mount Vernon. The mother's judgment triumphed. The luggage was brought ashore, and on land, in war, and in the no less glorious victories of peace, he rose to fame.

It would be hard to find a character which owes its force more decidedly to the mother. Gentleman though he was by birth, patriot though he proved in times that sternly tried men's souls, there was by nature but little of the hero, still less of the genius, about him. Inspired by his mother's influence, guided by her wisdom, he developed into a man whose country hails him as her father, and whose fame calumny cannot reach.

"My mother's kiss made me a painter," said Benjamin West.

When seven years old, his mother left him to watch by the cradle of a sleeping infant. Faithful to his trust, he kept his eyes riveted on the little face; suddenly a smile (as though an angel's lips had hallowed the earthly cherub) broke over the peaceful face. The boy, who had never seen a picture or an engraving, seized pen and ink, and on a scrap of paper made an accurate and beautiful picture of the sleeping babe. When the mother returned and insisted on seeing what he held in his clenched hand, she was filled with conflicting emotions. According to the tenets of her religion and the traditions of her peo-

ple, such things were classed among the heinous sins. But the Inspirer of the child's genius quickened the mother's sympathy, and her heart responded. She clasped him in her arms and pressed a long, loving kiss upon his lips—a kiss which sealed his consecration to the muse whose privilege it is to interpret God.

Thomas Gray said that to his mother he owed all that was best in his character and genius, and all the happiest hours of his life. While pursuing his collegiate course at Eton, she cheerfully maintained him "on the scanty produce of her industry," counting no hardships too severe if it were the means of adding to his opportunities.

Space fails me to continue this list. Much might be said of the mother of St. Augustine, who, amid formidable and continuous obstacles, labored faithfully and successfully for the conversion of her beloved son.

Nor should the mother of John Wesley be forgotten. His sledge-hammer blows, which gave a new force to the Christian religion, were inspired by her. Like Samuel of old, he was consecrated in his infancy to the Lord, and his mother's training led him to that straight and narrow path which he followed undeviatingly.

Heinrich Heine owed to his mother his conceptions of all that was best and noblest in Germany; and several of his sweetest songs are inspired by recollections of her.

Mothers, whose frames are often weary with following the active steps and ministering to the myriad wants of your little ones; whose patience is often severely tried by their perverseness; whose hearts are often depressed because you fail to see at nightfall any good your hand may have wrought by day, to you this *L'envoi* is sent. A holy, kingly charge is yours. Be true to yourself and your child. Have faith in him; stifle not by neglect or ridicule any right effort or aspiration. Be in all things his guide, philosopher, and friend. Then, indeed, the world shall be the better for your existence, and the man accounted most blessed.

"With such a mother, faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him; and, though he trip and fall,
He shall not bind his soul with clay."

Charlotte Davies.

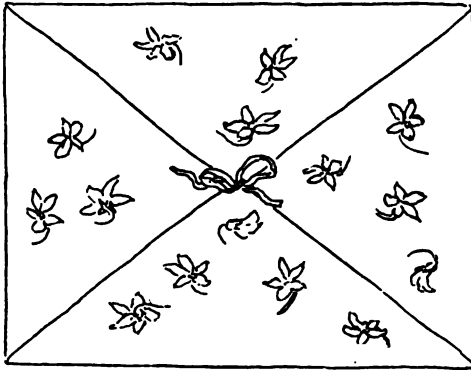


EDITED BY MARY C. HUNGERFORD.

A PAPER-CASE.—VIOLETS.—WINDOW-CURTAINS.—TASSEL WITH PINWHEEL TOP.—
DAISY COMFORTABLE FOR CRADLE OR CRIB.—CROCHETED LACE.

PAPER-CASE.

This envelope-shaped holder is cut from strong linen stiffening, such as tailors use, and lined with violet satin, with a thin interlining of cotton-wool wadding, sprinkled with violet powder. The outside is covered with silk pongee embroidered with violets. The flowers are of course worked before the material is put on the case. Make the stems of the flowers with light yellowish green silk. Work the violets with light and dark violet silk, according to the shadings. Make the light space on the lower leaf of a flower white with purple markings. Make the centres yellow with lines of orange.

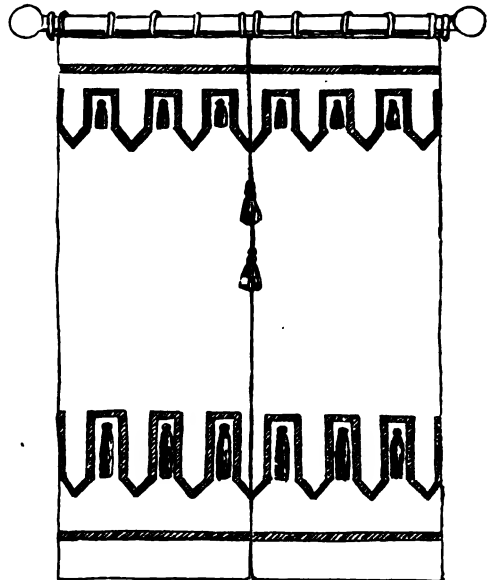


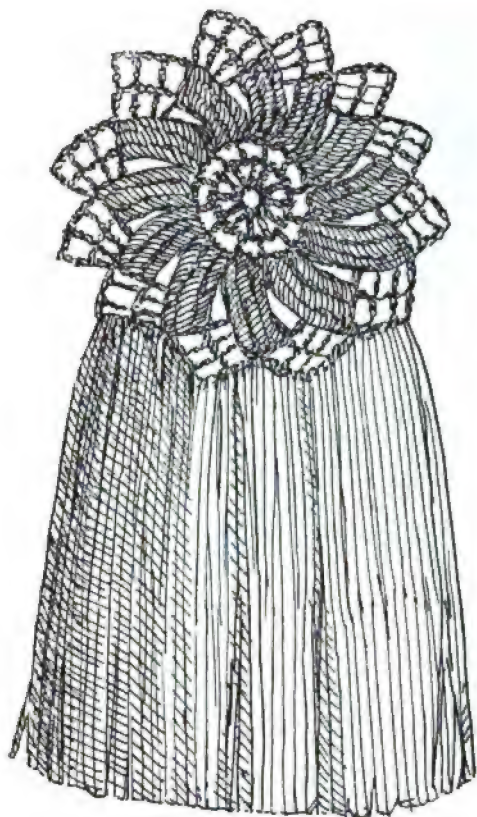
Have some of the violets white, as shown in cut of detail, with outlines and marking of a medium shade of violet. The centres should be yellow, like the colored violets.



WINDOW-CURTAINS.

These curtains are intended for library windows, but nothing in their appearance forbids their introduction to any room the home-makers please. The material is billiard cloth, which, when drawn back, falls into very artistic folds. The color in this instance is rather light olive green. A band of ribbon velvet one inch wide crosses the top and bottom. Some of the same velvet forms the Gothic-looking decoration, the velvet being run on with sewing-silk without any fancy stitches, and mitred neatly in turning the points. In every square opening is placed a flat tassel with a crocheted pinwheel top. The silk fringe and wheel of the tassel, as well as the velvet, are all of the shade of the cloth on which they are placed.





TASSEL FOR CURTAIN DECORATION.

To make the pinwheel forming the heading, work a chain of seven, join into ring, twelve double chains, one chain between each around the ring.

Twelve double chains in next row, two chains between each; twelve chains for first spoke, turn.

Leave first three chains for first stitch of next row, one treble stitch (by pulling thread over needle twice) in fourth chain and twelve trebles over the remaining chain. Catch to centre by pulling thread through without extra stitch, turn.

Chain eight for second spoke, one double chain in eighth treble, chain two, one double chain in tenth treble, chain two, one double chain in twelfth treble, chain two, one double chain in fourteenth treble, chain sixth, turn.

One double chain in second double chain of previous row, chain two, one double chain in next double chain, chain two, one double chain in last double chain of previous row, fourteen trebles over chain, catch to centre at next post.

Make twelve spokes; catch last spoke to first at centre, carry thread along the chain of first spoke to point, turn.

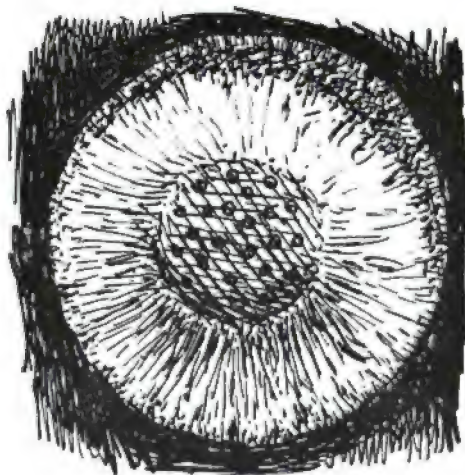
Make one double chain in eighth treble of last spoke, chain two, one double chain in tenth treble, and chain to finish point like the others.

Use the best quality of knitting-silk, and form the lower part of tassel by tying strands into the lower edge of the wheel. The tassel, including the top, should be five inches long. Those for the top of the curtain are three inches long. The pointed, partitioned space between the tassels is seven inches long on the lower band of ornamentation, and five on the upper band. The tassels which finish the ends of the pull cord must not be like those of the trimming, but the usual upholsterer's tassel, with the hard round head.

DAISY COMFORTABLE FOR CRADLE OR CRIB.

Not from the popular slang of the time does this pretty coverlid derive its name, but from the charming white-rayed flower that gladdens our eyes each June, and never palls on our fancy, though its abundance makes it far from a rarity.

This daisy-strown comfortable is as useful as it is pretty, and any one who will follow directions, and make one of the fluffy daisies, will surely feel like pursuing the easy task. Make of very fine white cheese cloth, a little quilt a yard and a half long by one yard wide. Fill with the fleeciast of cotton batting. Run the edges together, and mark the quilt into squares, tufting and tying with yellow Saxony wool. Over each tie sew a daisy.



To make the flower, cut ten strips two inches in length, of cream-white, wool dress braid. Cross the strips, one upon the other and slip them around to make the daisy as round as possible. When the ten pieces are in position, tack the centre to hold them firmly, and imitate the centre of the flower by working French knots of single yellow Saxony. Then fringe out the braid with a hat-pin, and clip around the edge with sharp scissors till the daisy assumes a round, symmetrical form. One bunch of braid will make six daisies. The number used depends of course, on the closeness of the tufting. Edge the comfortable with crocheted edging worked with yellow Saxony, or one knitted in the following manner—

Cast on nine stitches.

First Row—Slip one, knit two, narrow, thread thrown over, narrow twice.

Second Row—Knit plain: of every made stitch knit one and purl one.

Third Row—Slip one, knit three, narrow, thread thrown over, knit two.

Fourth Row—Like second.

Fifth Row—Slip one, knit two, thread thrown over, narrow twice, thread thrown over, knit two.

Sixth Row—Like second.

Seventh Row—Slip one, knit two, narrow, thread thrown over, knit two.

Eighth Row—Like second.

Ninth Row—Slip one, knit one, narrow, thread thrown over, narrow twice, thread thrown over, narrow twice.

Tenth Row—Like second.

Eleventh Row—Slip one, knit two, narrow twice, thread thrown over, narrow twice.

Twelfth Row—Like the second row. Repeat till the strip is long enough.

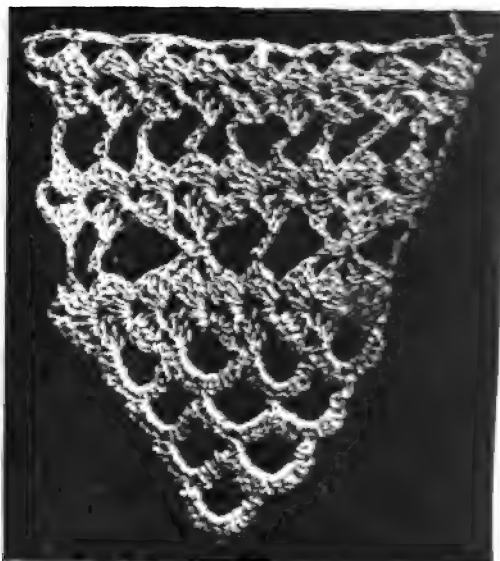
POINTED EDGE CROCHETED.

Make a chain of eighteen stitches.

First Row—In fourth stitch, make a shell of three trebles, three chain, and three trebles, chain three, skip four stitches, make shell as before, chain three, skip four stitches, shell, chain one, double in last stitch, chain three, turn.

Second Row—Shell, chain three, repeat once, shell, chain five, double in last treble of shell, turn.

Third Row—Double in chain of five, twelve times, chain one, shell, chain two, double around, two chains of three, chain one, shell, chain three, shell, chain one, treble in chain of three, chain three, turn.



Fourth Row—Shell, chain three, shell, chain three, shell, chain five, double close to other five, turn.

Fifth Row—Double in chain of five, twelve times, chain one, shell, chain three, shell, chain three, shell, chain one, treble, chain three, turn.

Sixth Row—Shell, chain three, shell, chain three, shell, chain five, double, turn.

Seventh Row—Double twelve times, chain one, shell, chain two, double around two chains of three, chain one, shell, chain three, shell, chain one, treble, chain three, turn.

Eighth Row—Shell, chain three, shell, chain three, shell, chain five, double, turn.

Ninth Row—Double six times, chain five, turn.

Tenth Row—Double chain of five in top of small point formed by twelve doubles, chain five, double in next point, chain five, double in next point, turn.

Eleventh Row—Double in chain of five, twelve times, double in next chain twelve times, double in third one six times, chain five, turn.

Twelfth Row—Double in top of point, chain five, double in last point, turn.

Thirteenth Row—Double twelve times, in next double six times, chain five, turn.

Fourteenth Row—Double in top of point, turn.

Fifteenth Row—Double twelve times, double six times, in each of next three points. This completes one scallop; repeat from first row.



CHILDREN IN SUMMER.

SOME of my most delightful memories are of certain years spent in a pleasant home near the shores of Lake Erie, and not far from Cleveland, Ohio.

A few acres of pasture, an orchard with many kinds of fruits, a vineyard, a clear running brook, a cow, and a pony afforded joys unnumbered and plenty of employment for three little boys.

Among these memories, one particular spring-time stands out in brightness. It was after a long severe winter, shut up with the croup, the rocking-horse, the wooden blocks and the toy wagon, that the boys were turned out to revel in delicious May-days. Each had his favorite work or amusement and characteristic fancies; but the sayings and doings of four-year-old Robbie at that time will form the bulk of the present reminiscence.

Robbie's ideas of the season that "builds the earth anew" were very misty, as he was too young to remember anything in distinct detail. He was suddenly ushered into a world of which he had only heard as he heard stories of Mother Goose, which were pleasant, but unreliable, and told only for fun. The strange warmth of the sunshine, the grass springing up in unexpected places, the marvellous appearance of dandelions that "God had made in the night and dropped down," and the curious soft pussy-willows on the tree by the brook, were each a revelation. Then there were the robins, so many of them, so different from the canary, and doing so well without cages! He did not at first ask many

questions. It seemed to him, I think, as if he had come into his rightful kingdom, only, he was half dazed by the magnificence of his natural inheritance. Crooning a happy little song, he sat on the bench beneath blossoming cherry trees, absorbing all the beauty and harmony, and feeling the blessing of the sunshine on his curly head.

No enticements could win him to enter the house, and I had not the heart to give the command which I knew he would surely, but sorrowfully obey. I revered his mood, and would frequently send out the children's dinner to be enjoyed while he still looked and heard, and took in all the jollity. He appeared to be afraid he should miss something if he were for one moment away. A flower might bloom right out on the water spout, for all he knew, or the wren might come down to the nice grass nest he had fixed for her, and he would not be there to see.

Then came the garden-making and digging in the fresh mould. The wriggling earth-worms were unexpected creatures, disapproved of at first, but soon taken into his loving confidence and protection. I believe he viewed the sowing of seeds as a doubtful ceremony, but when the first row of peas came up, punctually to time, what a glow of satisfaction came over his face, mingled, too, with awe, as if something supernatural had occurred.

Ants, bees, and butterflies were at once admitted as dear comrades. At the foot of a great walnut tree was a large ant-hill, the tenants of which were continually

scrambling up and down the rough trunk. The immense number perplexed him, and disturbed his plans for personal acquaintance. He could make no particular friendship. "The ant he was going to watch and to like got lost among the others." But now questions poured forth as to that underground housekeeping he dared not investigate; soon discovering what the hidden larder demanded, he strewed the ground with bits of corn, and all the flies and beetles he could find—"to help the busy things along."

He never appeared to be satisfied with the butterflies. Their magnificent array, perhaps, marked them as belonging to some far-away beautiful country, and these he saw were only waifs that had strayed by accident into this common domain. The story of the chrysalis only added to the unreality of the brilliant creatures, and was placed in the category of pretty fairy tales.

One day there came from the garden a piteous wail, and going to find the cause I found my hero with a much swelled lip and abused expression. He said, after soda had been applied, that he was "just shoving the bumble-bee" (he thought there was but one) "away from your new white rose, which he was bumping hard and angry at, when he turned round and bumped my lip." Once when he saw two or three honey-bees flying round a hyacinth, he sadly exclaimed, "I can't tell my first nice bee; these others have come, and I can't tell the old buzz-buzz from the rest."

The first time he heard "Bob White," he ran to tell me that "a boy was calling his little brother, out in the wood, over and over again." When the voice was explained, his fancy still clung to the first idea, and made, I believe, the foundation of a poem for children, in years long after.

And indeed his undisturbed freedom to think, to examine and explore, to enjoy and to revel in the wonderful glories of country life during these happy months, formed the morning and evening of the first day of his literary career.

So the seasons went on with their marvellous developments. Cherries, children of the snowy blossoms that had shed their soft petals around him, dangled in red splendor from the boughs. Each fruit had for him its mental qualities, or some

moral excellence. "Strawberries were so kind, they just grewed for us to eat." "Currants bunched together so we could take a good many right off."

When October came, we saw how he had expanded and improved. The chubby hands were hard and strong, his face brown and glowing with health. The round fat knees were green and blue with many a bruise, but sturdy and vigorous. True it is, he was sometimes a most disreputable-looking object. Shoes were muddy, and stockings broke out in a contagion of scars, and aprons were found to be very flimsy, "tearing all of themselves" on briars no one had seen or suspected. I have no doubt that the passing neighbors thought that "small Day boy" looked like a tramp. But little did he, or I, care for such outside opinion. When at night he had taken his thorough bath, and had on his fresh night-gown, and was laid comfortably in his dainty bed, I had a conscience undisturbed by what neighbors might think. I was not raising boys to suit the prejudices of the people on the next place, nor loving them according to any measure but my own.

Dear mothers, the summer is here. Let it have for you a greater significance than that of new clothes. Do not worry over the wardrobe of your boys and girls, and wrestle laboriously with embroidery and latest styles. Provide plain, substantial garments suitable for garden-making and excursions to the woods in search of early wild flowers. A bunch of daisies and clover thus found is worth, intellectually, yards and yards of edging and insertion. Remember that the earth and sky, the streams, the sunshine, and even the showers are only the just privilege of the little ones. In the dear genial out-doors with its numberless opportunities for experiment and observation, intellect grows apace, character takes its honest bent; imagination shoots up freely and healthfully, and the poetic temperament gets solid nourishment.

In the summer-time books and lessons may have a claim, but only a secondary one. The invisible, wise, and loving influences that are in the air are the best teachers. Let the children go. Within certain bounds and with some congenial purpose they will not need much watching. In their common happiness, sympathy and kindness will spring up naturally and surely. There will be fewer causes for

punishment, or, when naughtiness does occur, a confinement to old winter quarters will be an effectual remedy. It will, to be sure, become your privilege to give direction to the activities, for aimless running and tumbling about will not give much mental benefit.

If you cannot go out with them, catch opportunity at meals or in the evening to tell them what may be done in the way of work or play. I once knew two little girls of six and eight to clear up all the paths around the flower-beds and across the lawns, piling up the sticks and weeds in a small wagon, and carting them off to make a mound, which they dignified by the name of "Mt. Rubbish."

One word, though rather irrelevant, just here. *Do not hire* the children to work. Let the first labors find their reward in love of benefiting others, or in the content found in doing pleasant things. Establish generous principles before you introduce the idea of compensation. Let your boy learn to give of what is naturally his own, —kind words and actions before he learns to exchange for money. Teach him to consider the *perfection of his work* of first importance; so shall he in after years have no contentions with greed and parsimony.

I appreciate the difficulty of allowing children proper exercise in the open air while living in a large city. I sympathize in the "pity of it." But love is powerful to invent and manage. If it cannot ride triumphantly over all obstacles, it will hold to its convictions and seize on every chance for improving the situation and

will ever do its best. Even a pent-up back yard may have its possibilities. I can imagine a very small, discouraging place transformed into a miniature farm for the children, and mainly by the industry of the children themselves. Bricks may be removed, and fertile dirt will be brought from the street by your sturdy, independent little son. A mimic field can be sown with grass seed; and there can be a stalk or two of corn. Vines can be trained against the fence or wall. Morning-glories grow almost anywhere, and leaf, bud, blossom, and seed-vessel are each beautiful. They might even have a few annuals of the easily-raised kind. Four-o'clocks and petunias are not very particular; they will condescend to brighten up narrow quarters and help to make "a sunshine in a shady place." The ears on the corn will not ripen, but the blade and perhaps a tiny silken thread will give suggestions. Make the most of what *does* grow, and piece out the shortcoming with description and story.

Honest, faithful effort *never* fails. It ever brings a good crop of something. Even when there is not a yard, do not despair. Make provision for walks in the real country if possible, in the parks if you must. Hold fast to best methods. Be *ready* for Opportunity, who is very apt to visit those who are wisely and patiently waiting for her. God's free air and sunshine are abroad in the world, and God will help to place in it your craving little children.

Carrie Cathcart Day.





THE CRADLE DREAMS.

Come, little dreams,
That tend on babies small,
My baby needs you now—
Come when I call!

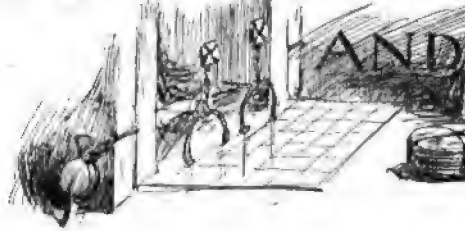
Dream of a bird!
Yes, thou, robin redbreast;
For him fly to and fro
And sing thy best.

Dream of a flower!
Yes, thou, rich red, red rose;
No thorn upon thy stem
For him uncloset.

Dream of a star!
Yes, Bethlehem Babe so mild,
That sat on Mary's knee;
Kiss thou my child.

Ella Farman Pratt.

ARM-CHAIR



FOOT-STOOL.

A CLUSTER OF RIPE FRUIT.



HEY were five sisters, all unmarried; and they lived in the old Dutch town that was made memorable by Barbara Frietchie's

exploit. They never hoisted a Union flag, or did any grand thing; but they deserve a place in story, just the same. Their name was Peyre, and the young people called them "The Pears," not in derision, for the regard they inspired was little short of veneration. Their ages ranged from sixty-five to eighty years when I first knew them. Unlike the Hannah More quintette, they were not literary. But no hive of busy bees was ever more industrious than they in the line of purely feminine accomplishments.

"The Pears" were not poor, but they were frugal. They owned a comfortable, two-story brick house on a quiet street, and let their ground floor to a small tradesman. The way to the sisters led along a smoothly-paved side alley, all fenced in, through a little kitchen with spotless floor and shining tins, up a narrow, crooked, snow-white stairway, and finally through funny little chambers, up two steps, or down three, till the workshop was reached. There they sat, clean and fresh and busy, each in her own nook; and just there they might have been found every day these sixty years.

The work-shop had the appearance of tidy fulness. An everlasting quilt was stretched across the end window, and here

Miss Becky had laid her chalk-lines and pricked her fingers through several generations. The faithful fingers were brown and crooked, she said, from rheumatism; but how could they be straight when eternally bent over the patchwork? Surely the quilt was not always the same; yet the frames were never empty, and the chair was never vacant.

Miss Polly was housekeeper and cook, with Miss Phœbe to run errands, do the marketing, visit the needy and supervise generally. Some one must have done the mending and darning and laundry work, but I never saw any of that.

Miss Sophie (the sisters said Suffy) was the knitter, and her needles were never still. Always a gray yarn stocking, and never any appearance of the finished pair. Go when you would,—and the dear ladies were not alone many hours,—the knitting was on and going on.

Miss Chrissy was the beauty. Ages ago there had been a tradition of a lover, but nothing came of it. Perhaps they had all five lived out their little romances—who could tell? A certain homage was paid to the beauty. Her once brilliant auburn hair had paled to grayish sandy bands that lay smooth under a cap which was always a little pretentious. Her dark eyes and smiling lips made the soft white old face passing fair. Miss Chrissy was the embroiderer and needle-work artist. Her treasures of scallops and points and eyelets and wheels, all traced in ink upon bits of letter-paper, were kept in a large square yellow box that was bristling and bursting at all points.

This box was marvellous. There could never have been but one other in the world; and that I had seen under my

great-grandmother's bed, the bed that had its dainty white frill, and its glazed-calico curtains of gay paradise birds. They were all of a piece, and not easily to be forgotten. The box had seen hard service among the "Pears." It was cross-stitched up and down the corners, along the bottom and the top, and all around. It never occurred to them to get a new one. Like their old Bible, its places could be found.

I went, one frosty autumn day, to get a pattern for silk embroidery. Stamping-blocks and tracing-wheels were unknown quantities to Miss Chrissy. Her stumpy little pencil—and that, too, seemed always the same—had to do the transferring. She liked a bit of harmless gossip, dear soul; and the young girls of the town made a point of supplying the lack of a newspaper with their busy tongues. So she knew at once who I was.

"Oh," she said, with her kindly smile, "you are young Mrs. John; I remember when your husband was a babe. I think I can find it;—yes, it is down in this corner,"—rummaging in the yellow box; "here it is—the pattern your aunt,—Mrs. John, selected for your husband's first short dress. All the Hunt family were customers of ours. Mrs. John, she they called Aunt Lou, was a great favorite. She was very rich, and had no children. Well, she came one day all in a flurry to get a pattern—a nice wide one, she said, for little John's dress. He was the first baby, and they fairly idolized him. This is it. I recollect the wheels and the overcasting. It was—let me see—forty years ago, come this December. Now, this little scallop is as popular as any," and she fished up another, all full of needle-pricks. "Some ladies don't like much embroidery, but they want a little finish. This one trimmed a set of linen for Mrs. Senator Jones. It took me a good while to draw it. She didn't like this turn in the corner, so I made up something else. You know I design my own patterns."

Then, resisting the temptation to give the history of the rest of her favorites, she put the box aside and turned her attention to the quart bottle in hand, with its strip of muslin stretched tight around it, over a bewildering collection of grapes and leaves. This was her method, and the adoring sisters thought it perfect.

What night I teased John's mother into

hunting up the dress, and there was the identical pattern, edging the fine white cambric now yellow with age. She was amused at my report of Miss Chrissy.

In my annual journeyings to the old town I never neglected "The Pears." They always looked as if I had just stepped out for an hour, and come back. The carpet did not wear out; the stove never lacked lustre; the tiny window-panes were always just washed, and the diligent fingers went on just the same. They had a quaint way not easy to describe. When one talked, all the rest chimed in with little whispering echoes, to support the assertion; and yet they did not seem to interrupt. They were to me living wonders, so perfectly unspotted from the world, so earnest in their pigmy money-making, and so thoroughly united, I felt consumed with curiosity as to their inner life. They must sometimes put by the quilting and the knitting and the patterns.

"How do you interest yourselves evenings, Miss Chrissy?" I asked, half-ashamed of the question.

"Oh, we read," she said, smiling her ready smile. "Yes, read," echoed Miss Suffy and the rest. "We read Sunday-school books, and our Bible, of course. Sometimes we don't go to bed till ten o'clock."

"Ten o'clock—o'clock—clock," assented the gentle voices. It was not silly; the smiling faces all wore the sweet, simple look of guileless childhood.

Miss Suffy's window overlooked a time-honored graveyard, where gray slabs were tottering. Next to her beloved patterns and their varied experiences, Miss Chrissy liked to tell of scenes and memories suggested by these sombre reminders.

"It was a very cold day, Mrs. John," (so she always called me), "when they buried your husband's uncle out there. Poor fellow! He was shot at Buena Vista. A cannon-ball took off both his legs, and went right through the horse he rode. He was a gallant officer. They thought at first he would rally. The surgeons did their work quickly, and he suffered little or no pain, but there was no chloroform in that day, and he died from the shock. The snow was deep on the ground, but it was a grand funeral. They've got a fine new cemetery out on the hill, but we never go there. Our dead are all here where we can see their graves."

"Graves," came the echo; they had all along nodded, or murmured, assent.

"One of the saddest funerals we have ever seen," Miss Chrissy went on, "was a double funeral. Two young men, both only sons, were drowned in the river while bathing. Their mothers were widows. It was terrible. Two hearses and two long lines of mourners. There they lie—over there in that enclosure. They were cousins, and were buried side by side."

"The mothers, Chrissy!" mildly prompted the whisper, when the narrator paused.

"Yes, the mothers! one died of a broken heart, and the other lost her mind outright. She is living yet, an old, wrinkled woman, who regularly goes to the front door of the asylum every morning and takes her seat. If it is cold weather, she sits inside. She asks every one who enters if Luther is coming—that was her boy's name."

"Did you know the first Mrs. John Hunt, Miss Chrissy—my husband's grandmother?" I asked, willing to change the gloomy subject.

"Just as well as I know you, Mrs. John. She was a beautiful little woman. I was very young at the time I am thinking of. She sent at night for an embroidered flannel I was doing. It was my first wide pattern, and it went slow. At ten o'clock it was finished, and my father went with me to take it home. They were all going to Washington to the president's ball—President Monroe, it was—and the trunk was packing. It was to go on the big travelling-coach. When I ran upstairs and knocked,—I had often been there before—she opened the door herself. 'Oh, it's you, Chrissy,' she said in her pleasant way; 'come in child; don't you want to see something pretty?' And she showed me two elegant brocaded silk gowns, very narrow and very short-waisted, but stiff enough to stand alone. She praised my work and said I was a good girl. Then she paid me the money, and tied a little blue silk handkerchief around my neck for a keepsake. 'There,' she said, 'in her quick voice, 'you may go.' I did many other patterns for the family, but poor lady! she never saw me again. She had an illness and lost her eyesight. She was stone blind for many years. I have the keepsake yet. It is put away in the hair-trunk."

The sisters were all in full sympathy, as

usual. Thus I sat and listened scores of times, making a pretence of wanting a pattern,—anything to get Miss Chrissy storytelling.

In the centennial years I found The Pears much shaken from their even tenor. The relic-hunters had penetrated their *omnium gatherum* and offered fabulous sums for the quaint old bits they found there. One of them declared he must and would have these wonders for the New England Kitchen. But the sisters were outraged. Adroitly, I managed to hint a desire to see those treasures inestimable, and then for the first time I moved from my accustomed seat, and they moved from theirs. The magnitude of their wrongs would admit of nothing like routine or monotony. The chairs were pushed back, and I saw the five tall, slim figures standing erect, in straight black gowns, white kerchiefs and spotless caps. They were devout Lutherans, and their pew at the Sunday service was never vacant; but I had never seen them outside the workshop.

We filed into the funny little chambers where were the high beds, with their steps to be climbed. What a wilderness of feathers and patchwork! Some of Miss Becky's work was here. The bureaux nearly to the ceilings, ornamented with round glass knobs, had their little mirrors perched up above my head. The candle-stands, with spindle legs, wore an antediluvian look, and the chairs were just as queer. The more aspiring ones were prim in starched antimacassars. Even the footstools belonged to a prehistoric age. There was nothing costly or elegant, but so very ancient and even comical, I had never seen anything like any of it, anywhere. A few oil-paintings, hung in the very border of the huge-figured paper, were small, but evidently fine.

"These things we brought from Alsace," explained Miss Chrissy, as I commented freely. "*Elsace* is the way to call it—and we can't bear to have strangers meddling with what is sacred to us."

"Sacred to us," came from the procession behind.

At last, pausing before a huge hair trunk, they all gathered nearer, and when the lid was raised, they vied with one another in displaying the contents. It would take a great while to tell all that I saw, or their curious little speeches and words and assents. There were samplers in every style



"AT LAST, PAUSING BEFORE A HUGE HAIR TRUNK."

of lettering and color. The inevitable tombstone, with the weeping-willow and mourning female, was among them. Bits of painted velvet, huge reticules, bead purses, gay shawls, and curious lace caps,—all showed patient handiwork. Gifts and souvenirs were plentiful, even to the blue silk keepsake of the first Mrs. John. Then came old-fashioned silver spoons and knives and tea-pots, heirlooms, they said, from the old country. A bit of coarse paper bore an order for supplies for soldiers upon the Commissaire at Nice, and was signed with the genuine autograph of the great Napoleon. Every article had its history, and rarely, if ever, was the little workshop so long neglected as on that occasion. When the procession filed back, I took leave with somewhat the feeling of having been buried in wonderland, and suddenly resurrected.

Perhaps the shock of the dreaded vandalism was too much. Perhaps the excitement of the hair trunk struck too deep. At all events, Miss Becky grew to muttering over her quilt, and making long pauses. One day her needle stuck fast in the patchwork, and her head quietly sank to rest on the rolled frame. When I paid my next visit, they said, "You will find it very odd at The Pears's. Miss Becky is gone."

I did find it odd. The quilt was rolled forever, and the end window was empty. There was only the chair. Still Miss Suffy sat with her stocking, and Miss Chrissy with her patterns, placid and patient,—they were only waiting; yet working as they waited. Miss Polly sighed once in a while over her pans. Miss Phœbe still went to market and distributed small alms to the poor. Ripe in good works and in holy resignation were The Pears.

"Our quilter is gone," said Miss Chrissy. This time there was no whispered echo; only a gentle sighing all around. But some of the scallops in the yellow box were not without fresh adventures; and these I heard.

That winter, Miss Phœbe fell on the slippery little side alley. There were no bones broken, but she, too, sank to rest in the old gray church-yard.

It was three years before I went back. Then they said, "Miss Chrissy is alone." Alone I found her. She was little changed. The brightness had merely gone from her

smile. I noticed that her talk was less of her patterns, and more of the gray slabs. She no longer clung to the proud little boast, "I design my own patterns." She was apt to tell what Suffy said, or Polly, or Phœbe, not forgetting Becky, our quilter.

"No," she said, when I asked; "Polly, was not sick. She said in the morning, 'Chrissy, do you ever feel strange in your head?' Next morning she did not wake up. Suffy was never as strong as the rest—her back was bad; so when she had a sort of fit one day, it was soon over."

"You don't—you can't—stay here all alone?"

"No, Mrs. John, Henrietta is with me. You know Henrietta? She belongs to the people downstairs. I shan't forget her kindness."

"Are you very lonely, Miss Chrissy?" I asked, choking down the tears.

"No, not lonely. The dear Lord is with me; He will stay to the end. No, Mrs. John, not lonely."

She had always refrained, in diffidence, or humility, from religious talk. I know it was from no lack of deep spiritual conviction. If ever the world contained a purer, sweeter sisterhood, I have not known it. Their work was homely, as their lives were secluded, but no one ever saw them idle or impatient. In one strait and narrow path they walked through earth's temptations to heaven's reward.

One of the last things she said to me was that I should take some of the choicest patterns to my Western home, notably "little John's first short dress edge."

"You have been a helper to us in more ways than one. God will bless you, Mrs. John."

"Is there nothing you would have me do now? Dear Miss Chrissy, do not hesitate to speak."

She did hesitate. "I don't think of anything. My papers have long been drawn up. Lawyer Thomas will attend to them. You know our little savings are to go to the Home for Aged Women."

I never saw her again. Sitting one sunny day, placid and patient, she fell asleep over the yellow box; and when they lifted the soft white old face, all was still.

Eugenia Dunlap.



WARM WEATHER WEAR.

The warmer the weather the greater seems to be the necessity for a variety of clothing. Women start off to popular summer resorts with trunks filled to overflowing with thick gowns and thin gowns, costumes light and costumes dark, tailor-made suits and full skirts and blouses, large and small bonnets, capotes and toques. The amount of wearing apparel necessary for the season's outfit is, to say the least, bewildering.

It would be useless to attempt to give an account of the numerous styles of pattern and material in vogue. There are so many novelties and fancies that one may choose almost any design and be correct. Among the most popular fabrics are the soft, clinging stuffs, such as challis, wool-crape, chudda, French bunting, etc. These are prettily made with a full-tucked skirt or trimmed with rows of ribbon. The waist may be round, with a soft sash at the belt.

A beautiful black gown is of nun's-veiling with a broad striped and hem-stitched border. The collar, cuffs, and trimming are of this border, while a slender effect is produced by having the bias side-forms made of the stripes, which are also used to form a V-shaped back, tapering to a point at the waist.

Gowns are elaborately trimmed with ribbons, some of which are finished at all the loose ends by jet fringe or ornaments. These are especially effective with lace dresses.

Costumes to harmonize in every respect, particularly in color, are now "the rage." One, of tan-colored ladies' cloth, is made to fit the figure tightly. The skirt is so perfectly cut and laid in such close folds as to be decidedly ungraceful in walking. But

as long as Dame Fashion is satisfied who has a right to complain? Below the elbow the long sleeve is laced to the wrist with black cord, and the side drapery of the skirt is caught in the same way. The large black straw hat is trimmed profusely with black and tan ostrich feathers and bows of ribbon. Undressed gloves of the same shade as the gown have black embroidered backs. Low patent-leather shoes with tan *Suede* uppers and tan silk stockings complete this striking costume.

Full serge skirts and blouses are even more worn than they were last summer. Prettier, however, than the regulation blouse is the man's tennis shirt, which comes in such a variety of sizes as to fit almost any figure. It is of a more graceful cut than those made for women, and when of silk is really handsome. It should be worn with a man's silk tie at the throat, and a soft sash at the waist. Women who look large in a blouse will find that their figures appear well in these shirts, which may be had not only of expensive and exquisite silk, but in thin flannels and wash material something like gingham. They may all be laundered many times without injury.

Patent clasps for lifting the abominably long skirts are said to be forthcoming. One wonders, since these skirts are to be raised from the ground, why it would not be more sensible to cut them short to begin with. If wise women do not protest against this vile, dirty style of dress, we will soon have street costumes trailing in the dirt and making the devotees of Fashion bear a semblance to turkey-hens whose plumes have been dragged in the mud. It is past finding out why women should, of their own accord, adopt a style that

hampers them in taking the exercise they so much need.

Another thing in which some women persist, and which certainly does not look well, is the habit of appearing on the street in waists cut low in front. For house gowns or evening dress this is very pretty, but the place for wearing a bodice that displays the neck and a small portion of the chest is hardly on the crowded thoroughfare, or fashionable promenade. If a high collar is too warm, why not have the dress-neck cut V shape and filled with lace or tulle?

Jackets have large, bell sleeves, and are found most serviceable when of black or some dark mixed material, as they may be worn with any costume. For the mountains and sea-shore, loose reefers and blazers are of the greatest convenience imaginable, slipping off and on over the most elaborate gown, and are pretty and stylish.

Wraps are of lace, silk, jet, and braided and corded cloth, and are more becoming to stout figures than the closely-fitting jacket.

As very full sleeves are worn this summer, it is often impossible for a woman to

put on an ordinary cloak over some of her gowns. On this account, capes are much used, and sleeveless sacques. Fur capes and feather boas are also *à la mode*, and, considering the sudden changes in our climate, are not as ridiculous for this season as might at first appear.

One of the favorite ideas at present seems to be to conceal, as far as possible, the manner in which a gown fastens. Certain it is, that it would puzzle anybody except a French *modiste*, to tell how some women "get into their dresses." The fastening is often at the side, and concealed in such a mass of drapery that anyone unused to the mysteries of fashionable attire would be inclined to believe that the gown of the present day grew on the wearer, and could not be removed without the aid of a pair of scissors.

The handkerchief is an important factor in the toilet, and happy is the woman who can afford to buy, or whose friends give her, an assortment of the dainty, exquisitely embroidered squares of muslin or silk. The former are the prettier, and, tucked under the edge of belt or bodice, give a pretty finishing touch to any costume.



"THE IMPORTANCE OF DRAWING."

IN a preceding number of THE HOME-MAKER, that able artist, Mr. C. Y. Turner, has given to the students of the art class a most valuable and concise lesson on how to draw a portrait head. So clear and definite a method should be thoroughly mastered before a student gives any

thought to paint. The great bane among the art students of our country is their average ignorance of drawing. I am well aware that it is far easier to dabble in paint and produce unheard of flowers and impossible heads than to firmly and intelligently draw the profile of the "Venus de

Milo," or the beautiful lines of Michel Angelo's "Slave." No matter what branch of art you may desire to pursue, be it painting, sculpture, or designing, do not forget that drawing is the foundation of all. Many portrait painters, after long years of practice, indicate the lineaments and the masses of light and shade immediately with the brush and paint, from the start. But this can only be done after many years of severe training. Whatever you are going to do, carefully and patiently draw it beforehand either in charcoal or pencil; do not give up until everything is in its correct place and the large masses of light and shade are clearly indicated. Now, when you are satisfied with this, fix your drawing by means of an atomizer and fixative, and proceed to generously set your palette. For some people, a little palette and a little color will

suffice, but for my own part, give me a big palette and plenty of color, as your picture should not fail through lack of materials to make it successful. Remember that in painting, as in most clever things in this world, the mind must work harder than the hand, each stroke of the brush must represent a preconceived intention, a purpose; you can feel your way in your drawing, as you can erase it if it be wrong, but take care when you paint, for if you tamper much with the color after you once put it on the canvas, it will be muddy and your values weak. Certainty of touch comes from knowledge of drawing, and here we are back where we began. No art can be good unless based on this fundamental knowledge of form and proportion.

Carroll Beckwith.



WINDOW AND COTTAGE GARDENING.

THE TUBEROSE.

THE tuberose is not a rose at all. The word means tuberous, referring to the root. Its proper name is *Polianthus tuberosa*, but it must not be confounded with the *Polyanthus*, a very different species, though in spelling there is only the difference of one letter.

The best known species of tuberose is a native of the East Indies, from whence it was brought by Father Theophilus Minuti, a Catholic missionary, about the year 1530, who grew it at Boisgencier, near Toulon. Bernard Paludanus, a distinguished physician at Rome, grew it in 1594, having obtained the roots from the priests, who had previously refused all applications for it. It was a single kind, very inferior to that of our day.

Some have supposed the variegated leaved was of modern introduction, but it is mentioned by Parkinson in his "Garden of Pleasant Flowers," published in 1629. He describes the tuberose thus quaintly: "*Hyacinthus Indicus major tuberosa radice*, the Greater Indian Knobbed Jacinth (Hyacinth), both because it is the greatest and highest, and also because the flowers hereof are in some likeness near unto a Daffodille, although his roots be tuberous, and not bulbous, as the rest are. This Indian Jacinth hath a thicke knobbed roote (yet formed into several heads, like unto bulbous rootes), with many thicke fibres at the bottom of them; from the divers heads of this roote arise divers strong and very tall stalkes, beset with divers faire, long and broad leaves joyned at the bottome close unto the stalk. where they are greatest, and smaller to the very end, and those that grow higher to the toppe being smaller and smaller. The toppes of the stalkes are garnished with many faire, large white flowers, each whereof is composed of six leaves lying spread open, as the flowers of the white Daffodille, with some short threads in the middle and of a very scent, or rather strong and headde."

In a volume entitled "The Flower Garden Displayed," published in England in 1732, the tuberose is thus described:

"This is a bulbous root brought to us from Italy every year. It brings a spike of

white flowers on the top of a stalk about three foot high, and is very sweet-scented. We raise this by planting the roots in pots of fine earth and plunging them in hot-beds in February or March, but give them no water till they sprout; then we have this flower in July, or else set the roots in a warm border under a south wall, and they will some of them flower in August, some in September, and some will even bloom in December."

The double-flowering tuberose was obtained from seed by Mons. Le Cour, of Leyden, in Holland,—date unknown,—who would not under any circumstances part with a root even after he had a surplus, but would have every tuber cut in pieces, so that he might be the only possessor in the world.

The *Pearl* originated with Mr. John Henderson, of Flushing, L. I., and has gained great popularity for its dwarf habit, and large, double, pure white flowers. It is considered the finest for forcing.

It has been generally asserted that the bulb blooms but once; but there are numerous testimonies to the contrary by those who have had them bloom the second year, and some for several years in succession. Not infrequently a strong bulb will throw up two flowering spikes. A lady relates her experience with a tuber which she planted in a box in February. It put up a stalk, but no buds. The first of April she planted it in the open ground, where it grew well all summer. She protected it during the winter by a covering of hay. In June it put forth two flower spikes; they grew nine feet, and bore fifty flowers each. A third stalk grew to a height of ten feet, and bore fifty-five flowers; a fourth spike, not quite as tall, bore fifty blossoms; a fifth, forty-seven; a sixth, thirty-eight; a seventh, thirty-six; an eighth, twenty-eight. Who ever heard the like? This was in the State of Louisiana, and all in one year. It is probable that some of the stalks were from the Calblets, connected with the parent bulb, though they must have come to maturity more rapidly than is usual. Some one writing to a magazine from one of the Hawaiian Islands in January, says: "The tuberose you sent me are never out of

bloom. Some of them have had eight flower stalks since May, and others are still coming up."

A few years ago, an amateur florist wrote me of his new method with tuberose. He says: "I have grown tuberose for the past ten years with varying success, but the main difficulty has been that so long a time has been required in rooting and starting them, that the frost finds a large proportion of them just budding, or not commenced to spindle. I have tried various places—hot-bed, hot-house, and furnace-room, and all the early spring months, and December, but that made no difference; they would not start until they got ready, and I lost many bulbs from rotting. Two years ago, a friend who had had a similar experience, surprised me by showing me, about the first of May, plants with five tops that had been planted but three weeks, and which, on the first of June had stalks a foot high, while my bulbs, which had been planted the first of February, did not commence to sprout until June, although they had been in a hot-house under favorable conditions.

"Now the reason was simply this: He had taken his bulbs and not only pulled off the small ones attached, but had dug out with a sharp knife all the small eyes, and

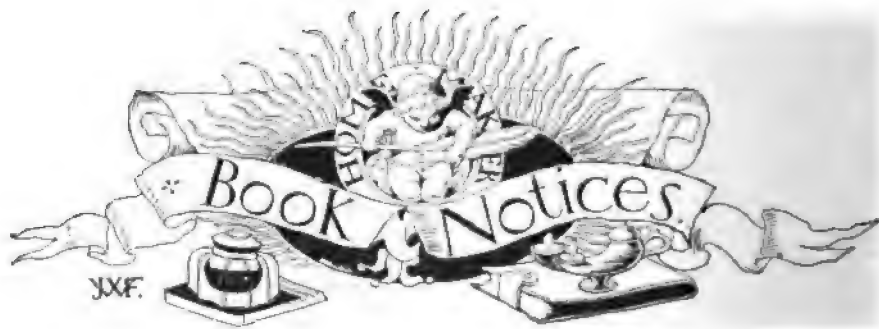
had cut off the whole of the tuberous part, leaving only the bulb proper. This I tried on one half my bulbs, with the result that they were nearly two months earlier than those planted at the same time that I did not cut. Although this seems to be rather severe treatment of the bulb, it has given such good results that I shall continue the practice."

The tuberose is classed among the luminous flowers; that is, such as have the peculiarity of emitting sparks of light in the night. The poet Moore refers to this, thus:

The Tuberose, with her silvery light,
That in the gardens of Malay
Is called the Mistress of the Night,
So like a bride, scented and bright,
She comes out when the sun's away.

Heat is very essential to the development of the tuber. In selecting, care should be had to choose sound bulbs, and those that show a bit of green at the top. They need to be started in the conservatory or house, and not planted out until all danger from cool nights is past. Give them good bottom heat, and a rich mellow and moist soil.

M. D. Wellcome.



(*The Reformed Primer and First Reader*, by Louis Heilprin. Babyhood Publishing Company, London and New York.)

This latest addition to the household library issued by the Babyhood Publishing Company is valuable and interesting.

It is an established fact that a child who is taught to read by his mother, reads and spells better throughout his after-life than he who has been put through the mill of the school primary department. To the mother who receives this truth with full recognition of its significance, the neat

volume, rightly styled by the publishers "A New Departure," will be a timely blessing. So much of the course of instruction herein prescribed is oral that she who examines it involuntarily frames a picture in her mind of Mamma, with cradle on one side and work-stand in front of her, *The Reformed Primer* open upon it, while at the other hand sits the "next above" the sleeping baby, learning to read, literally, from her lips. Up to the date of the appearance of the *Primer*, the "catching" titles of "Reading Made Easy" and "Reading

Without Tears" have been traps for hopeful mothers, and pitfalls for credulous babies. The rising race has a prospect of better things.

The common-sense of the outlined *motif* of the work is apparent and striking:

"The main feature of the 'reform' embodied in the present volume may be summed up in the formula: *In teaching a child how to read, let his first steps be made as easy as possible by presenting to him lessons made up of words whose phonetic elements correspond to the names of the component letters.* Take the words *pig, cow, hen, new, hay, mug, egg, cup, out, gun, white, this, fish*: it is obvious that the uttering of the letters in any one of these words will not in itself convey to the pupil any direct suggestion of the sound of the word. *P-i-g* makes *pee-ie-jee*; *h-e-n*, *a-chee-en*; *c-o-w*, *see-o-dub-ble-u*; *h-a-y*, *a-chay-wie*; *m-u-g*, *em-u-jee*; *c-u-p*, *see-u-pee*; *f-i-s-h*, *ef-ie-ess-aitch*, and so on."

In following the New Departure, our author goes on to say:

"The child is not compelled at the very outset to encounter that stumbling-block, the discrepancy between the name of a letter and the sound which it represents, as *h, w, g* hard, *c* hard, and the combinations *sh, wh, th*, etc. He is led through Part I. in easy familiarity with short words the pronunciation of which is suggested almost at sight, by the mere pronunciation of the letters, barring a few unavoidable exceptions.

"The child having thus made a good start in a natural and easy way, he enters upon Part II. in which the less simple phonetic elements are successfully introduced, one at a time in a methodical manner.

"No pains have been spared in the elaboration of both parts with respect to the *quality* of the reading lessons, the sentences being so constructed as to interest the child in subjects familiar to him by the use only of common words; and avoiding entirely the unusual words so often inserted in primers for the sake of completing lists of 'words of three letters,' 'words of four letters,' etc., regardless of the pupil's probable comprehension."

The old sneering couplet—

"I have a mind to find
Why w-i-n-d should be *wind*."

is offered as a comment upon this bit of clear, pertinent English. We need not re-

call the intricate absurdities of *bough, trough, though, rough, borough*, and *through*, to enforce the lesson school-book-makers have been so long learning. Mr. Heilprin and Babyhood Publishing Company deserve a vote of thanks from nursery and "Mother's room."

(*Betty Leicester*, a story for girls, by Sarah Orne Jewett. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

The experienced reader knows by the past that a book by Miss Jewett is sure to be a treat, and this story will not break the record. The heroine does not, as in too many books, walk majestically into view after several chapters of preparatory action, but in the first paragraph of the very first page we spy sweet Betty in her every-day dress, with her every-day ways, taking breakfast with her distinguished father. She is so wholesome and winning that we gladly go with her on a quiet little journey to the small old town where she becomes the little leaven that leavens the dull, self-conscious set of young people that she finds there. Betty is neither morbid nor over-good, and her genius for home life makes her contented with the staid, old-fashioned grand-aunts, home and surroundings, while the father she adores and has always accompanied on his travels journeys north alone.

The quaint old-time methods of the New England household and the beautiful bits of scenery that break into the story are given with an artist's pen, and are worthy of Miss Jewett, whose picturesque fidelity to nature is well known to her readers.

The story is interesting to readers of any age, but especially charming and helpful to those whose years give them a fellow-feeling for Betty, who tells her aunt that "Fifteen is such a funny age, you seem to perch there between being a little girl and a young lady, and first you think you are one and then you think you are the other. I feel like a bird on a bough, or as if I were living in a railway station waiting for a train to come in before I could do anything."

The people who write with a thorough knowledge of what girls like and need can be counted on the fingers of one hand, but no one will hesitate to give Miss Jewett a place among the few. She writes as if she wished to show a girl that happiness can be found in doing daily duties with a zest which transforms them into pleasures.

(*Standish of Standish; A Story of the Pilgrims*, by Jane G. Austin. Published by Houghton, Mifflin and Co.)

The writers of historical novels have often sought their subjects far afield, preferring rather to dip into the chronicles of the Middle Ages and to lay the scenes of their tales in distant lands than to seek topics for their books nearer home. To this rule Miss Austin has once before proved herself an exception, and in this her latest book she carries us back to the very beginnings of New England history. The sturdy military commander-in-chief of the little band of Pilgrims Captain Myles Standish, is the hero, but his adventures were so closely interwoven with those of the other members of the party that it is impossible to tell of one without touching all. The names familiar to all students of early colonial history or to visitors to Pilgrim Hall or Cole's Hill Burying-ground at Plymouth, appear again and again in these pages, and their owners are invested with a very vivid personality. The courtship of the gallant little captain is a prominent incident of the story, albeit treated in somewhat different fashion from that it has hitherto received at the hands of other writers. The book is charming reading, both for lovers of history and for those who usually profess indifference to that study.

(*The People I've Smiled with*. By Marshall P. Wilder. Cassell Publishing Co.)

An amusing book to pick up at odd moments. If there is too much of the first person singular about it, perhaps it will be pardoned in consideration of the truth that self-conceit seems to be an inherent quality of small men and is especially apt to mark those who suffer from physical deformity. It may at least be said for Mr. Wilder that his comments upon people are almost invariably good-natured, and this aids one to overlook the fact that the majority of the humorous anecdotes with which his book is besprinkled belong to the class popularly known as "chestnuts."

(*Lord Healy* and other poems, by Sylvester Graham Vance. Published by S. G. Vance, Marshalltown, Iowa.)

No one who gives even a cursory glance to the contents of this volume can question why the author is the publisher. Surely no one but the writer of its pages could be persuaded to put them into type and bind-

ing. The verses are dull to the last degree, possessing no qualities of poetry except rhyme, and the reader lays the book aside with the wonder that even the fatuousness of a would-be poet could blind any man of ordinary judgment to the utter worthlessness of these alleged "poems."

(*Soule's Illustrated Catalogue of Ancient and Modern Paintings*.)

Nothing can be more educating in the average family than this delightful collection of between two and three thousand minute photographs of old and new paintings. Often one feels deplorably ignorant because unable to recall which was the Madonna of this master, or the Holy Family of that one; or who was the painter of a certain well-known group, or of a wonderful face that every one else seems familiar with, and it is humiliating to confess forgetfulness where art is concerned. But this Catalogue is in some sort a directory, and does for art—in a limited way of course—what a dictionary does for language. One woman finds her copy of it so generally interesting that now she offers it to evening callers with the result of fascinating them so completely that the call is soon repeated.—Soule Photograph Co., 338 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

THIS INTERESTS TEACHERS.

THE coming annual meeting of the National Educational Association, to be held at St. Paul, July 8 to 11, 1890, promises to be one of the most interesting events in the history of education in this country. Thousands of teachers and their friends will be present, and the most noted educators of the land will seek to promote the cause of education in the most fitting manner. The Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, which stands without a superior, will name exceedingly low rates upon this occasion, of which everybody can take advantage. This route is exceedingly popular with the traveling public, and guarantees the best accommodations. No finer cars are built than those running on this line. Its smooth track, fast time, safety, comfort, and convenience, commend it to teachers and all others. Any information concerning rates, time of trains, etc., cheerfully furnished by agents of the company, or by W. R. Busenbark, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.



SEPTEMBER.

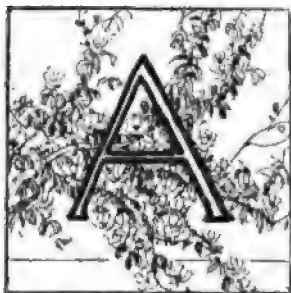
THE HOME-MAKER.

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SUSAN MARIA'S GLADNESS.



LIGHT grew in Rachel Borden's eyes the day she was formally engaged to Jeff Durfee, which, though often dimmed, did not quite die out for many years.

The first darkening, however, came speedily, for two days after the betrothal, her father had a stroke of paralysis. Timothy Borden had been a shoemaker and he was poor. Rachel had no mother.

Timothy's mind had been an excellent one. He possessed a full share of the quaint wit which is the New Englander's heritage. His sedentary pursuit had given him leisure to think. His speech and that of his daughter smacked of dialect, but his thoughts had been influenced by constant reading of Emerson as he cobbled. The kitchen had been his shop and as he read and worked, his eyes first upon the page, and then on the leather, he had discoursed to Rachel much odd philosophy and rustic poetry.

After the paralytic stroke, Rachel watched his mind slowly decay with a terror which never left her nerves quite free again from a painful sensitiveness. She worked hard to support him. She made button-holes, she braided straw, and stitched and stitched. She even broke through the traditions of feminine New England, did out-door work and sold the vegetables which she raised. Jeff used to

help her hoe and dig. In those hours she smiled freely, but as the months rolled on she was sometimes very grave. One December night Jeff aided her to put her father to bed, and then stood with her, warming his hands by the kitchen stove.

She spoke suddenly, "Father knows less 'n' less every day. But his appetite holds out. I don't see no falling off in his general health."

"That's good!" responded Jeff, cheerfully.

"Yes," she answered, absently. She took up a dress waist, sat down by a table where a small lamp burned and began to sew. At last she looked up pitifully.

"Taint no use," she said.

"What ain't?" he asked carelessly.

"Me thinkin' of gettin' married. I can't leave father, an' you can't take him. You've got all you can do to take care of your mother, an' the twin girls, and the debt on your farm."

"Now, Rachel, don't you worry."

"I ain't worryin'," she answered; "I'm lookin' straight at things, an' when I do that, I'm one to see how they really be. My life's marked out. There ain't no place in it for a husband."

He came close and spoke softly, "Mebbe not," he said, "but there's a place in it for me to keep company with you, ain't there?"

She laid her head against his shoulder and sobbed, and of course, she yielded, but not till she had made one more protest.

"Think, Jeff," she said, in her full, low voice, which was very unlike that common to the women of her race. "'Taint right for you to waste your life waitin' for me."

"Waitin' *with* you, I should say," he replied, "an' thankful to be in such good company. Besides, p'raps it won't be so long as you think for. Like enough something will turn up to settle every blessed thing for us."

* * * * *

The Decembers came and went. The sweet, tardy Springs covered the rocky land with verdure and blossom. The skies in June gave hint of the Heaven behind them. "None-so-pretty's" bloomed by the flagged path in Rachel's front yard, and faded again and again. Baltimore orioles built their nests in the elm that shaded Timothy's bedroom window, hatched their young, fled to the South, and returned many times to their Northern home. The marks of the thimble and the needle grew so deep on Rachel's fingers that they were not effaced by her household tasks and garden work. She rubbed her eyes occasionally. Sewing by lamplight had reddened them and made them smart. She could see in her looking-glass that she was not as pretty as she had been. Sometimes she wondered dully why the insensate earth stayed just as beautiful while the years went on, and a breathing, feeling woman was condemned to grow homely with the passing seasons. She took heavy colds now in the winters and lost her voice, so she had to give up singing in the choir. Her shoulders had a tendency to stoop, in consequence of her constant sewing, but she took great pains to counteract this, and forced herself to sit as straight as she could.

Jeff came to see her still, but his farm engrossed him more and more, and his visits were less frequent than at first. She did not complain. Her relation to him had now lasted so long that she had come to accept its variations in intensity silently, as a wife learns—though peradventure not without heart aches—to consider quite inevitable her husband's gradual loss of enthusiasm in respect to herself.

Jeff's twin sisters grew to womanhood and married young, but his mother continued to live with him.

One day, Susan Maria Hood, a handsome damsel of nineteen, a visitor at her uncle's, a wagon maker, whose dwelling was near Timothy Borden's, came strolling along the shaded road, chattering happily with her cousin Abigail Bucklin. They passed

Rachel's garden. A thicket of lilac bushes and Tartarean honeysuckle hid the chair where the patient seamstress sat among her lettuce beds, and sewed.

"They say," remarked Abigail, shrilly, "that Jeff Durfee's paid off the whole mortgage on his farm."

"Jeff Durfee! Oh, yes," replied Susan Maria, "I remember him last year when we danced at Deacon Schofield's, and the Deacon came in and caught us. My, didn't he look solemn!"

"Yes, an' Jeff made it up with him," giggled Abigail. "Don't you mind how easy an' perlite he spoke up?"

Susan Maria's girlish laughter bubbled out on the June air, and sweet as was the sound, Rachel's heart sank to hear it.

"Yes, indeed. He did very well. I say, he goes with Rachel Borden, don't he?"

"Lor, yes!" said Abigail, "an' has ever since the Flood."

"She can't like him much," observed Susan, with youthful dogmatism, "or she wouldn't keep him waiting so long."

"She can't help herself," explained Abigail. "She has to take care of her father. He's lost his wits, an' I guess he'll live for ever."

"Well," retorted Susan Maria in musical but emphatic tones, "I'd find a way to marry if I was her. It's a shame to let a man hang on in that betwixt and between way. I guess I'll take him off her hands. Don't you suppose I could get him if I tried hard?"

It was only childish nonsense, but it cleft the listening woman's heart like a sword. The girls moved on, and their young laughter died in the distance. Rachel sat as still and stiff as if she, like her father, had been paralyzed, but many thoughts crowded upon her brain. Why had not Jeff told her he had paid up the mortgage? She had always supposed that when that debt was cancelled, one of the barriers to their marriage would be removed. Could Susan Maria get him away from her? When had happened that dance at Deacon Schofield's? And what painful picture was this in her mind of Jeff standing by Susan Maria's side, perhaps holding her hand, and speaking up "easy and polite" to the offended old man.

Rachel dragged herself at last into the house and went to her father's door. Timothy seldom left his bed. He lay now very quietly, stretched at full length. His

long, white beard was blown a little by the breeze that came in the open window. Night was coming on, and a robin chirped outside with piquant shrillness. Everything about Timothy's person was scrupulously tidy. An inarticulate murmur crossed his lips. Rachel came to the bedside and looked down at him. He was always conscious of her presence, and he smiled; but for an instant there was a sort of cold questioning in her glance, as if she were measuring the worth of her duty and the depth of his need against the value of her blighted youth. That look lasted but a moment. Her heart swelled with tenderness. She stooped and kissed his forehead. She remembered Abigail's words, and fell on her knees and hid her dimmed eyes in the bedclothes.

"Dear father," she whispered, "I hope you will live a long, long time."

She did not feel that she could ever spare the familiar sight of her father's face. It seemed as if everything else might suddenly assume a new and alien aspect. Already, the thought of Jeff dancing with Susan Maria suggested vague possibilities of alteration in the image of him which she had always had in her mind.

That evening, Timothy Borden's youngest sister, Sarah Brown, a widow from the West, arrived quite unexpectedly, at the little brown cottage.

"Land alive," she cried. "Didn't you git my letter? It must ha' been lost in the post office. It's high time we had a change in the government, I think."

For many reasons, Rachel was glad to have her aunt live with them. They sewed together, and every week the widow paid a small sum into the household treasury. But accustomed as she was to practical solitude, Rachel sometimes found it hard to have a person in the house who had a mind and consequently could take cognizance of the pallor or the flush upon her cheeks, who noticed whether her step drooped or was animated by nervous vigor.

"Jeff Durfee's waitin' on you, ain't he?" asked the aunt one day.

"Yes," answered Rachel. And that was all that passed between the kinswomen on that subject, though the younger one often quivered with dread lest her aunt should say more, or should openly express her wonder why Jeff never paid any visits there, except the Sunday evening ones which no lover could in decency avoid making.

In August, Timothy Borden suddenly died. The funeral services were simple and pathetic. There had been a little money kept in the bank to meet the expenses of death and burial whenever they should come. A few dollars were left when all that was needful had been done.

"You'd better get yourself some things with this money," said Aunt Sarah. Rachel knew she meant things to fit herself to be married and blushed quite happily. Death always breaks down barriers between human beings. Many little errands brought Jeff to the house in these days. At the funeral he sat by her side. The minister prayed for the daughter of the deceased and then for the "friend" who must grieve with her.

It was almost like performing the marriage ceremony, Rachel felt, for the minister to make this reference to her relation to Jeff.

After the burial, Jeff came back to the house, but soon went away with his mother, who had stayed there to put things in order while the other friends went to the grave. As he rose to go, Rachel started with a nervous impulse to follow him to the door, then checked herself and sat still. He shook hands with her gravely, where she sat by the kitchen window, surrounded by cousins. She gave him an appealing look.

"I'm real sorry for you," he stammered, and his mother kissed her goodbye.

"He's never tried once to see me alone since father died," thought Rachel, and the thought followed her all night.

Still, as the days wore on, she grew serene and hopeful. His manner was more affectionate than it had been, she saw him oftener and began to feel again that his life and hers were intimately associated.

There came a Sunday evening when Jeff was very sober.

"Did you ever wonder," he asked Rachel, "what God wanted to make folks for anyway? We're born,—we scramble along, gettin' things to eat an' drink an' wear,—an' then comes a full stop. The whole thing ain't a process that's always gratifyin' to us, an' I don't see how it can be any particular pleasure to Him that He should ha' took such pains to set it a-goin'."

"There's a good deal in life besides eatin' an' wearin' clothes," said Rachel.

"Mebbe there is," he answered. Her heart beat. Surely, she thought, he would go on now to tell her how pleasant life would be if she would keep her old promise

to marry him. She had quite made up her mind not to trouble him, when he spoke, by the utterance of any maidenly scruples. She would tell him, simply and honestly, that she was ready. She listened for his next words with lips apart. Her consent trembled in her breath.

"I guess," he said at last, dejectedly, "I better be goin' now; I feel kinder tired."

He picked up his hat, leaned over and kissed her as usual, but indifferently. He might as well have struck her.

An hour after he had gone she rose to her feet, straightened her arms till their muscles were tense, and said in a low tone,

"He thinks it's too soon after father's death to be a talkin' about gettin' married."

The next morning she took the money left from her father's funeral. She would not spend it in Northfield village, where all the men in the stores knew her, but walked to the next town and bought materials in a strange shop. For days afterwards she kept in her room, away from her aunt's eyes, and sewed. She sat up nights to stitch. Sometimes she sang. Aunt Sarah asked no questions.

Rachel knew what she was doing; she was indulging her last delusions. She was pretending to herself that she was sure Jeff would ask her on the next Sunday evening to set the day for their wedding.

She laid the garments one by one as she finished them in a drawer. Sunday morning she took them out and spread them on her bed. She folded them prettily. She patted them and put them back in the bureau. Her fingers trembled.

"That's as near," she said, "as I guess I'll ever get towards havin' a weddin'."

In the afternoon, she opened the drawer and looked in, but she did not touch the garments. She felt afraid, as if they had been dead things. Nevertheless, she brushed her hair in the early twilight and decked herself for Jeff's eyes with the same confident assurance,—that whether he asked her to marry him or not, he would come to see her,—with which she had waited for him every Sunday night for ten years.

How the dogs on some distant farm barked that evening! The sound came low and melancholy through the closed windows. The fire burned out in the stove and it grew cold in the room. The widow dared not look at Rachel, who sat in the darkest corner of the kitchen. Wagons drove by and the beat of hoofs could be

heard on the road, but no step rang on the stones in the path from the gate.

At nine o'clock, Aunt Sarah went into her room to go to bed. She left the door open so that she could undress by the kitchen light, and when she was safely out of sight of her niece, moved by an intolerable pity, she said,

"I shouldn't wonder ef Jeff Durfee was sick to-night. He looked dreffle peaked in meetin' this mornin'."

Rachel did not answer.

The next afternoon, Rachel wandered into the country. She did not confess to herself that she had any purpose; but finally she climbed a hill whose downward slope towards home stretched across a part of Jeff's farm. Down the long pastures she came. The grass was sere beneath her feet, but some young steers roamed about the fields and two colts scampered at her approach. She remembered, as she walked, that the ground she trod was unmortgaged. Huckleberry bushes grew among the rocks. Their leaves blazed scarlet now. Red-briers trailed among them. Above, the sky was covered with broken clouds. A great rift permitted a wonderful stream of light to pour down into the deep hollow of the valley, where a river flowed. As Rachel stood still a moment to look, she felt herself removed by a great distance from earth. The sorrow in her soul exalted her; but all along that winding river, under that stream of light, she knew that men and women toiled and sold themselves for little gains.

Near the foot of the hill there was a pile of fine gray boulders, and chestnut trees grew among them. Beyond, spread an old orchard and at the end thereof stood Jeff's house.

Rachel, walking down the hill, became aware of merry voices, and saw at last that Jeff had climbed one of the chestnut trees and was shaking down the nuts to Susan Maria and Abigail, who ran about the foot of the rocks, picking up the brown spoils.

Rachel sat down behind a stone on the hill-side. She did not mean to be a spy, but she did not feel able to do anything just then but sit on the ground and look.

Pretty soon Jeff came down from the tree. A mirthful frolic ensued between him and the girls. Abigail snatched his hat and put it on Susan Maria's curly head. He kissed Susan and she slapped him, then all three stood still and looked abashed.

Rachel rose at that moment, and came steadily down towards the little group.

"It's a fine afternoon," she said quietly, and passed them.

Susan Maria grew even redder than before. Abigail giggled.

"I guess you'll catch it," she said to Jeff, and was startled to hear him swear in a low tone.

Susan Maria picked up the basket of nuts. "Come, Abigail," she said, "let's go see if we can't help Mis' Durfee get supper."

The girls had come to take tea with Jeff's mother and they walked off towards the house.

Jeff stayed a little while among the rocks, then climbed the hill to look after his cattle,

Three evenings after this, Jeff's step was heard at Rachel's door. Aunt Sarah fled precipitately to her room, shut the door, and then had to go to bed to escape the darkness and the cold.

Jeff knocked instead of opening the door according to his habit. Rachel let him in, holding a lamp high in one hand.

When they stood together in the kitchen, she set down the lamp and pushed a chair towards him. He paid no attention to the proffered seat and held his hat in his hand.

"I've come, Rachel," he said abruptly, "to ask when you can be ready to marry me."

"What do you want to know for?" she retorted. "Didn't I see you a kissin' Susan Maria the other day?"

"That was just nonsense," he answered sturdily. There was a sort of dogged manliness in his manner.

"Don't you like her?" persisted the woman.

He flushed a deep dull red.

"That's neither here nor there," he said, "I'm askin' you to marry me; I think it's time we was married."

She fired at this, "I don't agree with you," she said quickly.

"You don't?" The tension of his mood snapped into anger.

"Don't you like Susan Maria better'n you do me?" In her heart of hearts, she had not yet believed he did. She expected a denial. But suddenly, he dropped into a chair, leaned his head on his hands and groaned.

"You—do—like—her." The words fell slowly from her lips.

She walked up and down the room some

moments, then came to his side. He groaned again.

"I guess," she said, "you'd better go now."

He stood up and stared at her. She passed her hand across her eyes. For months, she had been shrinking and trembling with the presage of storm; but now that the crisis had come, the indomitable fibre of her New England character was braced for the trial.

"You'd better go now," she repeated, "You said a long time ago, that mebbe something would happen to settle every blessed thing between us. I guess it's happened."

For a brief time Jeff gave himself up to aimless misery over the ignoble attitude into which he had fallen. He blamed himself, and yet it seemed to him it was destiny rather than his own will which had played him false. After awhile his nerves began to tingle at the thought that his future was now his own. Yet trouble came with this sense of freedom and power. His nature had rooted itself in the soil of a long continued relation to Rachel, and he found he could not disassociate all plans and hopes from her image without shocks of pain. He wanted her sympathy in his bewilderment of mind and even in those of his fancies which were most antagonistic to the tie that had held them together.

He felt strongly the desire to be decorous in all he did, and even though certain ideas presented themselves to him with increasing charm, he determined to proceed very moderately to make any new arrangements for himself.

These discreet resolves were suddenly upset. One November afternoon, he caught a glimpse of Susan Maria rambling in an oak grove which crowned a low hill outside the village. A few dark red leaves clung to the great bare branches above her head. A blue and brilliant sky curved over the earth, which was apparelled in the soft yellow and brown hues of autumn. The ground beneath the young girl's feet was thickly strewn with fallen leaves. She kicked them merrily about as she moved on, and laughed to hear the rustle. A sunset horizon glowed behind her young figure. Two lads who were with her echoed her laughter.

That evening, Jeff's mother told him

that Susan Maria was going in two days to her home in New York State.

The following afternoon, Jeff pulled the door bell at the wagon-maker's. Susan Maria opened the door, her white teeth gleaming between the red curve of her lips. She took him into the sitting-room. Her scarlet shawl was thrown over a chair, a fiddle lay on the sofa, some geraniums bloomed on the window-sill. The girl stood before the man and palpitated a little. She seemed very different from the other women he knew. Her abounding vitality answered some need in his nature, which had no where else found satisfaction. In reality, she had no more quickness of mind or force of passion than many of the silent, stiffly-mannered women to whom he was accustomed, but her impulses were all in favor of expression, and their instincts all tended towards the repression of thought and feeling.

He came straight to the point, "I wish you wasn't going home." She laughed, and leaned against the window-frame, the glowing geranium blossoms near her face.

"Well, I declare," she said, "I should like to know why? Don't you suppose my folks want to see me? They like me at home, though maybe you won't believe it."

What eyes she lifted! But as he came a step nearer, she shrank.

"There's folks here that like you."

"Is that so? I'm much obliged to them, I'm sure."

"I like you," he said, "I want you to come back an' be my wife. I s'pose you know Rachel has broke her engagement with me."

She held up her two hands and kept him back from her.

"Now, Jeff Durfee," she cried, "I think you'll be meaner than anybody I ever saw, if you let people think I had anything to do with your engagement's being broken off."

"They won't think that," he protested, "but if they did, it wouldn't alter facts, an' I love you, an' want you to love me."

"Love you!" her voice shook, "I don't think I ever set eyes on a man I disliked the way I dislike you this minute."

* * * *

Winter passed; Spring came, and with it came civil war. Jeff enlisted, and amid the tumult of strife, the fever in his blood grew gradually quiet. All the stifled long-

ings of his youth for fuller and wider experience were gratified, and calmness settled on his spirit.

He came back when the armies were finally disbanded, and looked upon his home and his former friends with other eyes than those with which he had regarded them before he had known anything different. He had standards of comparison now. Things grouped themselves far otherwise than they had once in his mental vision. Every day he found himself altering his old conceptions of persons, places, duties, and relations. He felt like a visitor from another world. He saw his life now, not merely in detail, but in the perspective which connected it with larger elements. The man's early breeding kept him tongue-tied. He could not tell his thoughts, but his whole mind was nevertheless illumined with new light and dowered with new powers.

The Northfield people admired Jeff at this time. His record had been a good one.

He met Susan Maria once or twice. She was again visiting Abigail. She had married soon after she had rejected him, and her husband had been killed at the first battle of Bull Run. Already her girlish sorrow had grown old. She had the same air which had characterized her formerly, the air of a creature who might at any moment burst into eager speech or action. She was more beautiful than ever, but Jeff looked at her with quiet pulses.

As he was leaving church the first Sunday after his return home, his aged mother tottering and swelling with pride beside him, he met Rachel face to face. She dropped her eyes and passed on with an inaudible greeting to the old lady. He turned and watched the slender figure cross the entry and disappear up the stairs that led to the gallery.

She had changed a little in appearance. Some ease of circumstance had come to her, and her face and clothes were unmarked by privation. She looked older, and a suggestion of prim, pure spinsterhood breathed about her person, but her eyes and mouth were soft and sweet. She had sewed for the soldiers during the war, and had served a few months in a hospital. She had read a good deal and so, in some ways, her nature had broadened even while in others it narrowed, under the influence of her acceptance of perpetual maidenhood.

as her lot. A wistful pathos often dominated the expression of her countenance.

All this, Jeff saw as Sunday after Sunday he watched her at meeting. She sang in the choir now, and thus he saw her face often, or he met her at evening services, but he never spoke directly to her, and sometimes did not hear her voice for weeks at a time, except as he distinguished it in the singing.

Slowly he began to feel that nothing had broken the tie that held him bound to her. It was not so much an eager love or an active desire that moved him, as a subtle sense that he belonged to her and with her.

One evening, when the moonlight was beautiful enough to make even a middle-aged heart feel akin to divine things, Jeff walked boldly to Rachel's door and knocked. The little cottage had a sitting-room now, and into its unfamiliar precincts the caller was ushered by the astonished Aunt Sarah. She summoned her niece with a nervous voice.

"Rachel, here's Captain Durfee."

The visit was an uncomfortable season for all three. Aunt Sarah wondered if she ought not to leave the pair together, but decided it would not do to act as if she supposed Jeff had come in the character of a lover. Rachel's feelings were divided between a wish that her aunt were not there to watch her embarrassment, and a contradictory sensation of profound thankfulness that she did not have to meet Jeff alone. He fancied he would have felt easier if he could have gone as of old into the kitchen.

"I s'pose," he thought, uneasily, "they're expectin' me to deliver some message or other from mother, as a reason for comin'."

But he gave no message, proffered no excuse, only doggedly sat for a decent period, talked resolutely, and then took his leave. He squared his shoulders and felt like a man who could do brave things, as he walked home, the road shimmering and gleaming white before him as if it were a pathway into some better country even than the rocky fields of the dear New England for which he had fought.

A sudden rain flooded the valley a few days later. The little group of houses, among which were Rachel's and the wagon-maker's, were separated from Northfield village by a long lane, where stood a weather-beaten Quaker meeting house.

At the side of this edifice were some antiquated sheds, and in one of these Rachel Borden and Jeff Durfee were that afternoon forced to take refuge.

He had seen her start for home from the village, when the tempest was approaching, and had followed her at a leisurely pace, until the fury of the rain caused him to hurry, and they had entered the shed side by side.

Rachel stood in the corner and gazed out into the storm, when Jeff broke a silence which had lasted between them for some minutes.

"Rachel," he said, "There's plenty of men have made fools of themselves, when the opportunity offered, an' made it sorter easy for 'em to slip into folly. I've done rather more 'n that. I've gone round out o' my way, lookin' for a chance to make a fool o' myself. An' I always found it! P'raps that's what I'm doin' now, but anyway, I'm goin' to do it. It's just this, I'm goin' to tell you, that when I see you come into meetin', I feel as if I ought to be walkin' in with you. I've come home from the war,—but no place is goin' to seem like home to me, unless I can hope to see you in it some day."

She gazed at him with dilated eyes.

"Do you think you could ever let by-gones be by-gones,—that is, some of 'em. There's been by-gones between us I'd like you to remember."

"Oh Jeff, oh Jeff!" she moaned.

"Yes," he said softly, "I know that the most forgivin' woman that ever lived would have her abilities in that line strained in taking me if she was in your place, but I wish you'd see if you can't strain 'em, Rachel."

Before she could answer, there was a wild rush round the corner of the shed, and Susan Maria came panting through the wide entrance. Rachel gave a little cry. Susan dropped her wet petticoats and looked around.

"My!" she said, as if they three had been gossiping comrades all these years. "Don't it pour! Just look at my dress!" She swung herself ruefully about, "I'm glad to get under shelter, but I didn't expect to find you two here, together."

She meant nothing, but Rachel with blazing eyes held up her head.

"No," she said, "I shouldn't suppose you would expect to find me in Jeff Durfee's company. I'll leave him now to yours."



"I'VE COME TO SAY SOMETHING TO YOU."

She walked right out into the storm.

"My!" cried Susan Maria again. Jeff ground his teeth. The young widow turned towards him.

"What's the matter with her?"

"How should I know?" he muttered angrily, "But I wish—"

She darted at the man.

"Jeff Durfee," she exclaimed, "tell me, what's the matter? Did I—did I come at the wrong time?"

He nodded perforce. She made a gesture of dismay, as both stared at Rachel's figure walking steadily homeward through the falling drops.

"Go after her, Jeff," cried Susan, "then she won't think you prefer my company."

Some divine instinct told him as she spoke that the hour would not fail him, if he obeyed her. He ran splashing along the road. Susan watched him, but before he reached Rachel a turn in the way hid them both from her sight. She felt anxious, for though she had urged him on this errand, she boded ill for him when he should overtake that pale-faced woman.

A few mornings afterwards, Susan Maria was on her knees in her uncle's sitting-room. She had taken some clothes out of a drawer in the big secretary, and had stuffed them back hastily and untidily. Looking at the disordered mass, she became dissatisfied and began rather impatiently to re-arrange the articles.

"If there's anything I hate," she remarked to herself, "It's slovenly ways,

and if there's anything I'm prone to, it's those particular ways."

Just then Rachel Borden came into the room. Susan sprang to her feet.

"I've come," said Rachel, working her gloved fingers nervously, "to say something to you."

"Well, that's nice," said Susan, though her heart quaked within her, "Sit down, do!"

But Rachel preferred to stand, "It's this," she went on. "I've thought hard things of you for some time. I guess you know what about. I've come to say, I've changed my mind, I don't think you was to blame,—leastways," she added with conscientious qualification, "Not more 'n most any pretty young girl that liked fun—an' liked bein' liked could ha' helped bein' to blame."

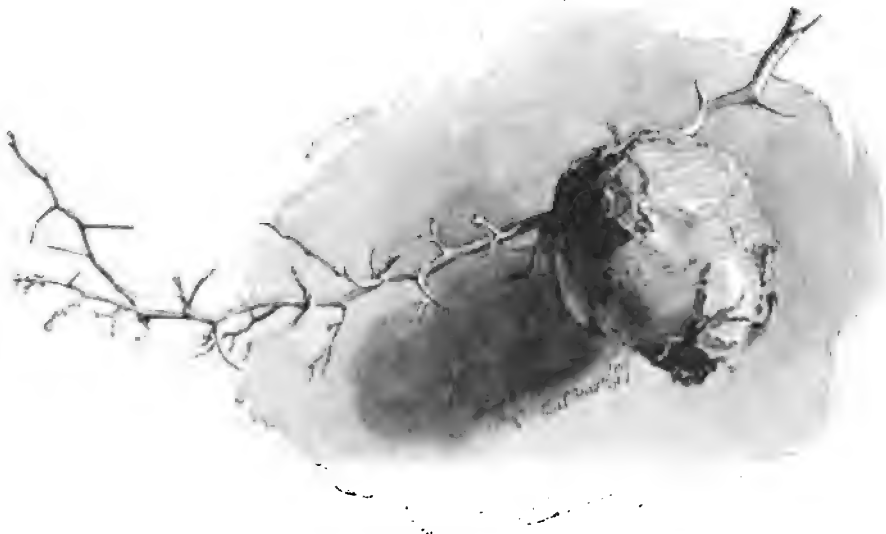
Susan Maria's eyes filled, "I don't know," she said humbly, "but I'm glad you think so."

The two women looked silently at each other for a moment, and as both had generous souls, each held the other's apology to be sufficient.

"An' there's another thing," continued Rachel flushing now, "I wanted to tell you myself." She hesitated. "We've decided that—well, it won't be strange if you see us together a good deal."

"You an' Jeff!" cried Susan Maria, seizing Rachel's hands. "Well now, that's real sensible of you. And I'm awful glad!"

Lillie B. Chace Wyman.





TWO IN A CANOE.

Golden shone the moon above,
Mellow harvest moon of love;
And its lucent twin below
In the waters seemed to glow.
On the west horizon lay
Dying embers of the day.
Etched in lines of purple black
On the shores, the tamarack
Loomed against the sky's deep blue;
Two—in a canoe!

Music soft the paddle made
To the tune the crickets played
In the cypresses, dense and deep,
Where the day-birds dreamed in sleep.
Not a ripple, save the wake
Of our boat along the lake;
In the night-wind stealing by
Just the echo of a sigh;
Lily-pads and rushes through—
Two—in a canoe!

Her sweet eyes were stars to guide
O'er the placid, pathless tide.
Leading down the ways thereof
To the harbor Safe-in-Love.
O the rest, the joyance there
In the radiant moonlight air!
O the rapture, the intense
Upward lifting of the sense!
Ah, that all our dreams were true!
Two—in a canoe!

Clinton Scollard.

DEFECTIVE HOUSE-DRAINAGE AND PLUMBING.



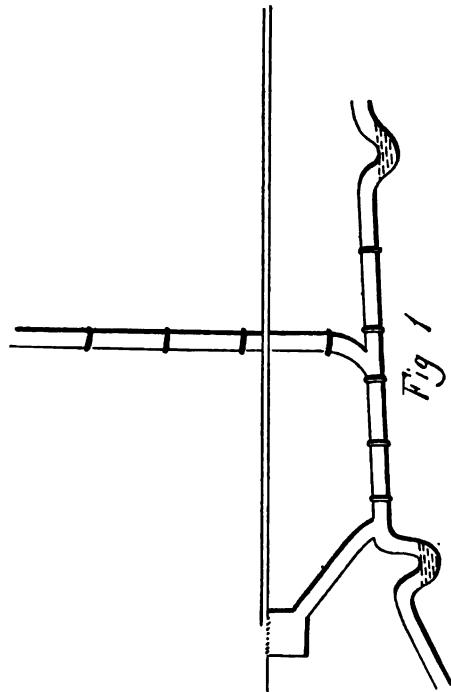
It may be stated, as a well-established fact, that to defective housesanitation is due a large proportion of preventable ills which afflict the human family, and

without attempting any careful enumeration, it must suffice to say that whenever typhoid fever is present, or diphtheria, when there is a tendency to diarrhœa or continuous headache with slight fever and general lassitude, a careful inspection of the plumbing should be made with a view to detect any defect through which sewer air may find its way into the house.

The first thing to notice in regard to the plumbing of a house it is designed to purchase or hire for occupancy, is the construction and location of the house-drain. This should be of iron, its joints made secure with molten lead, and its outer surface well painted to protect it from the action of the atmosphere. It should be fastened to the surface of the cellar-wall, extending, with a descent sufficient to insure a rapid flow of the contents which pass through it, to the front wall, where it passes underground to the street sewer. To prevent the passage of foul air from the public sewer into and through the house-drain, a trap is placed near the front wall; and to secure the admission of fresh air to the house-drain and through the waste-pipes, an extra pipe extending from the house side of the trap to some point outside of the house is generally recommended (Fig. 1). This pipe, or fresh-air inlet, as it is called, should open at a distance of at least ten feet from any door or window, that the house may not be exposed to foul air driven out of the house-drain by the discharge of a large amount of water, as may occur during a sudden shower. For country houses, where the drainage is discharged into cesspools, this fresh air pipe may extend to any convenient distance and terminate in an upright pipe at some point where it will not be in the way.

The trap mentioned above is the only one that should be placed on this line of pipe, that there may be no obstruction to a free circulation of air through the house-drain and perpendicular main waste-pipe, to the open air above the roof. At the rear end of the house-drain, however, where it is joined by the rain-water leader, there should be a trap to prevent foul air from the house-drain passing into the leader, and escaping by the loose joints of the latter in near proximity to open windows.

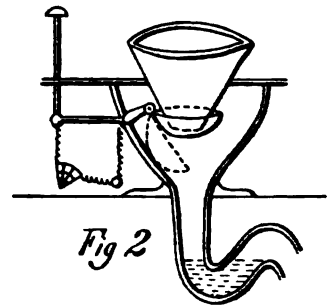
Connected to the house-drain, at some point between the front and rear walls of the building, is the perpendicular pipe known as the main waste-pipe, if it receives only the discharges from sinks, wash-basins and bath-tubs; and soil-pipe, if, in addition to these, it receives discharges from water-closets. This pipe should extend through and above the roof, to a height of two or three feet, and be left open in its full calibre, that the circulation may be unobstructed through the entire length of pipe. Even the return bend, which has been so much in use, is



an obstruction rather than an aid to ventilation, particularly during cold weather; when the moist air passing up through the pipe strikes against the cold inner surface of the bend, the moisture is condensed, and ice is formed, which gradually accumulates until the outlet is entirely obstructed. The far better practice is to leave the outlet with no bend or cap; but, should it be thought necessary, a wire netting may be attached to prevent the pipe from becoming obstructed with any foreign material passed into it by evil-disposed persons or mischievous children. This perpendicular pipe should, like the house-drain, be of iron, four inches in diameter if receiving the discharge from water-closets, and the joints should be secured with the same care as directed for the house-drain. Lead instead of iron has been used for this purpose; but the objection to this metal is that its weight will sometimes overcome its strength and cause it to bend and eventually to crack, to say nothing of its feeble resistance to violence or the depredations sometimes made by the thirsty rat in search of water. The pipe should be so located that it may readily be exposed to view when necessary for examining the condition of the joints.

The plumbing fixtures should not be multiplied beyond the actual needs of the family, and should be as simple and uncomplicated as may be consistent with health and safety. It should be an invariable rule to place them as near the main pipe as possible, that the length of horizontal waste-pipes may be reduced to the minimum. Between each fixture and the main pipe there should be a trap to prevent foul air from the waste-pipe escaping into the room through the fixture. These are general directions; and coming now to particulars, we will first briefly consider the water-closet of which we have a variety of patterns, the most simple one being the hopper, which may be good or bad according to the material of which it is made and the manner in which it is flushed. The iron hopper, from the first, is not easily cleansed, and when at length it becomes corroded, the cleansing is more difficult as the flushing is less effective. If, however, the hopper be of porcelain, connected to a well-ventilated soil-pipe, and provided with a flushing rim, that the entire inner surface may be uniformly flushed, it may, with proper care, be kept in a cleanly condition.

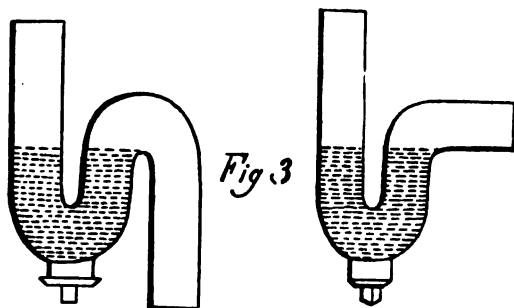
The closet which in years past has been used more than any other and is still used, though gradually yielding to the claims of more recent and improved patterns, is the pan-closet (Fig. 2). It is more complicated than most of the other closets in use, consisting of a bowl, underneath which is a pan so adjusted that when at rest and filled with water, the lower portion of the bowl, which is open, is submerged. Both of these are supported by a container into which the pan discharges, and which is connected through a trap to the soil-pipe. A serious objection to the pan-closet is, that the inner surface of the container is apt to become corroded and soiled and noxious gases are developed within, a portion of which escape into the apartment whenever the pan is emptied. Again, should the pan not be supplied with a sufficient amount of water to form a seal between the container and the room, foul



exhalations will continue to escape from the container, causing offensive odors. The pan should not only be emptied but the water should be allowed to flow for a few moments before being shut off, that the container and trap may be well flushed and the pan filled, so that the water will reach well above the lower portion of the bowl, the water seal be at all times preserved. If the entire household is properly instructed in this one thing, there will be much done towards preventing the escape of foul emanations from the closet.

A failure of water supply to the tank from which the closet is flushed will sometimes happen. This may be from the general reduction of supply diminishing the pressure, or it may be due to the automatic faucet in the supply-pipe ceasing to work. In such cases, before sending for the plumber, or complaining to the Board of Health, it would be well for the house-keeper, with the aid of a step-ladder, to examine the supply-pipe, and see if the

floating ball which governs the faucet falls as the water in the tank is reduced (Fig. 7). Should the ball remain stationary, it may be pressed down with the hand when the faucet is opened and the water will begin to flow if the pressure is sufficient. As the tank fills the ball is raised by the water, closing the faucet. The failure of the ball to act is generally due to a little rust in the joint, which the weight of the ball is not sufficient to overcome, but which is readily corrected by working the lever up and down a few times, adding a drop or two of oil to the joint. Water-closets are not likely to become obstructed if properly used and adequately flushed. When obstructed, it will almost invariably be due to some improper substance that cannot pass the trap. If Bridget loses her scrub-

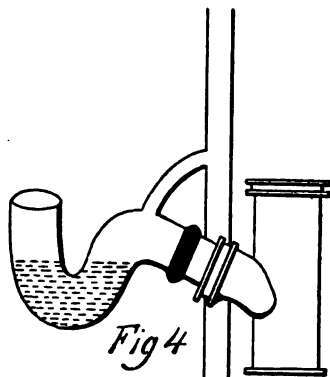


bing-brush or house-cloth in this way, the sooner it is known, and the article recovered, the better. The housewife cannot be too careful in this matter, and should insist that nothing shall enter the bowl of the closet that is not readily disintegrated by the action of water. I have not devoted so much space to the pan-closet because I prefer it to others, but because of its extensive use, its complications and defects. For cleanliness and convenience I think that almost any of the modern closets are preferable.

Traps are sometimes unsealed by evaporation, occasioned by the fixture remaining unused for a considerable time. This is likely to occur when people leave their town-houses to spend a season in the country, the traps in a few weeks becoming unsealed, and giving sewer air, with its army of micro-organisms, free access to every part of the house, thus infecting the house with the germs of any disease that may be prevailing in houses drained by the same system of sewers. To prevent this, some arrangement should be made to have each fixture in the house flushed at least

once a week. A little oil poured into the trap will also have a tendency to prevent evaporation.

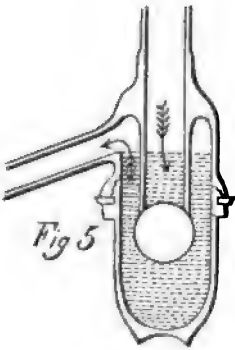
The trap is an important adjunct to the water-closet, and to be efficient, it should be thoroughly flushed every time the closet is used, that there may be nothing but clear water remaining in it as well as in the pan. Too much attention cannot be given to the space underneath the closet in regard to cleanliness, and the floor may be protected by a lead safe from being soiled or wet by any accidental leakage. One very essential quality of the trap is that it should be self-cleansing, and hence it should have no angles where filth is liable to collect. The S-trap (Fig. 3), from its regularly curved inner surface, meets this indication better than most other forms, as every part is equally exposed to the flushing force. The same may be said of the half S and the ordinary running-trap (Fig. 8). Traps beneath basins are sometimes emptied by siphoning, which is caused by the discharge of a large quantity of water from any fixture which, in passing down the perpendicular pipe, exhausts the air from the branch pipes in which the traps are located, when, to use a common expression, the water is sucked out of the traps. Where the main pipe is extended through the roof and left open, this siphoning is not likely to occur, except with traps which are below the point of discharge. In this condition, the force of the water, as it passes the connecting



point of the branch pipe may draw the air from the latter, when the water from the trap will follow. This is liable to happen when the main pipe is made to receive the rain-water from the roof of the building, a heavy shower so flushing the pipe as to empty every trap along its line; and, as

these heavy showers frequently occur at night, if the traps are emptied there is no longer any barrier to the entrance of air from the house-drain through every fixture into the house; and this air the occupants must breathe until morning, or until the fixtures are again in use and the traps are refilled.

In order to test the siphoning of a trap, it will be necessary for some one to discharge a quantity of water from an adjoining fixture, or from one on the floor above the trap under observation. The more fixtures there are discharged at the same moment the more severe will be the test. During the discharge the observer should listen for a gurgling noise, which would indicate that the water in the trap is at least being agitated and probably being forced out. If at this moment a lighted



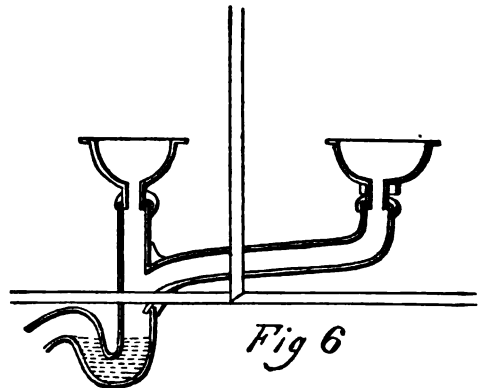
match is held over the outlet of the basin, and the flame appears to be drawn downward, it would further indicate that the trap is being siphoned; and still further evidence may be obtained by gently tapping the trap with a small tack-hammer, or any metallic substance, when the sound will indicate the depth of water remaining in the trap.

Where it is found that traps are liable to be siphoned, this tendency may be overcome by connecting the branch pipe at some point between the trap and the main pipe, with a special ventilating pipe extending through the roof (Fig. 4). When this is done with a pipe of sufficient calibre, air will be supplied to the branch pipe as rapidly as it is removed by the descending current, and the water in the trap will remain undisturbed. Where, by reason of original construction, the ventilating pipe cannot well be introduced, a non-siphoning trap may be placed under the basin instead of the S-trap. A convenient form for this purpose, and one that is not easily siphoned, is the Bower trap (Fig. 5). This consists of two parts, the lower part or cup being screwed to the stationary part may be removed when necessary, for the purpose of cleansing. The inlet pipe is closed with an air ball, except when

there is a discharge from the basin, which adds security to the seal, and makes it more difficult to siphon the trap.

As this trap is not self-cleansing to the same degree as the S-trap, the cup should be removed occasionally for that purpose, when attention should be given to the condition of the inlet pipe, and all adherent matter removed. A frequent use of a strong solution of the sulphate of iron (copperas) will do much towards preventing the development of microbes in the slimy matter which adheres to the inlet pipe, and sterilizing any organic matter which may collect there. To this end a solution of eight ounces in a gallon of water may be prepared, and a pint poured into the basin occasionally, having first allowed fresh water to run for a few moments, that the soiled water and soap may be washed out of the trap. This last should be done whenever the basin is used. The best time to use the solution is at night, that it may remain in the trap until morning. A solution of bromine is also effective, but this should be always prepared by some one who is accustomed to handling it who should give plain directions for using it. Kitchen traps and waste-pipes frequently accumulate grease which, if not removed, will eventually cause complete obstruction. This may be prevented by the frequent use of a strong solution of washing soda or potash which, being thrown into the sink, will cleanse the trap and waste-pipe of adherent grease.

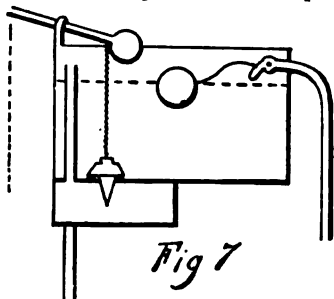
Limited space will not admit of a description of the various traps now in the



market, for their name is legion; and it must therefore suffice to say that the essential qualities of a trap are that it should be self-cleansing and should pre-

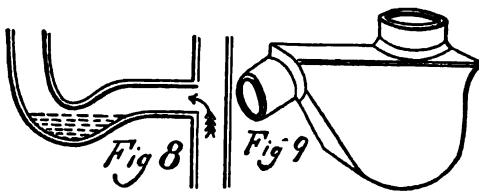
serve its seal. Those already mentioned are sufficient to illustrate these points. Whatever trap is used, it should be placed as near the basin as possible, that the room may not be exposed to exhalations from the foul inner surface of the waste-pipe. For the same reason each basin should have its separate trap. The practice of connecting a basin to the waste-pipe of an adjoining room (Fig. 6) exposes both rooms to air circulating from one to the other through the foul waste-pipe and should always be avoided. Refrigerators should not be made to discharge into waste-pipes; for although they may be provided with traps, if during any part of the year ice is not used, the traps become dry and the refrigerator as well as the house will be exposed.

Defects in plumbing may consist of imperfect joints through which foul air may escape or, by long usage, pipes may become corroded until perforations occur, or heavy lead pipes may bend and even crack under their own weight, as already stated. Traps, also, by corrosion may leak, or, having become obstructed, there may be an overflow of the fixture. An old test for a defective joint is a piece of white blotting paper saturated with a solution of sugar of lead. This, having been dried, may be placed around the suspected joint when, if a defect exists, the paper will after a while gradually assume a brownish color, due to the action upon lead of sulphuretted



hydrogen, one of the gases of decomposition and always present in sewer air. A more recent test, and one which acts more promptly, is known as the peppermint test, and is made by passing oil of peppermint into the main pipe and examining along the line of pipe for the characteristic odor, which will appear wherever there is an imperfect joint or defect in a pipe. Some

care is necessary in applying this test. The manipulator should go to the roof before opening his bottle, that none of the odor may escape within the house. He should have with him a pail of hot water to pour down the pipe with the peppermint, about an ounce of which should be



used. After applying the test, he should plug the open end of the pipe and remain away while the pipes and fixtures are being examined, lest the odor of peppermint adhering to him might mislead in the examination: Should the odor be detected coming up through a basin it would indicate that the seal of the trap is not preserved. Any fluid substance of a pungent and diffusible odor, such as penny-royal, ether, etc., will answer the same purpose, although the more persistent the odor the more effective the substance will be. Having discovered defects as revealed by the test applied, no time should be lost in securing the services of a reliable plumber, whose work should not be considered finished until another application of the test fails to reveal any defect.

The direct jointing of lead to iron pipe is considered bad plumbing, as the lead is not strong enough to bear the force used in calking a joint, and the use of putty or cement will prove defective, as when the material becomes dry it is liable to crack, and thus form little fissures through which air from the waste-pipe will escape. When, therefore, a lead pipe is to be connected to an iron one, a short piece of brass pipe or ferrule is used (Fig. 4), one end of which may be calked to the iron and the other connected to the lead pipe by what is called a wiped joint. This makes a connection always reliable; and it should be borne in mind that in the interest of good health nothing short of the best plumbing should be accepted, and that plumbers are human and their work will bear to be watched with a view to see that each part is well and properly done.

E. H. Fanes, M.D.



A BROKEN FAN.

Ancestress mine, in the gilded frame,
From your time-dimmed canvas smiling
down,
This fan I hold is the very same,
As that on the breast of your satin gown.

II.

Quaint in vaporous ruff you stand,
And your fan of silk and ivory hold,
Do you wonder to see it within my hand,
With its grievous break of a century old?

III.

How came your ivory fan to break?
And why did you keep it broken so?
Was it for periwigged gallants' sake,
Who crumbled to ashes, long ago?

IV.

Small beautiful head, erect and proud,
On slender neck, like a lily set,
Did you furtive turn, as he walked and bowed,
With some one else in the minuet?

V.

Did you fan more fitfully as he spoke,
And your Heaven-blue eyes grow strange-ly
dim?
Did you fail to see when the ivory broke,
Though you looked at the spangles—not at
him?

VI.

Great-great-grandfather, near her hung,
With antique coat and powdered hair,
Was it you, I wonder, gay and young,
Who whispered then beside her chair?

VII.

Or was it another—false or dead?
Was there a story you never knew?
For why should she care, when you were
wed,
To treasure the fan—when she had you?

VIII.

She's wearing her cool patrician stare,
Forbidding my eyes her face to
stare—
But you had your tremors, lady fair,
When you laid away this broken
fan!

Annie Steger Winston.

WITH THE BEST INTENTIONS.

CHAPTER XX.

“MY dear friends!” said the hostess, with a ghastly show of vivacity, yet a certain assumption of the authority of her office not to be gainsaid. “In the name of my dearest foe,—to wit, my Idiosyncrasy,—I must entreat you to speak singly. All this is too interesting to lose, and I am not quite an Elizabeth Tudor, who could dictate two—or was it six?—letters at once to as many secretaries. I can listen to but one at a time. What were you saying, my dear Jane, about two ways of pronouncing Mrs. Dumaresque’s name? How very, very droll!”

It was a master-stroke, but she could fight no longer in ambush. Her labored liveliness, the shrill break in her laugh, and her over-acted ease betrayed sinister design. A red cloud swept over Karen’s face and, in passing, took all the color with it. Mrs. Gillette leaned her head against the cushioned back of her chair, her eyelids quivering and lips a leaden-blue; Mr. Romeyn’s eyes shone suddenly and wrathfully; Gem instinctively nestled her head against her friend.

Mrs. Cameron remained Gibraltar. Her voice was incisive and frosty.

“I was saying that Mrs. *Demarack* is singular in pronouncing her name as she does. But a stranger freak of fancy would be to pronounce D,u,m,a,r,e,s,q,u,e, *Kane*!”

No explosion ensued upon the projection of the shell. Mystification, pure and simple, appeared in every face except her daughter’s and her cousin’s. Karen continued to look directly at her, with the air of one courteously awaiting further information. Her effrontery provoked plainer speech. The woman of affairs cast away the foil, and laid hold of the honest broadsword.

“Ladies and gentlemen!” facing them as from the platform, “you are gathered here this evening for a purpose. I, for one, will be partaker in no man’s—much less woman’s—sins. Desperate diseases require prompt and unsparing measures.

Yet, had not those connected with me by blood and affection been made the Victims of the Machinations I feel myself called upon by Conscience and Providence to expose, I might have held my peace even from good. I call upon the person who has passed herself off, and been passed off by Her *Mother*”—yet more cuttingly—“as a Widow, to tell me, in your hearing, whether she did, or did not, elope with Another Man from her husband, eight years ago. Also, if the Said Husband, having exchanged the Name she had dishonored for that of Kane, did, or did not, visit her within a week, to implore her to join him in an application for a Divorce, that she might marry the Partner of her Flight—or perhaps yet Another Man! No Heroics, I beg, Madam!”—in precisely the tone she had known to strike dumb the “bad subject” of Orphan Asylum or Reform School. “I demand a Categorical Answer—‘Yes’ or ‘No’—to my questions.”

With gentle hands that were yet like steel, Karen put aside the soft clinging of Gem’s arms, drew herself to her full height, and looked down upon her accuser. She lifted her hand before speaking.

“You shall have it! No!”

The scene that followed could never be described by any of the actors. When the bloody mist cleared from Karen’s vision, and the alarm bells ceased to deafen her ears, Gem was kneeling by her, her face buried in the folds of her chaperone’s gown, and sobbing convulsively; Bertie held one of Mrs. Dumaresque’s hands, and Mrs. Dale the other; Mr. Wilkes was shaking hands with Mrs. Gillette, and his wife was patting Karen’s shoulder as she would soothe a terrified, *good* child.

Emmett’s voice, deep with indignation, silenced the clamor of tongues.

“I demand,” and, as he secured a hearing, “I *demand*, since allusion has been made to my wife, that this matter be sifted to the bottom. Knowing, as I do, the horrible injustice done by what we have been forced to hear, to one of the noblest, truest, purest women the Judge of all ever

allowed to suffer for the sin of another,—I should be beneath the contempt of any one here if I did not insist upon an explanation of the monstrous charge brought against her by Mrs. Morgan's mother."

With a little cry, Clara shut out with her hands the sight of the face transfigured out of the likeness she knew, by suppressed fury. It was as unfamiliar and dreadful as the roughened tone that smote her like a blow.

Mrs. Cameron was about to speak, her stony orbs unwinking under his blazing glance, when Captain Dale came forward. His fine features were expressive of sincere concern, but he spoke with gentle dignity.

"One moment, if you please," bowing to Mrs. Cameron before addressing Emmett. "May I suggest that Mrs. Gillette and Mrs. Dumaresque be permitted to retire? It is surely needless to subject them to further pain."

Mrs. Gillette did not take his proffered arm. She searched his face anxiously.

"If I go, who will vindicate my child?" said the feeble voice. "She has only me. Nobody else knows all."

Ten minutes had done ten years' work upon her. Her eyes were sunken, her lips of a purplish pallor.

"I will!" Emmett's voice rang out defiantly.

"And I!" responded Captain Dale, quietly impressive. "Major Kane is my friend. I am in his confidence. Mrs. Dale and I will go up to your room with you."

The mother arose obediently. As Karen would have followed, Gem flung herself upon her neck.

"O my darling! my darling! that look on your face breaks my heart. And to think that you should have been so hurt here, *here!* You know I would lay down my life to undo it all. Nothing and nobody, not all the iron-hearted, murderous-tongued saints in the universe, could make me believe anything against you, my love! my beauty! my poor, poor dear!"

She was crying bitterly, and the Wilkes sisters wept in sympathy.

Karen lifted the pretty young head from her bosom, and looked into the rain-drenched face with a smile too mournfully sweet for tears.

"I never doubted you, sweetheart. I never can doubt you! May the dear God bless you for what you have been to me!"

She pressed her lips to the pure forehead and trembling lips, kissed the cheeks of the weeping sisters, and left the room with Mrs. Dale.

"Highly theatrical!" sneered Mrs. Cameron, coolly, her eyes upon the closing door.

"The drama is of your selection, Madam!" retorted her son-in-law, hotly.

"I think"—Mr. Romeyn spoke for the first time since the recitation of "*Lasca*"—"we would do well not to discuss this matter in Captain Dale's absence. He has, unless I mistake, the key to the mystery. He asked me to wait for him here."

Mrs. Cameron unrolled her hempen network. Her inscrutable visage, if it said aught, told of immeasurable reserves of will. If weaker natures elected to dash themselves into froth and spume against her bulwarks, they had only themselves to blame. Nobody else looked up or moved until the major reappeared without his wife. Mrs. Gillette had had a fainting-fit upon reaching her room, and he had summoned a physician sojourning in the hotel. The patient had revived, but was still so ill that Mrs. Dale thought it wise not to leave Mrs. Dumaresque alone with her.

"I regret, unspeakably, the necessity for repeating what my old comrade, Major Kane, confided to me on the last night of his stay with me," he continued. "Until then, I was ignorant of the leading events of his domestic life."

He stood upon the rug at one end of the hearth, his arm on the mantel, having declined Mrs. Manly's offer of a chair as pointedly as was consistent with his invariable courtesy,—an action that classed him, in Mrs. Cameron's mind, with the benighted and enslaved masculine opposition.

"I have no more inclination than others present to prolong a story for which most of us were totally unprepared."

Involuntarily Bertie glanced at his scarred knuckles, and a light burst upon Gem's mind.

"I could have gone down upon my knees, then and there, and kissed them, court-plaster and all!" she said, many months later, when her suspicions as to the cause in which he had dealt the blow were verified. "I was certain that vile wretch, whose impudent grin I shall never forget, had slandered the sweet angel, and you had knocked the words back down his

throat. I am *glad* I happened to see how cleverly you did it!"

Now, her fast-returning tears blotted out everything, even Captain Dale's face, while he told his story.

"Mrs. Dumaresque's husband was an officer in the United States army, and I have heard, a remarkably handsome, accomplished, and fascinating man. She loved him so passionately, and trusted him so fully, that his elopement with the wife of his most intimate friend—then, Captain Thomas Kane Scott—now, Major Thomas Scott Kane—was a complete surprise. She had been married but four years. She came home to her mother, and has remained with her ever since. For five out of the six years of her virtual widowhood she lived in the strictest seclusion. At Mrs. Gillette's request, she had altered the pronunciation of her name as a partial screen against idle and malicious curiosity. It was also to gratify her mother that she mingled again, by degrees, in society. Mrs. Gillette has resided for seven years in New York City, where her daughter's sad history was less likely to be known than in a gossiping college-town. Her talents, her beauty, her wonderful magnetic power have been used for others' happiness. Her successes in the social world are as nothing compared with the love and admiration she inspires among the suffering poor, to whom is given most of the time she can spare from her mother.

"Captain Dumaresque resigned his commission to save himself from expulsion from the corps he had disgraced. When Miss Gillette married him, she refused to have her handsome fortune settled upon herself. Upon this, he is now living abroad with Mrs. Scott. His wife has been urged to apply for a divorce, but she will not listen to the suggestion. She holds that death alone can dissolve a marriage. She goes further, and declares that nothing but death can absolve her from obligation to love her husband. She told Major Kane last week that should Captain Dumaresque come back to her, now, and profess penitence, she would follow him to the world's end. I do not comment upon this. Hers is, perhaps, an exceptionally constant nature, as well as exceptionally strong.

"Major Kane came to Mackinac, not knowing that she was here. He recognized her the night of his arrival, but left the Island next morning, without speaking

to her, for a week's fishing at 'The Snows.' Their encounter at Fort Holmes was accidental. She covered his embarrassment as only she can relieve the awkwardness of a false position. He sought an interview, a day or two later, during which he argued the expediency of an application for divorce on her part, that she might be free in fact as in feeling, and permit Dumaresque to marry Mrs. Scott. Kane's is a tender heart, but his wife's faithlessness has sensibly abated his love. He pities her, and would let her misconduct be forgotten by the world. While the partner of her flight remains legally bound to another woman, it would avail nothing toward this end were Mrs. Scott to be divorced. A warm debate took place between Kane and Mrs. Dumaresque, in which he failed to alter her views. Lest her mother should suspect in whose company she had been, and the matter of their talk, she made haste, after parting with him, to change her dress and show herself in the drawing-room as usual.

"'The bravest, best, deepest-hearted woman I ever knew!' Kane said to me, in telling at length what I have condensed. 'But while her husband lives, and she is not formally separated from him, she is a target for cruel shafts. She cannot hide forever behind an assumed name. Her position is unnatural and painful. It will become dangerous some day.

"I recalled the remark to-night, when I caught a few words spoken by a knot of waiters as I passed through the rotunda. They prepared me for the behavior of those who were proud, twenty-four hours ago, to be numbered among Mrs. Dumaresque's acquaintances. A woman stopped me on the stairs just now to say that she 'had seen Mrs. Dale in the hall, in company with *that* Mrs. Dumaresque, and to warn me, as a friend, that she was a horrid impostor and unscrupulous adventuress.' I answered *her*, but all of us combined cannot stay the tide of scandal."

"I have known Karen Gillette since I was sixteen years old—a boy in the grammar school," said Emmett, hoarsely. "My own sister is not dearer to me, nor my wife's honor more sacred than hers. Where did you pick up this infernal pack of lies?"

He wheeled savagely upon his majestic mamma-in-law, roused out of all semblance of respect by what he had heard, and by reminiscence.

Gibraltar was dry and composed, when everything else of feminine mould in the room was trembling into tears.

"The woman who puts herself in an equivocal position should be ready to sustain the consequences of her misdemeanor," she enunciated. "Your sisterly intimate, Mrs. Demarack, cannot hope to be an exception to every rule. Had the appearance of evil been avoided by her and her mother, we should have been spared the very disagreeable revelations of this evening. Regrets are useless. The only thing left for us to do is to drop the matter, for the present, and bid Mrs. Manly good night. She has had altogether too much excitement for one so delicate."

This was obvious. Fan, smelling-salts, and a stout will had scarcely sufficed to maintain a passable degree of composure in the occupant of the sofa. At this direct allusion to her health, she began to sob and giggle in alternate convulsions of strangulation.

"Hysterics!" cried practical Mrs. Wilkes, and a mandatory flourish of her hand sent the men to the door.

"She *shoo-ed* us out like a flock of he-ens, be Jawve!" Bertie reported subsequently to Mrs. Dale. "I made the fastest time, being a li-light weight, but none of us stood upon the order of our going. We went at o-once—don't you know?"

The agitated patient was left to ether and to Fanny,—the latter having been sought far and diligently before she was found promenading the cliff, in company with the jaunty mulatto—and Gem, white and sad, was making her arrangements to sleep on the sofa, when Mrs. Cameron and Clara sought the upper story.

At her own door the daughter wavered.

"Mamma!" she whispered, fearfully. "Emmett may be up soon. I am positively afraid to meet him! What ought I to tell him? Can it be possible that we are mistaken, after all?"

"Mistaken!" Mrs. Cameron disdained concealment. The chest baritone rendered the syllables roundly. "Only in supposing that three honest women could out-general such an adept in deceit. I disbelieve every word of that tale. Captain Dale did not dare repeat it in his wife's hearing. That was why she was left upstairs. The Creature has them all in her toils."

The door opened abruptly and widely

from within. Emmett accosted his wife in the accent of a master.

"I am waiting for you, Clara! Good night, Mrs. Cameron!"

Gibraltar heard the key turn in the lock, and paused, almost persuaded by dignity and maternal devotion to knock and force a third into their counsels. Prudence prevailed; but the hatchet Emmett had dug up and flung was never buried.

CHAPTER XXI.

EMMETT set a chair for his wife, and one for himself in front of it. His face was rigid, and Clara noted what she had never seen until now,—that his lower jaw projected slightly beyond the upper. It gave him an expression of fierce resolve out of keeping with her preconceived ideas of his character. She was not really afraid of him, although she had said so to her mother, but there was a sense of strangerhood quite as oddly oppressive.

"Now," he said, magisterially calm, "I am ready to hear how *my wife* happened to be mixed up in this diabolically dirty affair. That it was a plan, deliberately laid, and that Mrs. Manly's invitation to us was a part of it, is apparent to all of us who innocently helped to carry it out. You were in there with those two women, a tacit accomplice—unless you can protest, as Gem did, that you were not taken into confidence. Whose brewing was the devil's broth? And why must your mother undertake to stir it?"

The Jane Cameron spirit asserted itself in the listener. Coarseness was insolence. The resemblance to her mother was appalling as she pushed her chair a foot further away, and, with flattened back and level chin, looked squarely into his eyes. Her tone had the sustained *timbre* of the Pride of Lisbon.

"You are choice in your expressions. When you remember that you are a gentleman, and I a lady, I will answer you."

"You will answer me *now*." His chin was more prominent, and the shallow hardness of his voice more perceptible. Otherwise, he gave no sign of increasing excitement. "The whole house is seething and fuming with this detestable stuff; and I will know who is responsible for it. As sure as I am an honest man, who is pledged by every law of right and honor to right a slandered woman, I believe your mother set the devilish machinery going."

"Profanity and vulgarity are so new to me that I may be excused for insisting upon a different approach to the subject," maintained Mrs. Cameron's pupil, stonily.

"If you do not wish to provoke real profanity, you would better be direct and truthful. As to vulgarity, it has never been my ill-fortune to listen to grosser indecency than was served out to a mixed company this evening by Mrs. Cameron."

Clara was an upright woman, and a loyal child to the Model upon which she had fashioned herself. Upon this exceedingly broad hint she spake, diction and manner reflecting credit upon her preceptress.

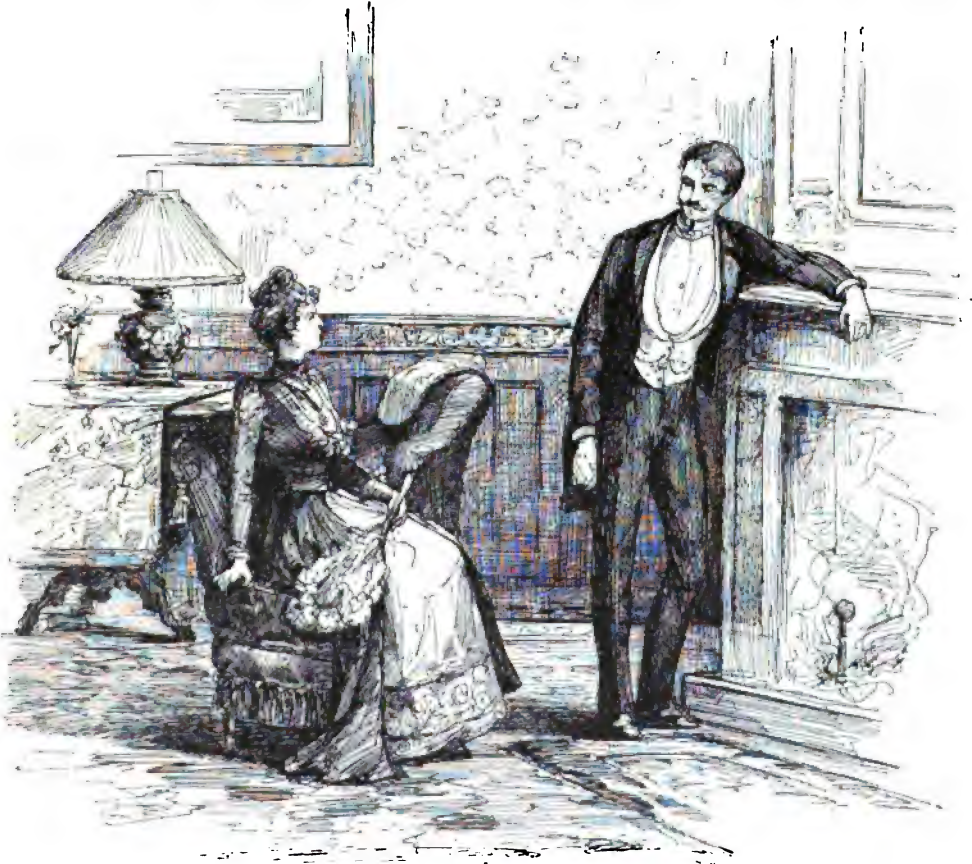
Without blenching,—even gaining spirit as she rehearsed her wrongs,—she went over, in order, the proofs of Mrs. Dumarques's guilty manœuvres, and his weakness, to her husband's face, from the first exchange of glances between balcony and piazza, to the present hour, when he stood arrayed as Karen's sworn champion against his wife and her God-fearing mother.

She told the oft-conned story well, and he heard it in profound silence. Only a transient gleam in the eyes fixed upon her face, and one purple, throbbing vein between the brows, revealed emotion. He neither hindered nor helped the narration. She had fair swing and, so far as natural indications went, patient audience.

When she ceased to speak, he got up, walked once slowly across the room, his hand to his chin, as if buried in deep thought. Returning, he stood by the chimney, looking curiously down at her,—such mixture of sorrowful incredulity, amazement, and stern displeasure in his gaze as nerved her to prepare for an outburst. She stirred restlessly in her chair.

"Well!" in her mother's best tone. "Have you any explanation to offer? A stare, however expressive and long, can hardly be accepted as rebutting evidence."

"And this is *my wife*!" He said it hollowly, as in a dream. "This is my wife! We were married a little over a month ago!"



"AND THIS IS MY WIFE!"

He turned away abruptly, jerked open the shutters, and stepped out upon the balcony.

The band was playing in the Casino, some hundreds of feet away, but Clara could distinguish the air:—

“O fair Dove! O fond Dove!
O Dove with the white, white breast!”

As upon the night of the thunder-storm, the beat of feet upon the floor, the hum of voices, the ebb and flow of the night-wind, made up a rhythmic accompaniment to the old sad tune.

In the miserable mechanical way in which the mind toys with trifles in supreme moments, she found herself recalling the words in following the cornet that rendered the theme:—

“My love he stood at my right hand,
His eyes were grave and sweet.”

As Emmett's eyes would never be again to her!

A sob strangled her, but she would not give it vent. She had done no wrong. The Searcher of hearts knew the righteousness of her cause and the integrity of her intentions. Her husband, and not she, was the one who should sue for pardon.

He came back as suddenly as he had gone out. He left the window open, and the music wailed in after him.

“I will take your indictments in order.” Standing, as before, by the hearth, he spoke sternly; his eyes were pitiless.

“*First*: Mrs. Dumaresque was startled at seeing me on that first day. We had not met in eight years. All that she had suffered in that time surged in upon her in the surprise of the recognition. Nor did she wish that I should refer in others' hearing to her unhappy marriage, or ask questions as to her change of name.

“*Second*: She told me on the way to St. Ignace that she was separated from her husband; that he had left her and would never return. The story was not known to new acquaintances, and she dreaded discussion of it and heartless gossip. But she asked me to tell you all she had confided to me. She said you looked like a woman whose discretion could be trusted. I thought it safer not to speak of the sad complication for a while. If questions were put to you, you had nothing to conceal, nothing to embarrass your answers. As to the disguise of name and the curtailed episode in her life, she was right, as

usual, I said. Even my wife, while she was a model of discretion, might find it difficult to parry the catechism of hotel-gossips, were half the history, and not all known. Some day, when you and she have become the fast friends I hoped you would be, she could tell you her story in her own way. I believed you would prefer this.

“*Third*: My remark upon her wedding-ring and her reply need no comment after what Captain Dale has said of Mrs. Dumaresque's peculiar views on the subject of divorce.

“*Fourth*: As to the many admiring glances I have bent upon her, and my open enjoyment of her society, my frequent allusions to college days and our old intimacy, my appeals to her for legend and song and recitation, and my applause of the same—all this was as frank as it was innocent. To her I am a boy who reminds her of earlier and happier days. That is my only claim upon her regard. Nothing could make this clearer to the mind of either of us. The affection I have for her is precisely the same in kind that I feel for Mrs. Gillette.

“*Fifth*: I turned deadly pale when I had made her horse rear, and put her in peril of her life. What man would not even had the woman endangered by his carelessness been his maiden aunt, or—a sardonic smile distorting his handsome face—“his mother-in-law?”

“So much for defence. Now for recrimination. Mrs. Gillette is the victim of a disease that must end fatally. Any shock or excitement may make this end imminent. She is extremely ill this moment—so ill that Mrs. Dale and Mrs. Wilkes will not leave her room to-night. You—and your mother—aided and abetted by your silly cousin, have probably done one innocent woman to her death. You have certainly blasted the reputation of another as innocent, and whose sorrows should have won you to sympathy, even if none of you are capable of appreciating her heroism, her filial devotion, and the blameless, beneficent life of a *true* Christian. The mantle of pious charity would seem to be out of fashion in your church.”

The gibe stung bitterly.

“Until the matter was mentioned in Mrs. Manly's room to-night, not one of us three dropped a word derogatory to Mrs. Dumaresque, in the hearing of a fourth person. Mamma is incapable of such conduct as you impute to her!”

Regardless of the torrent of tears that welled up with the denial, he bowed ironically.

"To Mrs. Cameron's daughter, I can only say in reply, that hotel-talk freely quotes that worthy lady and Mrs. Manly as authority for the most damaging stories afloat concerning Mrs. Dumaresque, and gives them credit for unmasking a cunning conspiracy against the peace and purity of fashionable society! Unless I add that every charge brought forward by Mrs. Cameron this evening was retailed to Bertie Gates, two or three hours before we heard it, by a dissolute fellow of the baser sort, and Mrs. Cameron cited as endorser. Bertie knocked the liar down, but I shall make it my business to see him in the morning, and repeat the lesson."

"I beg you will not!" holding up a white, agonized face. "Ask mamma—ask Mrs. Manly—if we did not agree that nothing should be underhanded, that every chance should be given Mrs. Dumaresque for self-defence—"

"Consistent with the indulgence of a lady-like taste for carrion. I do not doubt it. Nor the rectitude of your motives. If this end has been brought about with the best intentions, Heaven save me from becoming the object of deliberate wrongdoing! Don't sit up for me! I am going out for a walk. Probably a long one. I could not sleep."

All this had passed so quickly that Clara, hearkening to the echoes of his departing footsteps, lost them in the refrain the cornet was still playing:—

"O fair Dove! O fond Dove!

O Dove with the white, white breast!"

The house was still; the wind brought to her open window the wash of the waves on the shingles, when, weary and sick, she threw herself, yet in her evening dress, upon her pillow, still hearkening vainly for feet that came not all the night.

Emmett watched out the dark hours, and saw the day break in pearl and topaz and rose-color, lying prone under the balsam-covert upon the ledge where he and his bride had read *Anne* "for three beatific hours one golden, balmy afternoon" in the second quarter of their honeymoon.

CHAPTER XXII.

MORE wonderful things are happening every day than that I should have met

Mr. and Mrs. Gates upon their wedding tour last summer.

Nor was it extraordinary that they took in Mackinac during the two months' trip that extended over two thirds of the continent.

The strange element of the "happening" was that we ran full against one another at the base of Friendship's Altar, on the anniversary of the famous pedestrian-party given in Mrs. Emmett Morgan's honor.

"It is a pilgrimage," Gem said, her tender blue eyes wistful and deep with memories. "We planned to be here to-day."

She wore a piquante sailor-hat, and a tailor-made gown of the same color she had sported on the day they celebrated. A cluster of maiden-hair fern was in her hand. Some sprays, selected from this, were fastened in the side of Bertie's cap.

"I have matches and tinder in my pocket for ma-a-king a fire in Scott's Ca-ave—don't you know?" observed the bridegroom.

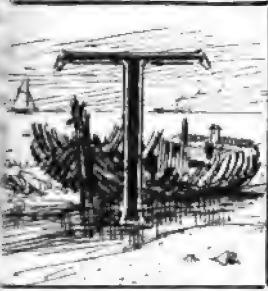
His moustache had secured a local habitation, if not a name; his cheeks had the contour of a shapely pear, rather than the cherubic round that used to suggest an apple. The lithe figure, ingenuous eyes, and boyish laugh were unaltered; but his joyousness had a fuller ring than in the days of irresponsible bachelorhood. His behavior to his little wife was the prettiest thing imaginable, if I except her reception of his graceful devoirs. One grew more hopeful of the world's future in beholding their happiness.

As we looked about for a convenient resting-place in the shadow of the great rock, Gem quoted from the legend of The Six Friends:—

"They sat down upon fallen trunks and upon mossy stones, and talked long and lovingly of what each had felt and suffered, and, above all, *done* since their last parting.' One of the loveliest things *we* have done was to spend a whole fortnight with Her at Newport last month."

They told me all about it, while we lingered there. The golden-green light shivered upon Bertie's bared blonde head and flashed against the new ring upon Gem's hand. A weak, low wind moved the balsam-trees to sigh and fragrance. The tale of the bright young creatures who, in talking, now and then touched the gray, grim Altar, as in caress, was a duet upon a theme dear to us all.

TWO MONTHS IN A STUDENT'S LIFE.

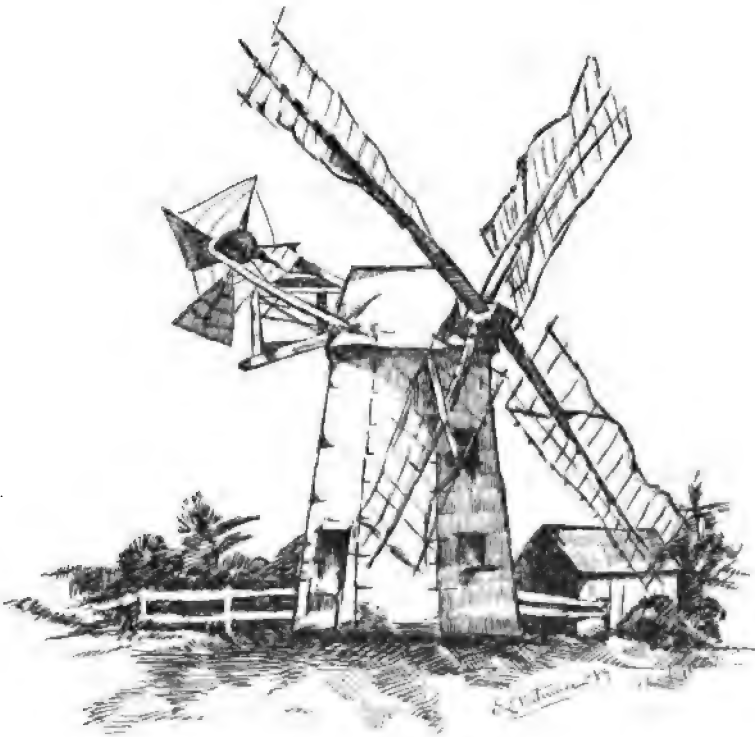


EN TANDA via est," was our motto. We did not always succeed; very seldom, in fact, but still we kept on trying, always hoping for better results.

Before I go any further, perhaps it would be as well to explain that Madge and I were two young and verdant art students, rustivating during our vacation months in one of the quaintest and most primitive spots on the Long Island coast; a place delightfully remote from the noises and cries of city streets, a place so full of lovely nooks and corners that nature's supply seemed inexhaustible and our

own sketching powers poor and contemptible in comparison. In vain we finished sketches only to throw them aside and begin over again, but in spite of all our failures the front of the house soon presented quite a bizarre and gay appearance with those tacked up to dry, and many were the criticisms (heard from our window) passed upon "them painter girls" and their sketches.

We boarded at one of the dearest, quaintest old houses in the village, to which our hostess assured us "artists always came," a long, low, rambling two-storied affair, painted red, the paint now almost gone with age, and standing under the shadow of an old windmill that night and day turned its great sails with a dull, monotonous clack-clacking, which was at first maddening, but lessened in sound as one got used to it.



UNDER THE SHADOW OF AN OLD WINDMILL.

Our bedroom, studio, and boudoir all in one, was a long, low room in the roof, with funny sloping ceilings that we could almost touch on tip-toe. It had narrow little windows framed in fresh white dimity; from one we could see the village lying in the sunshine, the road to the beach, the few boarding-houses and cottages scattered along its borders, and beyond, a long line of blue standing up darkly against the sky. On stormy days we could see a line of breakers edging the blue and a dash of white spray in the air. Towards the west, our window overlooked the road to Bridgehampton, and the long miles of scrub-oaks and pines bordering it. Towards evening myriads of crows flew over into the pines, from whence we could hear them screaming and cawing.

A great desire to explore these same pines took possession of our souls. So, one heavenly Sunday morning, we transported ourselves thither, with shawls, umbrellas, and the last interesting novel, and prepared ourselves for a blissful morning. We spread our shawls on the fragrant carpet of pine needles; through the trees the sunlight faintly filtered in upon us, the crows screamed and cawed on the branches, and from the village the faint chime of church bells reached us. It was with regret we tore ourselves away at dinner-time, resolving, however, that our first visit should not be the last.

Our habitation soon began to lose that air of primitive cleanliness so dear to the heart of the Long Island villager. A few sketches, a couple of Japanese fans pinned here and there, soon altered the aspect of the room. Festoons of sea-weed, shells, drift-wood, all were acceptable, and we returned each day laden with treasures, until indeed it was hard to find a place for them.

We devised a sketching costume also, that brought down the admiration of the natives (let us hope it *was* admiration!) which consisted of a full, rather short skirt and blouse, and an enormous scoop sun-bonnet, projecting far in front, and finished behind by a ruffle extending to the shoulders. It was comfortable, if not becoming; but we always felt we redeemed ourselves in the villagers' eyes on Sundays, when, donning our city clothes, we sallied forth and allowed them to study the prevailing fashions during the whole of church time. We felt under the circumstances we *might* be allowed our sun-bonnets on

week-days. Oh! the deliciousness of those summer days, when rising with the dawn itself we flew to take an early dip! The happiness of stretching out one's arms in the cool morning air, with the thought, exhilarating in itself,—free! free! for two long months, no dusty studio rooms, hot walls, and glaring city pavements! We had no thought for the future; we lived only in the present.

In that early morning light the village lay before us ghostly and grim; the fog dripped slowly from the trees, and through the grayness the windmill loomed in the distance, lonely and sad, stretching its arms towards us in a supplicating attitude. No one was stirring except ourselves and a few lonely fishermen, setting off in the distance to their nets and lobster-pots, and pushing out their boats in a deliberate, half-awakened way. When we came up half an hour later, breathless and rosy from our dip in the sea, a stir and murmur betokened that the village was awake, and the sun, peeping from out the rosy east, flung its first rays down the village street, touching up all the millions of little cobwebs born during the night and turning the big white sails on the windmill to sheets of gold. We felt we could not work without our early bath each day. Later, the shore would be lined with bathers, picturesque umbrellas like huge mushrooms dotted the beach, bright-colored awnings and gayly striped tents followed each other in Indian file, and the long rows of bath-houses stood up white and regular in the sunshine. Pretty girls lounged before the doors, chattering and exchanging laughing remarks with each other and their numerous admirers who sprawled at their feet. Further down the beach, others ran races on the firm sand or carried on flirtations under the huge umbrellas. A little later and they vanished as quickly as they came, and left the shore once more in dreary solitude to the waves and gulls.

A short distance from the village, where three cross-roads met, stood a little shingled cottage, old and gray, with a rustic arbor erected over the door. A brilliant row of sunflowers reared themselves in royal splendor against the front of the house. At the best it was a dreary little place even in summer; but what was our surprise to hear that an artist lived there and that, too, all the year around! We often saw him afterwards. He was



STUDIES FROM NATURE.

painting a picture of his pretty little daughter and the sunflowers, and we frequently saw him at work. His daughter would look up with shy, startled interest as we passed. She was a pretty little girl with big dark eyes and straight dark bangs, and dressed picturesquely in a big Gainsborough hat and a gown with full white sleeves; I made a little sketch of her one day.

The arrival of the mail was the one great excitement each day in our little village. A mile away could be heard the shrill toot-toot of the driver's horn. He generally arrived about four o'clock, more or less, according to the state of the roads. Then the clans began to gather, and the porch of the village store and post-office all in one, would be lined with gay umbrellas and tennis suits, whose owners were awaiting the distribution of the mail. The stages brought passengers also from Bridgehampton, and great was the anxiety displayed as to which house they were bound for. As for us, we were indifferent; our house was essentially Bohemian, none but poor and struggling students ever ventured there—perhaps it was not expensive enough, but I fancy it was the table, which was not the best in the world.

Opposite to us was the village hotel; it was with great surprise we learned it *was* a hotel, as two immense trees hid the sign-board entirely; it had no steady class of boarders, only transients, who came and went, and we hardly ever saw the same faces twice. One day there arrived a young couple on the afternoon stage; we felt sure she was a bride. She had a white hat which she carried in her hand, giving us a glimpse of a curly, yellow head. Who but a bride would travel in a white hat? After seeing her once or twice, we decided she had been an actress or a music-hall singer, from the theatrical way she threw herself about. The pair used to sally forth to the beach immediately after breakfast, she with a little blue cap on her curly head, carrying a small wooden spade, and he with a big umbrella and shawl. We used to wonder what she did with the spade, until one day we chanced upon them. They had dug a big hole in the sand, spread a shawl in it, rolled themselves up and gone to sleep blissfully under the umbrella. While "curly locks" was sporting in the waves, her better-half would pose in picturesque attitudes under the inevitable umbrella. Madge mischievously sketched him one day, letting him see her do it, and

putting on the most intense air of admiration. His conscious look was amusing, but after a week's time they also departed and the village knew them no more.

The only thing that marred our perfect enjoyment was the wet weather. If it took it into its head to rain, rain it did, and that for a week at a time. Alas for our sketches! Vainly did we crane our necks for one little peep of blue—all was dismal, sodden gray as far as eye could see. Our host, the Captain, kept carefully in the background on such occasions. We likened him to the old-fashioned barometers, from which when it was clear the man came out; but when it rained only his little wife appeared upon the scene. Alas for Captain Ben! it was too true; but let it be a lovely morning, and no one was more prompt upon the scene than he.

One night, feeling we must do something or die, we procured a lot of burnt cork and transformed ourselves into negroes of the blackest type, then donning our calico dresses and the much despised sun-bonnets, we tucked our banjos under our arms and stole softly from the house across the street to the hotel. Our first notes brought forth a rush. After giving them a few selections, Madge struck into a wild negro melody learned in her plantation home. A shower of coin rewarded our efforts. We looked at each other aghast; that was more than we had bargained for.

"What shall we do with it?" we ex-

claimed in consternation when out of hearing.

"Put it in the plate at church," suggested Madge, struck with a bright thought.

This suggestion was promptly carried out the following Sunday, and the collection was considerably swelled thereby.

But, alas! all good things must have an end; our two months had flown we knew not whither. Sadly did we pack canvas and camp-stools, heaving many a sigh of regret for pleasures past, as we picked out our sketches, good, bad and indifferent, with which we hoped to brighten our dingy studio walls. It was early one foggy morning we started, and mournfully we said adieu as we clambered into the rickety old stage that was to take us over to Bridgehampton, and looked our last on the little village left behind gray and dim in the early morning light. The trees drooped as we drove under them and flung a shower of teardrops after us; in the distance the sea loomed sad and sullen through the fog: we shivered in the chill morning air and drew our wraps more closely around us. On every side familiar objects seemed to pursue us; through the gray the little church and tall old mill peered dimly in the distance. Only a couple of hours and all would be life and brightness once more, but we would be far on our way towards our city home, where only sketches of sea and marsh would serve to bring back to us the memory of the happy hours of our summer vacation.

Jessie Livingston Wetmore.

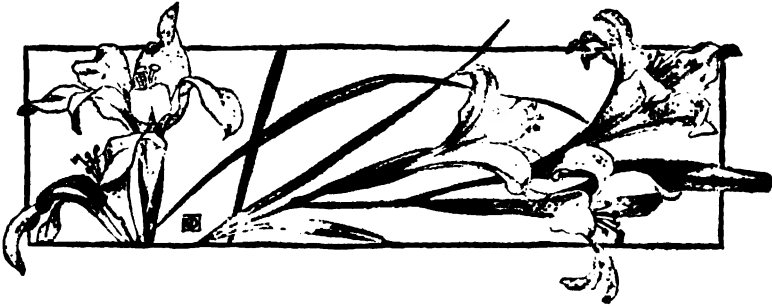


DEAD TRUST.

SONNET.

In all the days that have been sweet to me,
When life pure sunshine seemed because of you,
The flower of trust in my heart's garden grew,
Fairest of all bright blooms watched lovingly,
And strong as it would last eternally ;
Such deep content I felt to know you true !
But your own hand has heedlessly struck through
Its precious life, it falls, slain utterly.
For me, a shadow creeps across the sun,
And ever floats before my hopeless eyes
The mocking phantoms of the joys that fled.
That which is done can never be undone ;
We can clasp hands no more, for now there lies
An open grave between us,—Trust is dead.

Kate Thorne.



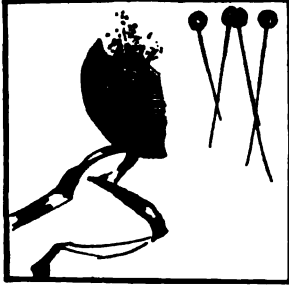
ABSCHIED.

Far lands are beckoning, and look !
The straining ship weighs anchor soon :
The tides will ne'er a laggard brook,
And paler grows the autumn moon.

Sweet lips, now pressed against mine own,
My heart shall say, by shore and sea,
That twice around the peopled zone
Is only coming back to thee !

Richard E. Burton.

BETTINE'S TRIUMPH.



"E. L. I., is it a success?"

"It's a triumph!" Mary responded, cordially.

"Bettine, that yellow rose was a stroke of genius."

"Schuyler's come for you,"

Marjorie announced, entering quickly. "There, don't stop to prink any more: you look as well as—you're likely to," she finished mischievously.

"Am I all right, really?" Bettine asked, appealingly, of the three girls who were surveying her with undisguised approval.

"Of course you are! And as for the Club, I'm sure none of us dream that we've ever seen it before," Alice answered, laughing, with an affectionate touch to the pretty bonnet which Bettine had at last adjusted satisfactorily on her pretty head. "It has quite the air of something rich and strange."

The room where they were assembled really appertained to Bettine and Marjorie Gordon, but it was occupied a large part of the time by Mary and Alice Edwards, as well. Three years before, the Gordons had been left orphans in New York, without relatives and with so small an income that it must be increased by Bettine's exertions, Marjorie then being only fourteen. Their father had been a clever journalist and might have been a successful man but for his habits: he had many friends and, upon his death, several of his associates offered the aid of their influence to Bettine, who inherited much of his talent, and she therefore decided to remain in the city and make a livelihood by her pen, the plan being made more feasible by the fact that about the same time the Edwards family, consisting of the two girls, their brother and an aunt, found housekeeping beyond their means, even in a small flat, and they were very glad to take board in the same house with the Gordons.

"For excellent and obvious reasons we can't unite our fortunes," Bettine remarked, when she offered the suggestion; "but we can unite our misfortunes, and misery loves company, as I have heard once or twice before."

They were very young and very busy, however, and so there was not much misery among them, though there was a great deal of hard work and, after a while, a considerable amount of close calculation and planning in connection with the important question of dress. At first it was not difficult to avoid any occasion at which a street costume would not serve; but they were all particularly pretty and attractive, and they found that they could not remain in total and inexpensive obscurity, limited as their acquaintance was; and by the time the Gordons laid aside their mourning, what Bettine termed "this fatal popularity" brought many invitations which were hard to decline. Those requiring evening dress were comparatively few and easily disposed of; but for the others a dressy bonnet was indispensable, and became to each of the girls something absolutely necessary and equally unattainable, seeing that their means were slender to emaciation; therefore, the well-meant attentions only annoyed and tantalized them until, finally, Bettine's invention awoke at the call of necessity and revealed itself in a grand coup.

Going up to Mary's room one afternoon, she entered upon an impressive scene which she understood at a glance. Mary sat holding a little bonnet-frame and a jet butterfly. On the table was a freshly-opened envelope which evidently contained a card of invitation; and Alice and Marjorie, disposed in attitudes as deeply dejected as was compatible with comfort, kept her company in sympathetic silence. She smiled sardonically as Bettine entered, but said nothing, feeling explanations to be unnecessary; and Bettine joined the meditative group as tragically speechless as the rest.

Soon the silence grew oppressive and,



MARY SAT HOLDING A BONNET.

pointing to the articles in Mary's lap, Bettine said,

"This, I suppose, is an infant industry?"

"It is," Mary replied; "and doomed to die in infancy. You see before you all the capital I have to put into it."

"I always forget who it was that made the remark about one swallow; but if whoever it was had had any sense, he'd have said that one butterfly doesn't make a bonnet."

"That's the conclusion I've arrived at—for the eleventh time in two months. Now, I'll put these away," said Mary, suiting the action to the word, "and if you'll all please understand that I didn't really care to go, our usual programme will be completed and—"

She was interrupted by an exultant shout.

"Girls!" Bettine exclaimed, "Listen! I have an idea! We all have something to put on a bonnet if we only had a bonnet to put it on. Let's take Mary's frame and club together and buy enough black net to cover it: then we can all wear it, and each one can put in her own ornament when it's her turn."

This brilliant scheme was received with applause and put into execution forthwith; and no inanimate object ever was held in more esteem than the remarkable creation which came to be familiarly known as "The Club." It appeared to be a sentient thing, endowed with human ability and superhuman willingness to adapt itself to people and circumstances. When Mary wore it, weighted with her butterfly, to the house of a prosperous and critical relative, it was so uncompromisingly "suitable" that Marjorie was agreeably surprised on finding it yield gracefully to her attack upon it with a white and gilt aigrette: and again, when Alice's *fiancé* took her to one of his beloved classical concerts, the Club, having every tendency to frowardness and triviality entirely done away and being decorated with a violet bow, diffused a certain chastened pensiveness in perfect harmony with the nature of the festivities and the feelings of the young lady, who was not musical—a fact which she concealed heroically. It did its part for Bettine no less faithfully; she wore it on the afternoon that she first met Schuyler Baring, to whom she was now engaged, and to-night she was wearing it, embellished to a degree which brought her to the verge of bankruptcy, to the theatre,

where she was to meet his mother and sister for the first time.

This latter circumstance was an appalling prospect to her, and as they neared their destination she grew more and more silent: and when they reached the box and he was about to open the door, she said,

"Won't you please—wait just a minute?"

Her tone sounded a little odd to him and he was astonished and aghast to find that she was pale and rather tremulous; and he promptly accused her of having allowed herself to become what, being a slangy young gentleman, he was wont to describe as "rattled." She made no attempt at denial; she merely looked him full in the face and said,

"So are you."

Whether or not the suddenness of the onslaught deprived him of his self-possession, he certainly evinced no anxiety to argue the point. He said "Nonsense!" as emphatically as he could; and, giving her arm an encouraging pressure at the same time that he whispered artfully, "You never looked so well in your life," he ushered her into the box where the ladies of his family were already established.

It was as trying an ordeal as Bettine was likely to endure in the whole course of her life, this presentation to the two handsome, well-dressed women, whose reception and keen scrutiny of her were as chilling as the wintry outer air. Mrs. Baring had refused to call upon her or give the slightest recognition of any possible connection between Schuyler and this girl who was not "in society," whose mode of life was so unusual, and who supported herself by writing for newspapers and magazines. In vain Schuyler had represented to her that in her friends' aunt Bettine found a most efficient chaperone, who was able to impart to these irregular circumstances all the propriety that even Mrs. Baring could desire; that the objectionable newspaper work was not exactly a ruling passion or a deliberate preference with the girl; and that, in any case, his mother would do wisely to make some concessions since, however greatly he regretted her disapproval, it would not prevent his marriage from taking place in the Spring: she was immovably obstinate, and he was so deeply angered that he would have openly resented her conduct, had not Bettine dissuaded him.

The introduction was over, to Bettine's

relief; there had been nothing to reassure her, however, and it was well that she showed no outward sign of the misgivings which assailed her as, while Schuyler exchanged remarks with the others, she leaned back in her chair and looked composedly around the house. This was no ordinary occasion: it was the first night of a new comedy whose author, George Percival, was a well-known literary man and prominent in fashionable circles, also; therefore there was a very general interest felt in this, his first dramatic venture, and the audience was large and "representative," containing people of note in all vocations.

At any other time Bettine would have enjoyed it all thoroughly; but she anticipated no pleasure to-night. Her very presence was under protest: the box had been presented to Mrs. Baring by Mr. Percival, who was intimate with the family; and Bettine was invited because he would be surprised at Schuyler's absence, and Schuyler refused to come without her. She had been depressed all day and now her heart sank utterly. She looked forward to the evening with nothing short of dread, and wondered if she had ever really known what it was to have an idea, for her mind was a blank. She was sure that she would lamentably fail to do herself and Schuyler any sort of credit, and that her dumb stupidity would justify the most severe criticisms that Mrs. Baring and Mrs. Reynolds, her daughter, felt disposed to make.

It is the darkest hour before dawn, however, and just when her nervousness reached its height and she was obliged to exercise great self-control to keep back the tears, she turned to reply to a remark of Schuyler's and, in so doing, she caught Mrs. Baring's gaze fastened upon the Club with an unmistakably respectful expression!

Bettine declared afterwards that this was the turning-point. Her sense of humor, which never deserted her long, came to the front now, and every vestige of her depression vanished in this new light upon the situation.

"This is simply delicious," she reflected. "What a victory for the Club, and what fun for the girls! Well, after all, this is my chance and I may as well make the best of it."

At that minute Mr. Percival entered the box and was effusively welcomed by Mrs.

Baring and her daughter, in the comfortable consciousness that the attention of the audience was concentrated upon their party. Mrs. Baring wore her grandest manner as she said,

"Let me present you to—"

"I hope it isn't necessary, is it, Miss Gordon?" Mr. Percival said, advancing quickly.

"Not unless you find it so," Bettine replied, with a charming smile, which was really the outlet of her suppressed amusement at Mrs. Baring's evident surprise, but which he naturally took to himself and appreciated accordingly.

"It's a delightful surprise to find that you are the Miss Gordon Schuyler told me I was to have the honor of meeting. I must congratulate the boy over again," he said, seating himself beside her.

"O, you have the first right to all congratulations to-night," she replied, knowing that all he said was overheard, and devoutly hoping that she would be able to lead him from such delicate ground.

"I ought to disclaim that, but I can't; I'm too mean-spirited. In fact, I'm ready for your congratulations at any time you feel like letting me have them—even in advance, if you're afraid to wait."

"I think I'm safe in deferring them until after the performance, if the play is written on the plot that you were telling me about the last time I met you."

"At Mrs. Ainsworth's tea; yes, I recollect inflicting it upon you. It's the same plot, only—" And he launched into a detailed account of his work, while Bettine listened in sincere thankfulness for her success. They were still talking together when the orchestra ceased playing and awaited the rising of the curtain; and Mr. Percival, with a conscience-stricken start, hurried away to his own box, which was the one adjoining.

The curtain rose and Bettine soon forgot herself in an absorbing interest in the scenes portrayed. She was exceedingly fond of the theatre and, moreover, was thoroughly familiar with the canons and technicalities of dramatic writing. Mr. Percival discovered this when he paid a visit to the box after the first act; and as he justly prided himself upon the construction of his play, he found her comprehending, appreciative criticisms so pleasant that the author's box was forsaken by the author a good deal of the time.

"Excuse me, but how did you come to know all this?" he asked, in response to a casual speech which had nevertheless shown him how clear and wide was her knowledge.

"Do I know more than most people?"

"You certainly do."

"Then I suppose I learnt it from my father."

"Was Philip Gordon, the journalist, your father?" he asked, immediately interested. Bettine felt sure that Mrs. Baring heard the question, and she raised her head rather haughtily as she answered.

"Yes. Do you remember him?"

"Perfectly well," he replied. "It's some years since I knew him, but he was a genius and a gentleman; it would be hard to forget him." And Mrs. Baring heard that also.

Of the play it need only be said that it was deservedly successful and that the occupants of the two boxes, with the happy author, adjourned to Delmonico's, where the occasion was duly celebrated and Mrs. Baring found still further revelations awaiting her.

It was all very amazing. This obscure young person had presented herself wearing a most desirable bonnet, and, apparently completely unconscious of her obscurity, had engrossed a large share of attention from the hero of the evening. Nor was this all: the members of Mr. Percival's party, though they were people whose standing should have awed her into respectful silence, received her with such willingness and actual encouragement that, so far from retiring to the background, she contributed most to the life of the party. Indeed, Mrs. Baring herself judged it expedient to unbend a little, for she was entirely unsupported, even by Mrs. Reynolds, while Schuyler—his mother so far forgot herself as to mentally characterize his happy, gratified expression as "simply idiotic."

But if her attitude had been difficult during the supper, it was utterly impossible later when she was about to enter her carriage. Bettine advanced, on Schuyler's arm, to say good-night; Mr. Percival and one or two others were standing by, and an inopportune pause occurred in their conversation. Mrs. Baring hesitated; then, turning to Bettine, she said, desperately,

"Shall you be at home to-morrow afternoon? So glad! I will give myself the pleasure—" the rest was a murmur from

the depths of the carriage, which drove away at once.

Walking home, Bettine and Schuyler formed a sort of triumphal procession, small in numbers but enormous in enthusiasm, and they ran up the steps as full of mischievous glee as a pair of children.

"Let me look at you again," said Schuyler, drawing Bettine under the light in the hall. "I didn't expect to marry a heroine: and I have to get educated up to it by the end of April! Don't think I've failed to appreciate you hitherto, if I say I didn't know it was in you."

"It wasn't; it was on me," she answered merrily. "I've been trying all the way home to make you understand that the credit of this belongs to the Club. I never knew before how much moral support a bonnet can give if it's the right kind of a bonnet."

"Wonderful!" said he gravely, but catching her in his arms with an enthusiasm which threatened to terminate the Club's career then and there. "Come, aren't you proud of yourself, though?"

"I don't think I am."

"What?" He gently pushed her head back to see her face. The brightness had all left it, and she looked thoughtful and even a little disturbed.

"I wish it had been different," she said, slowly.

"Wish what had been different?"

"The evening."

"What's the matter with it?"

"I'm afraid I wasn't as nice to your mother as I might have been."

"Nonsense!" said he, hotly. "You were as nice as she would allow you to be, weren't you? You made every advance you could, and she—by Jove, I never was so ashamed in my life!"

"Oh, don't! I hate to hear you speak of your mother so when I'm the cause."

"And I hate to hear you reproach yourself when you've done nothing but behave like the sweetest-tempered darling in the world, and as nobody else would have done after such treatment."

"I wanted her to like me, but this is a poor beginning," Bettine sighed.

"You're wrong there," rejoined Schuyler, who was in a distinctly belligerent mood. "You couldn't have begun better than by showing how well you can get on without her. She finds it worth while to

know you a little better, and, when she does, she'll like you because she can't help it, prejudiced as she is. See?"

"The whole trouble," Bettine began judicially, but acknowledging his closing remark by laying her head upon his shoulder, "is just that I'm unknown to her. She thinks you oughtn't to marry a nobody, and there's something to be said about her point of view."

"There's a good deal to be said," he growled, in a tone which implied such entire willingness to say it that Bettine put her hand over his mouth, which appeared to content him perfectly, and there was a short interval of silence.

"Look here, sweetheart," he said presently; "I want you to promise you'll hold the fort to-morrow."

"How do you mean?" she asked, feebly temporizing.

"Well, be independent, as you were to-night, and don't knock under. I tell you it's the only thing to do; but I'm afraid you won't do it."

"I don't know. I shall have to do whatever seems best at the time; and certainly I must try to make peace, by some means or other." And he could say nothing to inspire her with a more martial spirit.

As for Mrs. Baring, she was painfully alive to her discomfiture at the hands of this girl, whose brilliant grace she could not deny, and whose high-bred composure her own frigidity had no power to disturb. Realizing her defeat, she looked forward with intense repugnance to the visit, and was resolved that this point, which she had unavoidably yielded, should be all that was obtained from her; she would make it impossible that it should be taken as giving her consent or approval, and there should be no triumphing over her. She believed that she knew exactly what sort of interview this would be; and when the time came and she was on her way, she had rehearsed a series of dialogues, all having in common the prominent features of presumption and assurance met by annihilating coldness.

Her shudder as she entered the parlor of the boarding-house was entirely unaffected and quite pardonable in one coming unwarned into the soul-searching hideousness of that room which belonged to a type that prevails among second-class houses, and of which each specimen seems a little worse than the last. It was cold there,

also, and she drew her furs around her as she sank into a chair, and prepared herself for the worst. Bettine's entrance was almost immediate, however, and her greeting was exquisitely courteous and tinged with a gentle cordiality; and Mrs. Baring forgot herself and responded graciously.

Nevertheless Bettine's spirit quailed. A sense of the hopeless incongruity of the surroundings came upon her with paralyzing force. Mrs. Baring, handsome and stately, dressed in the costliest materials, and the most exquisite taste, had the appearance of having been brought in by violence, and kept there by force of arms. Bettine looked despairingly around upon the cheap pretentiousness on all sides, and felt that anything was better.

"Don't you find it very chilly here?" she said. "I think they have let the furnace fire go out: they do it every other day—unless it's warm. Would you dislike to come up just one flight to our own room? It is pleasanter there."

Mrs. Baring assented readily enough, for now that she was here, she was anxious to see everything that would tend to confirm her preconceived ideas; and Bettine led the way upstairs.

The Gordons habitually designated their household goods "wreckage," because all that they owned was what had been retained from the sale at the time of their father's death. It was not much; but it was enough to give their room an attractive and artistic look, and to convey, at even a cursory glance, the impression that they had, as Marjorie once phrased it, "had something." Indeed Mrs. Baring felt her respect for the Tenth Commandment dwindle alarmingly at the sight of some gloriously red old mahogany, and of some odd pieces of rare china which stood upon a little table in the corner.

At a window, where a box of ferns grew luxuriantly, Marjorie was seated, bending over a lap-board, and painting vigorously. She looked faintly surprised as the two entered, but was not at all disconcerted. She had openly displayed a fine contempt for her sister's doubts and fears, and she came forward tranquilly, and met Mrs. Baring with a pretty deferential friendliness that was irresistible.

"I beg you won't allow me to interfere with your work," Mrs. Baring said, genially. "I see you were taking advantage of the daylight."

"It isn't of the least consequence. I can do this work by any light," replied Marjorie.

"Will you let me look at it?"

"I'm afraid it won't interest you very much; I'm doing it on a system of my own," she said, laughing a little, but holding the board up.

It was covered with squares of red and yellow satin, all pinned securely down, and all having designs of flowers drawn in pencil upon them; in each design a few strokes of dark green had been laid on, but not a line of any other color.

"You see," Marjorie explained, with the honest pride of an inventor, "I sell these to a man who has them made up into sachets, and he doesn't give me much for them. I used to paint them one by one, but it took too long: I couldn't afford it. So now, I just decide what colors I'll use, and then I put in all the green, for instance wherever it's wanted, and then another color or shade, as the case may be. It saves a great deal of time."

"And shows the spirit of a true artist," said Bettine, dryly.

"There's as much art in them as people have any right to expect for the money," Marjorie retorted. "All they want is something large and red, anyway."

Mrs. Baring surprised them and herself by joining in Bettine's low laughter. She again requested Marjorie to continue her work, and the girl did so, with a few words expressing a placid assumption of Mrs. Baring's thorough knowledge of the exigencies of the case. That good lady was much amused and a little interested; and she was soon seated before the cozy grate fire, talking as pleasantly as though this were what she had intended to do from the first.

It will ever be a matter of speculation to Bettine, whether Marjorie's course on that memorable afternoon was dictated by a happy chance or by a strategic genius, deep and unsuspected, on the part of that young person. At all events, she was pleased to behave as though laboring under the conviction that their guest was a congenial spirit hitherto withheld from their circle by unpropitious Fate, and whose advent was a cause for rejoicing. Her delicious frankness made constraint and awkwardness impossible, and the conversation flowed easily, though much of it related directly to the Gordons; and everything

came about so naturally that not until afterwards did it occur to Bettine that each subject discussed presented her own abilities and achievements in their most favorable light, and whether they spoke of personal matters or general topics, she was compelled to talk, and was enabled to talk well.

The experience was wholly novel to Mrs. Baring; the two pretty, unusual faces, so alike with the dark eyes and delicate, rose-tinted cheeks, framed in light, fluffy hair, found an appropriate setting in the fanciful, original jumble of solid antiquity and modern daintiness, the effective dashes of color and the mingling of picturesqueness with an atmosphere of comfort. Marjorie's allusions to their home life, and her charming little bursts of confidence were not too frequent to be in good taste; in fact, they were not given at all without being called forth by the visitor, whose interest deepened every minute, especially as all that the younger sister said concerned the elder, and told much which could not have been learned had the call been paid under any other conditions. Mrs. Baring was completely thrown off her balance by her reception, the cordial courtesy instead of uncivil civility, a total absence of any defensive attitude towards her, and, in its place, free glimpses into this erratic existence in which, apparently, work was regarded as a matter of course, simple pleasures were keenly enjoyed, and every event, whatever its character, was viewed on its humorous side first. In spite of herself she was fascinated; there had not been one discordant note; none of her expectations had been fulfilled; yet she could not feel disappointed, though, for that matter, she hardly knew how she felt.

It was time for her to leave: Marjorie excused herself and went out of the room, and when the door closed upon her, Mrs. Baring rose.

"I am glad to have had this opportunity," she began; and Bettine did not betray by the faintest variation of expression the thought that the opportunity might have been had earlier.

"We may meet to-morrow," Bettine said, in response to a hope of seeing her soon, expressed by Mrs. Baring. "I think Schuyler mentioned that he was to escort you to Mrs. Ainsworth's reception."

"Yes. Shall you be there?"

"O, yes; I always like to go there,"

Bettine replied with a faint emphasis, provoked by Mrs. Baring's expression, which was just enough surprised to be offensive.

"No doubt you are obliged to attend a great many such affairs on account of your journalistic work," was the next remark.

To do Mrs. Baring justice, she did not intend to be quite so rude, and her speech was a thought outspoken before she had time to shape it. She was puzzled: Mrs. Ainsworth's exclusiveness was proverbial, but this girl evidently was often at the house.

There was a slight pause, while Bettine held back the words which rushed to her lips, and told herself that this was Schuyler's mother; and when she trusted herself to speak, it was in the most even of tones that she said:

"Mrs. Ainsworth was a friend of my mother's and has been ours since we came to New York. I first met Schuyler at her house."

She longed to bring matters to a climax, and hoped that this second mention of Schuyler's name would accomplish it; but Mrs. Baring said:

"So he told me. You have been living in New York for some time, have you not?"

"For seven years; we came here a year after my mother's death."

"And is it long since you and your sister were left alone?"

"My father died three years ago."

"You showed a great deal of courage in remaining here under the circumstances," said Mrs. Baring, without a trace of approbation in her voice.

"I was advised to undertake it," Bettine replied, meeting the elder woman's severe glance fully and with dignity.

"Indeed! Perhaps I am prejudiced, but I cannot think it desirable for young women to live utterly unprotected in a city."

"I fancy it would not be any woman's deliberate choice, but it is possible to be partially protected by one's own sense of propriety," Bettine flashed; then, quietly again, she added, "I have not trusted too much to that, though; I have always been glad to be guided and advised!"

"Pardon me if I appeared to reflect upon you personally," Mrs. Baring responded, icily oblivious of the appeal in Bettine's face and voice. "I should not have expressed my views, knowing that they have no weight."

"You are mistaken in that," replied Bet-

tine. "Your opinion is of so much importance to me that I should not venture to enter your family, since you are so unwilling to receive me, except that I love Schuyler so much that I hope some day to satisfy you."

"There is no need to touch upon my sentiments, since your course will be the same in any case."

"Yes," said Bettine, very gently; "only, so much happier if you would look at it differently."

Her eyes shone with tears; she was flushed, and her sensitive mouth was grieved and wounded as a child's. Mrs. Baring did not reply at once, and, when she did, she spoke less stiffly.

"You are quite sure that you are suited to each other?"

"Yes, I am sure," Bettine answered, low but steadily. "I know that I'm poor and he might marry anyone; but we love each other, and I am a gentlewoman, at least."

Neither spoke immediately; then Bettine went on,

"Do you feel so strongly against Schuyler's marrying me because I do newspaper work, and Marjorie and I live alone? I had to do it; there was nothing else for me, Marjorie was so young when my father died; I couldn't let her go without an education; and I couldn't make a living for us both in any other way. But I have been very careful; I don't think I've ever done anything that you would disapprove of."

"I didn't mean to imply—"

"I know it; but I wanted to tell you. We have lived as quietly as possible, and we have very few visitors and our friends are all women. Indeed, I have done my best! I've let good chances go because I was afraid that if I took them I'd have to do something that would place me in a false position; and it isn't an easy life—at the least, difficult—and it has been a struggle to get on without doing everything that came in my way." She gave a little sigh, and added, "It seems hard that you should think me unfit to be Schuyler's wife because I've had to work!"

They had been standing by the door during the whole dialogue, and now Mrs. Baring turned and let her eyes wander over the room. Everything there was tasteful, much was elegant, but nothing was new, and some things were undeniably shabby. Marjorie's paints and brushes were strewn about, and Bettine's writing materials and

sheets of copy. Assuredly, there was no luxurious idling there, and yet neither of the girls looked capable of long continued work. It was easy to believe that their life might be "a struggle."

Bettine stood with her hands clasped before her, her head bent; and Mrs. Baring scanned her face intently. It was very lovely, and bore intense refinement in every clear-cut feature; and in its expression there was only a little sadness and weariness and a shade of care: and suddenly Mrs. Baring remembered what she had forgotten for the moment—that she had looked for triumph and arrogance and had found only patience and tolerance and a gentle pleading for her good-will, with a sincerity which could not be doubted.

The silence lasted so long that Bettine

looked up with soft, wondering eyes; and then Mrs. Baring yielded to an impulse which she did not quite understand and never in the least regretted. She drew the slender form close to her and kissed the sweet, wistful face; and went away at once, without a word.

And so peace was established upon so firm a foundation that no further reference was made to the former uncomfortable relations, save that, a few nights after Mrs. Baring's visit, the Gordons' room was the scene of a commemorative banquet at which the health and finances of the participants were recklessly imperilled, and after which the Club, inviolate since its last appearance, was formally tendered into Bettine's sole possession, by unanimous consent.

Helen Keene.



AN ARIZONA HOME.

A WIDE blue sky ending in brown and purple mountains, a broad rolling stretch of mesa at their feet, foot-hills and ore-dumps nearer by, and a long, straggling, one-story town in the midst of them. That is the town known by the gruesome name of Tombstone.

It is not a pretty town. Trees are scarce and chiefly of the pale cottonwood variety. The houses are mostly of adobe with a few frame dwellings scattered about, and they are just as small as skilful contrivance can make them. I asked a friend who has a three-roomed house what she did if she had any one to lunch (dinners are not given), and she answered—"Oh, I take down the bed and set my table in its place!"

Under these circumstances house-rent is cheap—the only cheap thing in Tombstone. We have taken a little house which was evidently contrived by a lover of fresh air, for it has all the doors and windows which could possibly be squeezed into it. The front garden is small, but boasts of three cottonwood trees and several flower-beds. Flowers grow here like magic; even a stick will grow if it is watered carefully; at least, cottonwood sticks increase to trees in this way. My neighbor's domain is separated from mine on two sides by okatillas, which are stick-like affairs set in hedges, and bearing great, flaunting red flowers.

When hot weather sets in,—and it knows how to be hot in Arizona,—various unwelcome tenants take up lodging in house and garden. Centipedes, tarantulas, and scorpions are the most deadly, but the irrepressible cockroach and a still more unpleasant pest are features of life in-doors. However, the time not spent in waging a war of extermination on these creatures can be made to pass very lazily.

The good people here subsist on two meals a day, which is not remarkable when the cost and trouble of preparing food in the heat is considered. The best butter

comes from the ranches, and is sold at eighty-five cents per roll of scant two pounds. Ice, which is manufactured here, costs five cents a pound, as a usual thing. Oak and mesquite, which are used for fuel, cost ten and twelve dollars a cord; and the Chinaman who manipulates these things is a luxury costing \$35 per month. Twice a week oysters and fresh fish appear from the Pacific, but it takes three days to get them here. There are plenty of rabbits, partridges, and quail for the shooting, out on the mesa. Deer abound in the foot-hills, and venison is the great dish at the Can-Can, our chief restaurant. Many of the householders keep pigeons, and the air is filled with *curroo*-ing and lazy whirring of gray and white wings. Mule-trains creep laggingly through the town, taking a whole day to come from Fairbank, a distance of nine miles. From twelve to twenty mules are hitched to a succession of plains-wagons, loaded with ore, feed, and freight of various kinds. The drivers are the brownest of Mexicans, wearing pointed straw hats and blue overalls, finished off with square-toed, high-heeled boots.

At a few minutes to twelve o'clock each day there comes a great rumbling of wheels, and the ancient concord coach *Modoc*, which carries our solitary mail, whirls by with its six horses amidst a great cracking of the whip, and a white cloud of dust, which floats lazily about and finally subsides into the sunny road. About five o'clock the air grows deliciously cool, and the west begins to redden. Before long a splendid blaze of color fills the sky, with rosy tints in the east and pale violet lights on the adobes on the western side of the way. The twilight is brief, and soon the clear southern night is upon us, with its great glowing stars and its cool clean air. And by-and-by, perhaps the great moon comes swinging up the sky, and pours a flood of radiance over the ephemeral town, the mysterious mesa, and the eternal hills.

Florence E. Pratt.



BEE-KEEPING BY WOMEN. No. 3.

WE were then supplied with four beehives as fully equipped for the honey harvest. The hives were set squarely and firmly in a row on platforms one foot high and three feet apart. Screened on the west and north by a hedge, they stood in a direct line of vision from the cottage. Some shelter is needed to prevent winter-killing, and when not furnished by trees or hedges must be supplied by a light board fence.

Many apiarists rest their hives upon half bricks piled at the four corners, and fill in the under space with saw dust or sand. This prevents the lurking of vermin in grass and weeds, and affords a convenient background on which to detect clipped-winged robbers.

In front of all hives are slight partitions called in bee parlance "flying boards." On them bees drop preparatory to entering their way downwards, to which they return as faithfully as the sun rises and sets. They make no calls except when fired with honey-greeds; bee stings are ignored in presence of an enticed neighbor. Once having tasted sweet sweets, domesticated insects will labor a week or more of its last days of food and leave it to perish. This never occurs in a cold season when they are too busy to become

tramps. During poor seasons swarms colonies post sentinels to prevent Robberian intrusions, and the wise apiarist strengthens fence or hives or makes two into one.

In order to avoid stooping in looking over frames our hives were placed far enough from the ground for convenience in handling. In front an apron or broad plank gradually sloped from the "flying board" to the ground. It served to catch those heavy-laden insects that would otherwise on returning from long flights miss their footholds and tumble clumsily earthward.

As the season waxes apace there are certain indications upon the dial-plate of nature which bees lovingly note. They begin short flights in early spring, and even in winter when the thermometer reaches as high as sixty degrees. In the latitude of New York the blossoms of the willow and the soft maple lure them forth in the latter part of March. Slowly at first the process is over, then more swiftly all the flowers bloom, then the cherry, the apple, the pear, and finally the red raspberry and the clover give the first great yield of amber richness. Intoxicated with delight bees make short work with white clover in its most delectable honey; this comes the basswood or Linden followed by

buckwheat, the honey of which is, to a fastidious taste, dark, rank, and poor. Locust-honey is excellent, so is that taken from the blossom of all cultivated fruit, having a twang peculiar to the flavor of the petal.

Then come the large Labiate family, including the mints, sage, catnip, jill-over-the-ground, and southern. From insignificant blossoms like cabbage, mustard, dandelion, turnip, sumac, the daisy and the spider-plant, they collect their luscious stores. The combs are rapidly filled with eggs, brood, pollen, and honey and many drones appear. Among other indications of the swarming fever are the inception of queen-cells upon brood-frames, though swarming sometimes occurs without them. Thick colonies are dissuaded from the attempt by cutting out queen-cells with a sharp knife. All others are undisturbed, but closely watched from early May till late July.

At last one colony swarms with a buzz and whirl as if pandemonium were let loose, bees pour out of the hive and describe larger and larger circles in apparent confusion. Finally method is perceived within their madness. A nucleus is seen attaching itself to some object near the hive, usually a bush or the limb of a tree. We have had an emerging colony settle on raspberry bushes scarce a yard high, and once bees gathered upon a Norway spruce fully forty feet from the ground. By means of a ladder they were secured in a basket, but the experience was not particularly pleasant.

In less than ten minutes after their exit the little creatures are clustered in a heavy mass having the shape of a wasp's nest. And now comes the test of the true apiarian, though the task is far less formidable than appearances would indicate.

If the swarm is not too high, place the empty hive under it and upon a light board platform about four feet square. The platform should be made and kept for this sole purpose. Should the colony alight several feet from the ground, elevate both platform and hive on a step-ladder directly underneath. After donning the usual protectors, bravely mount a ladder safely propped against the tree or whatever supports the swarm in question.

In either case if the bees are clustered upon a flexible branch, gently shake it until the mass drops upon the platform in

front of the hive opening. It is well to have already suspended within it about six frames of comb foundation and a little honey, the odor of which will prove an attraction.

Now, owing to hereditary tendencies, bees have a curious inclination to take refuge in the first cavity they find after swarming, so that in ten minutes time there will be seen a strong current setting hivedward. It will increase in velocity like water issuing from a crevasse until all have entered. Now lift the hive to the stand it is intended to occupy, shelter it from the sun and leave the insects to work out their own sweet wills.

Sometimes it may be necessary to saw off the alighting branch. In this case jar the limb as little as possible, place it before the hive entrance and give it a gentle shake. The bees which enter first give those signals that the others understand and obey. If they alight high up on tree-trunks or other similar places they are to be reached by means of a ladder, brushed with a wisp of grass or soft wing into a basket and, as before, carried to the hive. On their first exit they take a careful survey of their new home, just as they do before leaving the hive in the spring. To move them after that might be disastrous. They always return to the exact point of departure, and would fail to find their fellows which may have been removed only to the distance of two or three feet.

If, on any occasion, a swarm when deposited in front of a hive shows itself reluctant to enter, use the smoker or sprinkle it lightly with water.

These directions are only needful when the queen has been mulcted of her fair proportions. With a clipped wing the mother bee on attempting to fly falls to the ground. There are her posterity wildly circling in the air, here is she disabled, whom they will not desert. The apiarian finds her majesty in front of the hive, gently seizes her by the shoulders, cages her, moves the old hive from its stand, and in its place puts the new one garnished for the occasion.

The insects missing the inspiration of all their activities return to the old stand. Now release the queen at the entrance of the new domicile and she will disappear within its recesses. Her subjects finding her there go to work as usual. The old dwelling has been whisked away and a

new one containing plenty of room substituted. By the introduction of one frame of unsealed brood they will be more firmly attached to the spot.

Occasionally a colony insists upon turning Bedouins in spite of all allurements; but when such is the case food is scant. Once only we lost a small after-swarm which had previously been deprived of its queen, and returned to the parent stock. After sulking a few days the bees took flight toward a forest, where it was as useless to look for them as for the traditional needle in the hay-mow. An examination of the hive showed that on account of continued rains the absconders must have been nearly destitute of honey.

Only when the apiarian is desirous of increasing his number of swarms, does he permit after-swarms, as those are termed which succeed the first. The prevention is simply to cut out all the queen-cells except one. Should the young ruler fail to emerge from this larva, one method of securing perpetuity has been described in the preceding chapter. Another is to cut out from a neighboring colony one or two queen-cells, carefully insert them into the middle of a broad frame, and leave them to hatch. Nature will do the rest.

The earlier the swarming season, the better. The old rhyme,—

"A swarm of bees in May is worth a load of hay,

A swarm of bees in June is worth a silver spoon."

has a foundation in fact. Where there are many bees, and no inclination toward migration, nuclei may readily be formed in this manner.

Into a new hive put three frames of honey and brood-comb. They must be well covered with bees, measuring a quart or more in all. On either side place a frame of foundation. Now, in the centre of one of the brood-combs graft two queen-cells; we may be sure that one at least will reach maturity. Compress the frames into the front of the hive by the division board and leave them to themselves.

In a few days one empty cell will be found, indicating that the occupant has gnawed her way into her sphere of action; the other will doubtless be punctured. To enlarge the "feminine" sphere move along the division-board, add another

frame of brood-comb and bees and one foundation frame. Repeat these additions, and in ordinary seasons the nucleus will reach the dignity of a strong working colony.

A still more delicate task is that of uniting two small after swarms into one strong enough to stand the winter's cold. At night-fall remove the smaller colony to the side of the larger, lift both covers and force into them a cloud of smoke. Carefully raise one frame at a time from the weaker colony and, pushing along the division-board of the larger, place it beside those already in the hive. In a moment this process of transference is over. Replace the cover and leave the bees, still clustered on the combs, to adjust themselves to new conditions. Two queens are then in the same hive and to prevent trouble one must be removed or destroyed.

As the season advances all the frames are filled and it becomes necessary to add half stories set upon the hives after removing their tops. These each contain nine frames and are half the depth of the lower story. In them are fitted those cubical receptacles or "section-boxes," the luscious contents of which, when temptingly displayed in the shop window, give no token of the industry required to fill them.

Those in general use hold each about one pound of honey. One side of each cube is then replaced with a pane of glass through which the comb and its lucent contents are visible. Before being deposited in the second story they are supplied with foundation for the starting of cells like the frames. In a good season they will also be filled with capped honey-comb. They should be left within the hive a week or two to ripen and then removed to a warm dry room for storage. During this ripening process the golden nectar loses its crudity and parts with a portion of the water mingled with it.

The honey flow ceases with the first frost severe enough to kill asters and golden-rod, the latter flower yielding a thick, amber-hued and aromatic production. By this time the faithful apiarian, who has often examined her colonies, and taken off surplus honey, decides whether each has enough to last until spring. Of this there should be at least twenty-five pounds contained in nine or ten frames.

When this amount is lacking it may be

supplied with thick rich syrup made in the proportion of one quart of water to seven pounds of coarse granulated sugar. With it fill small tin fruit cans having perforated tops, or even make use of common tin pepper-boxes. At night fall invert these dishes upon the alighting-board, and support them with narrow strips of wood. According to a well-known principle the syrup will exude no faster than the bees carry it away.

In short order the thrifty workers will store it for future use, but they must not be fed in the daytime, when bees are flying; other swarms attracted by the odor of the syrup will begin a system of robbery which may endanger the safety of the entire apiary. If there are not enough insects by the latter part of September to fill four frames, put in a couple of foundation frames, give them a pint of syrup every night until they have reared a brood, made comb and sealed up sweets enough to last till the sun climbs high in the heavens.

And now our little busybodies are ready to be blanketed and tucked up for a long hibernation. For this purpose an extra case is provided. It is made of rough boards some three inches each way larger than the hive, leaving a hollow chamber between them. This must be tightly packed with either wheat or oat chaff; we used old newspapers instead of chaff, and never lost a colony. A cushion of burlaps also filled with chaff, fitting closely over the frames, a water-tight cover securely fastened, the hive entrance contracted yet not so much as to prevent ventilation, and the bees may be left to their dreams of summer breezes and blooms.

And now let us see what can be done with the honey on hand. The apiarian who is not eager to increase her stock extracts honey from its comb in the frames and returns them repeatedly to the hive to be refilled. This is managed by the help of an "extractor," the operation of which is a fine illustration of centrifugal force. The extracted honey gathers at the bottom of the implement and is then drawn off into a tin pail or stone jar by means of a faucet.

Delicious liquid amber as it is, extracted honey cannot long be kept in its native state without "candying," a condition inconvenient for handling, but one in which it loses none of its incomparable flavor. Until cold weather it may be strained

through a bag of thin muslin directly from the extractor into glass jars, tin pails, jelly tumblers or large mouth bottles. It may also be kept in huge tin cans or in barrels coated with melted paraffine.

Before the first symptom of thickening the extracted honey must be heated and sealed in jars precisely as fruit is sealed for preservation. Over-heating injures both the flavor and the color. Screw on the tops and if the honey was well "ripened" it will remain a clear limpid "lucent syrup" during an entire year.

A quart jar holds three pounds of honey and retails at from fifty to sixty cents. A reputation for preparing first-class honey will create a demand for it in almost any section of the country. Hotels, sanatoriums and boarding-houses will be glad to take it direct from the apiarian.

Section-boxes contain the most attractive looking production, but it is really no sweeter than that found in older combs. The sides of shipping-cases filled with them should be made of glass, otherwise freight handlers will fail to give them the care they demand.

And now what shall be said in regard to yield?

That depends upon the quantity of accessible honey-bearing plants, upon weather neither too hot nor too dry, upon the strength of the colony, and upon the skill of the apiarian. In a favorable season one authority declares that he has seen twenty-five pounds of honey gathered in a single day by one colony. Beginning with one hundred colonies he secured, forty days after the opening of the basswood blossoms, no less than 10,000 pounds of honey, beside having an increase of nineteen swarms. To do this he removed several colonies to a higher altitude in order to reach later flowers. Again, in one week forty-eight colonies secreted from basswood no less than one ton of surplus honey.

One of the successful bee-keepers of the State of New York took, one autumn, from forty colonies of bees no less than 9727 pounds of extracted honey, over 4000 pounds of which were gathered in one week.

Such large yields however are exceptional and ought not to be counted upon. A. S. Root of Medina, O., whose experience probably exceeds that of any other person in this country, writes under a late

date: "The average yield of honey, taking it one year with another, is 75 pounds of extracted and about 50 pounds of comb honey per colony."

In our own apiary the yield was much larger than this, very likely owing to the long season during which honey bearing flowers are in bloom and the great variety and quantity found in the vicinity of New York. In four years our stock increased twelve-fold from its four original colonies. Meantime only four colonies of common black bees were purchased and Italianized. Afterward as needed, one after another were transferred, divided, united or nuclei started precisely as these chapters have described, and all under the tuition of Mr. Root's fascinating "A. B. C. of Bee Culture." Our shelves groaned beneath the weight of tons of honey either extracted or stored in combs; how much was never estimated. From the beginning it was a labor of love, not of dollars. To take the very poetry of field and garden, distilled into nectar through Nature's wonderful alembic, was to secure the sweets of Hymettus in the fields of prosaic New Jersey. It was not merely that the neglected blossoms of swamp and hedge transmitted their juices into food for our industrious servitors from which we rifled them; it was that the very arcana of instinct and intelligence, sealed from all eyes save those which faithfully study its mysteries, gradually unfolded itself to our loving inspection month by month and year by year.

As a stimulus for the future it is well to note what women have already done in the field of bee-culture.

Mrs. Ellen S. Tupper, a pioneer in the work, gave, many years ago, this report of one season's yield: "I averaged from nine Italian colonies 119 pounds each. The greatest yield from one hive was 236 pounds of box-honey, beside two extra large colonies, not reckoning frames and partly filled boxes." At that time this yield was considered to be very large, though later a yield of three, four and five hundred pounds per hive is sometimes secured. On the other hand during a rainy season bees will accumulate little surplusage.

The Linswick sisters of Michigan have

made for themselves a beautiful home in the wilds of that state by bee-culture. But perhaps the most remarkable case is that of Mrs. S. J. Axtell of Ill., who, during a great portion of her life has been an invalid. Desiring money for missionary purposes, Mrs. Axtell began bee-keeping in a small way, although she could work only in a reclining position.

Faith and hope gained their coveted reward. Bees prospered, strength increased, money flowed into her coffers and flowed through it to missionary fields in this and other countries. The story of her life and work and that of her husband shows what may be done when hearts are fired with an earnest, unselfish love of doing good. In one year from a little farm of eighty acres and 220 colonies of bees, the revenue coming almost wholly from the latter, they gladly gave of their income no less than \$4,100.

Mrs. Culp of Hilliard, O., is also famous for her success in this industry. In one season, unassisted, she secured 8,000 pounds of honey and increased her stock from forty to sixty colonies.

Mrs. L. Harrison of Peoria, Ill., has probably given more attention to bee-culture than any other woman, although she has never kept account of profit and loss. In a letter lately received she says: "Please do not write flowery articles like 'those B. B's.'"

I saw a lady from Boston at the Chicago National Convention of Bee-Keepers, who had spent \$600 in the business, and all she had to show for it were hives filled with foundation, a queen, and a few bees running over the combs. "She had read that book!" Mrs. Harrison's apiary for a number of years was limited to one hundred colonies. She wields a trenchant pen on her favorite topic.

This list might, if necessary, be greatly extended. It is sufficient to show what a vast and interesting industry opens before those women whose desire for independence and love for that bright and beautiful world in which there is so much to study and admire, leads them out of hackneyed and restricted vocations into the domain of Bee-culture.

Hester M. Pool.

CONCERNING PICKLES.



THE gay asters, brilliant scarlet and yellow nasturtiums, the stately dahlias and vivid cardinal salvias of the early fall, with their rapidly yellowing leaves, remind us that amid

the rose-colored things of earth, there must be a commingling of the commonplace and prosaic.

The happy faces of merry boys and girls also, returning from their summer vacation, recounting over and over again the "lovely times" they have had at lake, seaside, or possibly only at "grandpa's farm" up in the New England hills, again remind us that these same boys and girls have not only brought back rosy cheeks and invigorated bodies, but healthy country appetites as well; so while the teachers are classifying and arranging the work for the coming school year, providing a suitable bill of fare for their mental needs, we, their mothers, will betake ourselves to our kitchens to engage in another kind of work—less elevating perhaps, but quite as important in the eyes of the hungry boys and girls.

To the perplexed housekeepers who are pondering over recipes for pickles, and wondering which ones to try, I would suggest the following rules, with the wish that a trial may prove as satisfactory as it has done in my own family.

When I began housekeeping as a bride, I armed myself with blank book and pencil, and from practical experiments of many a Virginia and Kentucky matron, gleaned recipes that are to me more valuable than any I have ever culled from the most carefully prepared cook-book in the market, and from its yellow pages I have been able to compound many delicious pickles, beautiful jellies and luscious jams.

Success in pickling depends largely on the use of good, sharp cider vinegar, plenty of brown sugar, fresh spices, and in certain kinds of pickles, black and white mustard

and grated horseradish. With these ingredients at hand, there is no excuse for the tasteless, insipid pickles, so often found upon the tables of otherwise good housekeepers.

Whether cucumber pickles should be cooked or not, depends upon the individual taste of those who are expected to eat them. In some localities—the South for instance—the good housewives feel that cucumbers should simmer long enough to become *tender*, while our Northern matrons lay great stress upon having their pickles *hard* and *crisp*. A Southerner by birth, I naturally incline to cooked pickles, and the following will be found excellent if cooked sufficiently long.

YELLOW CABBAGE PICKLE.

Take enough small, compact cabbages to fill a four gallon jar. Quarter and tie together with twine. Boil in very salt water until tender enough to eat. When cold, press the cabbage between the hands to free it from the salt cabbage water. Pour over them weak vinegar and let it remain a week or two. Then take strong vinegar enough to cover them, one teaspoonful each of cloves and allspice, three ounces of turmeric, two of ground cinnamon, and one of celery seeds. The seasoning should be put in a bag and boiled in the vinegar, after which should be added a few slices of race-ginger, a little mace, and three pounds of light brown sugar. Squeeze the cabbage out of the first vinegar, then remove the twine. Sprinkle over the pickle a half-pound of well-washed white mustard seeds, cover with the boiling vinegar and tie up closely, adding first a cupful of made mustard.

HIGHLY-SPICED CUCUMBER PICKLE.

To four gallons of pickled cucumbers take one pound of grated horseradish, one of white mustard seeds, one of onions chopped fine, one ounce of sliced race-ginger, one of mace, one of cinnamon, one of black pepper, one of celery seeds, one of turmeric, one of black mustard. Mix these ingredients into a paste with salad oil.

Cover the layers with this mixture and pour over vinegar and sugar, in the proportion of two pounds of sugar to one gallon of vinegar.

PEACH MANGOES.

Take large free-stone peaches nearly ripe enough to be eaten with cream; put them into brine for two days; wipe them dry. Have ready a stuffing made of scraped horseradish, black and white mustard seeds, celery seeds, a little garlic, pounded and sifted cloves and allspice, sliced race-ger, pepper, cinnamon, and sugar. Take out the seeds, fill with the above mixture, tie together with coarse thread and cover with vinegar, seasoning it with whole cloves, allspice, ginger, horseradish, stick-cinnamon and a bag of turmeric, with sugar to sweeten well.

CUCUMBER MANGOES.

When small cucumbers are scarce, it is sometimes convenient to pickle the large full grown ones. Take two dozen large cucumbers, cut a block an inch square out of the side of each one; scrape out the seeds, and as much of the pulp as possible with the thumb and forefinger. Lay in brine for a day, being careful to fit each block into place, then tie. Make a dressing of a head of cabbage chopped fine, four green peppers also chopped fine, two ounces of celery seed, the same of white mustard seed, one ounce of ground black pepper, one ounce of salt and one tea-cup of sugar. Put two onion sets and two small leaves into each mango. Put back the block and sew around each mango a strip of cotton cloth. Place a layer of vine leaves, a layer of cucumbers and a tea-spoonful of alum alternately into a kettle

until it is full. Scald well, after which add (when placed in jars) a gallon of boiling vinegar in which a pound and a half of brown sugar has been put. Add whole spices to the vinegar while boiling, not forgetting to put in three or four red pepper pods.

ONION PICKLE.

Take two gallons of small white onions and one pint of salt. Pour on boiling water and let it stand twenty-four hours. Slip the skins from the onions and boil them about five minutes in sweet milk and water. Soak a few days in vinegar. Then scald good cider vinegar with mace and cloves, and pour over the onions, adding a few little pods of red pepper.

WALNUT PICKLE.

Gather white walnuts, called at the North butternuts, about the 10th of June, or when you can just pierce them with a pin. In the Northern States they are not ready for pickling until about the 1st of July. Lay them in salt water for two weeks, occasionally heating the brine to prevent moulding. Take out and rub with a rough cloth, leaving them exposed a few hours to turn them black, then lay them in fresh water for three days, changing the water daily. Put garlic allspice, cloves and black pepper to taste into enough vinegar to cover the pickle, and pour it boiling hot on the walnuts. If a little old and hard, scald them in an iron pot, but if young, boiling will soften them, so that they will spoil. If well made this is a most delicious pickle, yet one of which little is known. The housekeepers of Virginia excel in making this relish. *Annie Curd.*

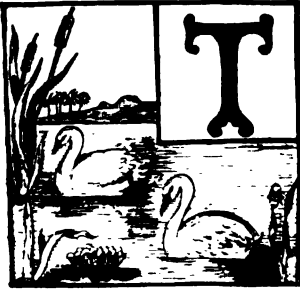
THE HOME-MAKER.

Be some fair palace of wealth his stay,
Or a lowly cot in the humblest town,
Man sees, wherever his steps may stray,
One pictured page through his thought let down:

And the woman's face that he loves the best—
Be she sister, or mother, or wife—doth rise.
Her hearth-fire's glow, and the shield and rest
Of the home she makes, are his paradise.

Estelle Thomson.

A WORK OF WOMEN.



TWELVE years ago a few women met in a city that sits with its feet in the sea and its head in the clouds, to devise a plan of crystallizing their pity for the unfortunate poor who are also so unfortunate as to be sick.

Long and carefully they considered how they might help without hurting them, and the result was the beginning, with a very little money and a great deal of faith, of a Diet Dispensary.

A rolling stone gathers no moss, but a rolling snowball gathers snow as it rolls. So also sympathy and enthusiasm attract enthusiasm and sympathy, and dollars draw to themselves other dollars. Therefore there are now six Diet Dispensaries in as many different parts of the city for the giving-out of beef-tea, mutton-broth, eggs, milk, farina, rice, jelly, and other food suitable for invalids.

An order from a physician, which must be renewed each week, is necessary, and this must give the name, residence, age, and disease of the patient. But the physician may have seen the patient only in a consulting call at the Medical Dispensary, or he may even have had only the statement of the friends of the sick, and does not know the actual circumstances and necessities, being deceived by appearances. So the confiding public, which has trusted its funds to the conscientious discretion of the Board of Managers, is protected from frauds and wastes by an investigating committee, who visit the home of every receiver of diet. Let us spend a morning with one of these visitors.

The Diet Dispensaries are of necessity all established in the convenient vicinity of the most needy and unsavory places, where the poor are the poorest, so that the help may be easily accessible to them.

The Dispensary from which we will make

our visit to-day is in a region popularly known as The Dumps, where not very long ago half-naked boys waded and geese dabbled when the tide was in, and where goats rambled and rummaged among the old tin cans and hoop-skirts when the tide was out. The sea has been crowded back by the contents of a million ash-barrels, streets have been built up and hillocks cut down, and many acres are now redeemed from mud and marsh, and covered with shops and tenement houses. At nearly every corner we note a beer saloon, and we wonder how much this industry has to do with the less prosperous look of the other buildings, and of the general shabby forlornness in the persons of those we meet. Even the bald-headed babies crawling about the doorways and the smutty children playing in the gutters have pinched, unhealthy faces, as though they had been nursed on soothing syrup and quinine all their lives.

"Charley Smith is going to get buried this afternoon at two o'clock!" cheerfully called out one little urchin to another, as though that would be a great occasion for Charley Smith; and indeed as we looked at the place and the comparisons it had left, we felt thankful that one had escaped such a life and such an outlook.

The Diet Dispensary seemed like an oasis of purity and neatness, with its pervasive and delicious odor of beef-tea, its clean floors and cooking utensils, and windows full of plants. To be sure, what we took for blossoms on the geranium bush proved to be bits of red flannel, and the pictures on the walls were only newspaper prints bordered with strips of brown paper.

The matron in charge is nearly as poor as her neighbors, but the occupancy of these furnished and heated rooms and the aid she has it in her power to bestow, make her a power among them which she uses wisely. No city missionary, or one in higher station, can have half her opportunities to help and improve those about her.

"They had a Fall Festival up at the Pisgah Sunday School, and nobody could be let in without three potatoes," she told us. "I believe they got the full of ten barrels to distribute, and they sent one for

me to give out among my poor folks. It was a great treat to me. I am privileged to give away the meat that my beef-tea is made from, but there isn't much goodness in it; only it is something to breathe against. So the potatoes came in just right, and I did wish that those who gave them could have seen how pleased and grateful the folks were; all of them hadn't known as they could get as much as mush and molasses for their Thanksgiving dinner, and some of them couldn't keep from crying when they saw the potatoes."

We took a list of patients that were then receiving diets, and went first to a house in a tidy row of tenements, making our way through the dim hall to a door in the rear. There came a merry sound of children's voices from within, and in answer to our knock the door was opened by a dimpled little maiden who looked like a strayed apple-blossom, with her floating golden hair and pretty pink and white face.

The room was small and sunny, the stove, on which stood a teapot and covered saucepan, shone like a black mirror. The young girl was evidently washing dishes at the sink, and a laughing boy sat on a high stool by a table that held a pile of school-books and a slate.

"I am looking for Elizabeth Walker," said the visitor.

Apple Blossom seemed puzzled for an instant, then asked "Is it Aunt Bessie? She is in there, in the bedroom. This isn't one of her good days."

We passed through the open door leading to two inner rooms, one beyond the other, and found the further lighted only by a kerosene lamp that stood on a little table beside cups and vials. The room was so small that there was only space for the table, a chair, and the bed on which the invalid was lying. To say that we came from the Diet Dispensary was all the introduction needed.

"I've been wishing I could thank the ladies for their kindness. The beef-tea is keeping me up, and when my husband gets steady work, we shall be able to pay for it," said she.

They were English people and came to America when first married, fifteen years before. The husband was a pattern-maker well employed, but was compelled to join the Trades' Union, and ordered to join in a strike two years before. Afterward, not being able to pay the Union dues he was

turned out of it, and now had only an occasional job of anything he could find.

"It seemed necessary that I should work hard and I had always been well and strong, so I supposed I could do anything till I broke down entirely. But my husband is very kind, and he and the boys do all the work, only some days I am able to be taken to the kitchen and sit awhile long enough to mix the bread and show the children about cooking. My oldest boy is fourteen years old, and we are trying to keep him in school this year. He is a handy boy, and he clears up on the Saturday. My sister's Lizzie comes in to wash the dishes mornings that she can be spared from home. She is hearing Edwin at his spelling now. The children don't know any other way only me to be sick, so it doesn't fret them."

There was hardly a joint in the poor woman's twisted body that was not distorted, and she was expecting a surgeon the day to perform an operation, but as she thanked us again in a bright cheery tone for the diets and for our call she seemed like a wholesome English daisy, not so much to be pitied as admired.

The next call was upon an Irish woman reported to be one hundred and two years old. We went through a large tenement house, and found the place we sought in the rear beyond an ill-smelling yard where a frowzy woman was pumping water, and a black cat sat on the broken steps leading up to the house, having for companion a baby that might have taken the prize for dirt. But when it looked up with a friendly sudden smile, it was the "touch of nature that makes the whole world kin," and our hearts went right out with a yearning to help the class of which that baby was type.

Bridget McCann lived on the second floor at the head of a crazy staircase, with the last one left of her ten children, an old woman who tried to support herself and her mother by piecing bedquilts. The mother had soft beautiful hair, not so scanty nor as gray as her daughter's and her skin was hardly more wrinkled, but she was quite blind.

Thirty years before they came from Ireland where they made their living by lace work.

"I harmed me sight by the fineness of it and now I'm recompensed by having eyes that are no goodness to me," said she.

aking no heed of the century that had rolled over her head. "But I wouldn't be living the day if it wasn't along o' the tip of milk and sup o' broth we be's getting from the Dispensary, and me daughter il tell ye the same."

From one extreme to the other we next explored a dark damp cellar where a young mother held a sick baby in her arms.

"This is no place for you," said the visitor. "Your baby can't get well here. Doesn't the doctor tell you so?"

The mother fell to crying, "I can't help it. He was sent up for thirty days yesterday. Him and another mon had a fight, but he was in liquor, or he'd never have done it," she sobbed.

O yes! that was the answer to the dark enigma of life. If the husband had spent his earnings in house-rent and food instead of at the beer shop, there would have been no reason for charity or the workhouse.

Next we found our way to a narrow lane through the middle of which a drain ran in a dirty brook. Here was a row of squatter's shanties put together with unmatched doors and casements and stray boards picked up here and there. Nobody answered our knock but a gray head appeared at the door of the next shanty.

"If it's Martha McGriskin ye are wanting she has gone out on the Dump. Run Micky, haste ye and tell Aunt Martha some ladies are asking for her."

As though the speaker had been an enchantress, a white headed, bare-legged boy was suddenly evolved from what had seemed to be only a heap of rags behind a rain-water barrel, and the legs twinkled off to the field of dust heaps, where ash-carts were still depositing the sweepings of the city.

While he was gone, the visitor asked some questions about Mrs. McGriskin, whose case was considered doubtful.

"She will give you a good story. She is awful wide-mouthed, but she is not a dependable woman. There's poorer than her. *She* don't need help," said her neighbor.

Very soon the bare legs twinkled back,

followed by a weather-beaten old woman who puffed and groaned as she came, the more and louder the nearer she approached her visitors.

"Me back aches me so bad. It gives me no aise nor paice," she whined. "It is in me bed I ought to be the day, but who would light me bit fire and steep me tay? I've had nine children, but they are no good to me."

"Is your husband living?" asked the visitor.

"I haint got no husband now. What do I want one *fer*? Just to sit in a cheer. If I've got to root, I'd rather root for meself," she replied.

The interior of the McGriskin abode was as unattractive as the exterior. The one small window was as dim as though made of stained glass. There was one wooden chair, a chest, a crooked stove, and a rude table on which stood a tin-pail partly full of something stronger, by the odor, than Oolong or Mocha.

"I am getting no milk nor the taste of an aig now," she complained. "That woman ain't fit for the place. She tries to be a lady and she can't be no lady. She will give me nothing without the lines; me that has been going there for better nor a year. She knows me. But I wouldn't take her impudence, so we had words and got across, and I don't put my shadow over her door-sill no more."

"She seems to have suspended herself and saved us the trouble. However, I will see the physician who gave her the former orders," said the visitor, when we were on our homeward way. "And we must try to get that poor sick baby and its mother into the Home for the Friendless for a few days, until something else can be provided for them."

It is only in large cities that a charity like this is necessary or expedient. But the field is the world, the work is one, and we believe that women who live remote from the great centers will be interested to hear what other women elsewhere are doing to relieve want and suffering.

Frances Lee Pratt.

RECIPES FROM AN OLD VIRGINIA COOK-BOOK. III.

DESSERTS AND SWEETS.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.

TO one half box of gelatine put a teacup two-thirds full of cold water. Let this stand half an hour. In the meantime whip up one quart rich cream. Just before you finish whipping the cream, pour two-thirds of a cup boiling water on the gelatine, stirring until all is dissolved. Add to the gelatine one teacup of pulverized sugar and three tablespoonfuls extract of vanilla. While this is cooling finish the cream. When the gelatine begins to thicken, stir it into the cream, mixing well. Pour into a glass bowl lined with ladies' fingers.

BELL FRITTERS.

Put a pint of water in a stewpan over the fire. When it boils, stir in rapidly one pint of flour, making a very stiff paste. Take it off and when sufficiently cool, add three well-beaten eggs with a little salt. Have boiling lard ready, and drop in the fritters with a spoon, and if the lard is *just* boiling they will puff up like balls.

Serve with wine, sugar and nutmeg.

APPLE PUDDING.

One pound of stewed apples. While hot, stir in half a pound of butter and half a pound of sugar and the grated rind and juice of two lemons. When cold, add the yolks of six eggs well beaten.

Lay a thin paste in the bottom of a pudding-dish, pour in the mixture and bake half an hour.

Make a meringue of the six whites and a cup of powdered sugar. Spread over the pudding when done and return to the oven till the meringue is the palest brown.

LEMON CHEESECAKES.

One pound granulated sugar. Six eggs, leaving out two whites. The juice of three lemons and the grated rind of two.

One-fourth pound of butter melted.

Beat all well together and bake in puff-paste. Make a meringue of the whites reserved, and a little sugar.

COCOANUT PUDDING.

Boil and mash three large potatoes. Stir in half a pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound sugar, six eggs well beaten and one grated cocoanut.

Bake in puff-paste.

VIRGINIA MINCE-MEAT.

One pound suet scraped fine.

Three pounds raisins, seeded.

Two pounds currants picked and washed.

One and three-fourths pounds citron, sliced fine.

Two quarts pippin apples chopped.

Two pounds sugar.

One and a half pints brandy.

One pint wine.

Three pints cider.

One teaspoonful black pepper.

BOILED CUSTARD. (*The very best.*)

Beat three eggs, yolks and whites together, with three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Put one quart of fresh milk in a saucepan over the fire. As soon as it boils up, pour it *very gradually* over the eggs so as not to cook them in lumps. While this is doing have the saucepan *thoroughly* washed. Return the custard to it and replace it over the fire.

Stir it steadily till the custard drops from the point of the spoon. Season with lemon or vanilla.

ITALIAN CREAM.

Dissolve one ounce of gelatine in half a pint water. Pour one quart of rich cream on one half-pound powdered sugar. Let it stand half an hour and whisk until very light. Pour in the gelatine and beat until it begins to stiffen. Pour some ice cold water into the moulds. Shake it around and empty the moulds and fill immediately with the cream, seasoned with lemon or vanilla. Eat with rich cream seasoned and whipped very light.

JELLY FROM GELATINE. (*The best.*)

To one box gelatine put one pint cold water. The next morning add three pints

boiling water, fourteen ounces sugar, the juice of three lemons, six or seven blades of mace, a stick of cinnamon and the whites of two eggs beaten very light. Let it boil till it boils up clear on one side.

Just before removing it from the fire, add five gills good white wine and pour it in the jelly bag. Drip on lemon peel. Remove this, and set the jelly to form in moulds.

FRIARS' OMELETTE.

Boil and mash twelve apples as for sauce. Stir into them two ounces of butter.

When cold, add four eggs well beaten. Butter a dish and strew in grated bread-crumbs so as to cover the bottom and sides of the dish.

Pour in the apples. Sprinkle bread-crumbs over the top and bake. When done, sift sugar over the top.

SWEET-POTATO PUDDING.

While warm, mash smooth one and a half pounds of sweet potatoes and add three-fourths of a pound of butter. Beat six eggs very light with three-fourths of a pound of sugar.

Mix and add a glass of brandy, the grated rind and juice of a large lemon, and half a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg.

Bake in puff-paste, and eat with any acid preserve.

A FAMILY PUDDING.

Crumble a small loaf of stale bread. Pour over it a quart of boiling milk. When cold, add six eggs beaten very light with half a pound of sugar and half a pound of butter creamed together. If necessary, add a very little flour. Boil or bake it and eat with wine sauce.

BAKED APPLE DUMPLING.

Pare and core eight or ten apples. Roll out pieces of puff-paste the size of a saucer. Put an apple in each piece and close the edges of the paste around the fruit. Lay the dumplings in a large flat dish. Pour over them a sauce made of one cup butter and three cups sugar well creamed together, and seasoned with nutmeg, and bake one hour. Peach dumplings are made in the same way.

V. G. S.

CORRESPONDENCE.

IN reading the "Bachelor Bits" in THE HOME-MAKER of February, I was pleasantly reminded of an evening passed with a bachelor in one of the large apartment-houses. The rooms were upon one of the upper stories, and we went from the hall directly into the sitting-room. This was handsomely finished, and furnished with and by science. For our bachelor is a naturalist, and has a large collection of Lepidoptera. I say that because it is something else. His book-cases were from the floor nearly to the ceiling, and on the top, instead of the new conventional busts, or jars, or vases, or all, he had packages of boxes of bugs done up in newspaper. The fireplace was devoid of ornament, whether it was for use or ornamental in itself I cannot say; but he had what is so rare, cabinets and boxes full of specimens of his collecting, mounted in families, and in all sizes and from all countries. His suite had bed and bath-rooms besides this par-

lor. After conversation upon his specialty and also that of my husband, whom I accompanied, our bachelor played well upon the mandolin. I say that because it was another instrument.

The evening was so full of interest and instruction that until I read the article in your magazine about the adornment and æstheticism of some rooms, I was reminded of the interesting objects in this room, where the only article of vertu was a vase.
Lucy Bronson Dudley.

DEAR HOME-MAKER: Will you kindly answer this question? In passing a finger-bowl, should a napkin or a towel accompany it? Which is better?

S. D. H.

ATHENS, PA.

Each guest should have a finger-bowl for himself or herself as a matter of course, and a napkin should be folded and laid under each bowl. A towel is *never* used.

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[illegible]

1. The first step in the process of the investigation is the identification of the problem. This is done by the investigator who is responsible for the study. The investigator must first identify the problem and then determine the scope of the study. The next step is to design the study. This involves determining the research objectives, the research questions, and the research hypotheses. The investigator must also determine the appropriate research methods and the data collection techniques. The third step is to collect the data. This involves the actual collection of the data from the subjects of the study. The fourth step is to analyze the data. This involves the use of statistical methods to analyze the data and to determine the results of the study. The final step is to report the results of the study. This involves the preparation of a report that summarizes the findings of the study and discusses the implications of the results.

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1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be addressed. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

2. Next, it is essential to gather relevant information and data. This can be done through research, consultation with experts, or by analyzing existing resources.

3. Once the information is gathered, the next step is to analyze it. This involves identifying patterns, trends, and potential solutions. It is important to consider all possible angles and to evaluate the strengths and weaknesses of each option.

4. After analysis, the next step is to develop a plan or strategy. This should be based on the findings of the analysis and should outline the steps that need to be taken to address the problem.

5. The final step is to implement the plan. This involves putting the strategy into action and monitoring progress. It is important to be flexible and to adjust the plan as needed based on feedback and changing circumstances.

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

2. Once the problem is identified, the next step is to define the objectives and goals of the project. This helps to clarify what needs to be achieved and provides a clear direction for the team.

3. The third step is to develop a plan or strategy to address the problem. This involves breaking down the problem into smaller, manageable tasks and determining the resources needed to complete each task.

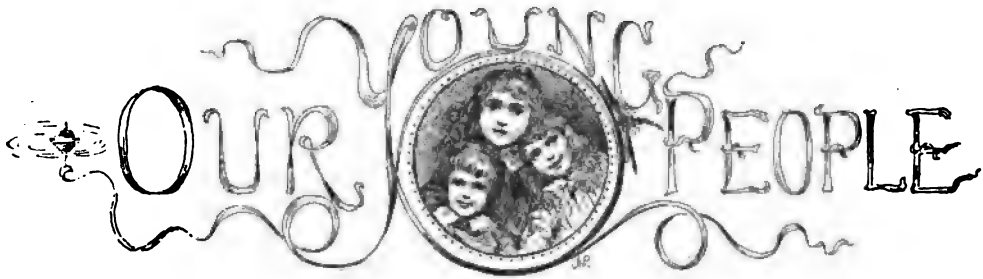
4. The fourth step is to implement the plan. This involves putting the strategy into action and monitoring progress to ensure that the project is on track.

5. The final step is to evaluate the results of the project. This involves assessing the outcomes against the objectives and goals and identifying any areas for improvement.

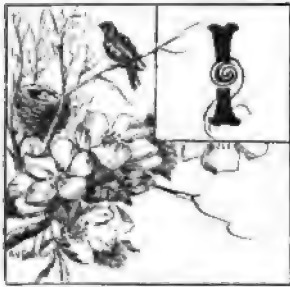
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V'RETTA'S CYCLONE.



It was John who named thus, this particular messenger of destruction, partly because it produced such a wonderful change in the young girl, his sister, and partly because of a goodnatured jest of his, in reference to her frequent outbursts of temper.

She had been named *Viretta* by her mother, but the family had fallen into the lazy way of calling her *V'retta*, when they did not reduce it to *Rett* or *Sis*.

Perhaps there was nothing very extraordinary about her. She was not below the average of bright, young girls. In her own mind she ranked far higher, for she knew of none of her associates who had the same longings as she had. It is possible that even she could scarcely have defined, save in a vague, generalizing way, just what it was she wished to change in her life. She had a vivid imagination, was a bright student and fond of study, but her character was yet unformed by experience. If she dreamed dreams and saw visions, they were crude and unchastened by contact with the actual realities of life.

Perhaps her unlikeness to her young friends consisted only in that she had an ambition to appear in print. She had written numberless verses, had even begun a novel! "The very silliest stuff you ever read!" she told me once;—that was when

years and life had hewn out the statue, and the crude young girl thirsting for some untasted delight, had developed into a lovely woman, who had indeed won some of her goals.

When the cyclone happened, she was only fifteen, but tall for her age. She had beautiful brown eyes, good features, and a wealth of bright, brown hair, so long and thick she could arrange it in no way but to braid it, and it took a good deal of care to keep it clean and nice as her mother required. Her hands and complexion were other sources of discontent. The former were neither small nor white. How could they be, when she helped in the milking, fed the chickens, picked berries, and even on occasion dropped potatoes, weeded onions, or rode the sulky-plow or hay-rake for her father. As to her complexion, one day she would carefully wear her sun-bonnet, the next she ran bare-headed out in the sun. The roses of health were in her rounded cheeks, the lines of symmetry in her fast developing form, but she was too ignorant, or perhaps a lack of self-consciousness, prevented her from knowing it. She was much dissatisfied with herself, her home and its surroundings. Had her reading been more extensive, perhaps she would have called it environment, but hated it all, none the less. As it was, the vague longing, unrest and yearning for "something better than she had known," made her very unhappy.

Possibly her "environment" might have been distasteful to older, more experienced spirits than hers. Her home was only a log-cabin on a Kansas prairie, and her father possessed the happy medium for

which Agur prayed, "neither poverty nor riches."

True, when the prairie was one blaze of flowers; or in the tender hues of early spring, it looked like a rolling, green sea, wave on wave reaching into the blue distance, V'retta thought it beautiful. When the sun died a golden death in the far western sky, and a violet light cast a veil of enchantment over the familiar fields, V'retta's heart was full of a sudden enthusiasm.

But usually she was discontented and fretful, which made her unhappy and did not add largely to the comfort of her family. For this was one of the things she had yet to learn; that one cannot live for his or herself alone. Occasionally her moods reached a climax, when she said and did unlovely, unkind things. "V'retta's cyclones" were what her brother John denominated these climaxes.

This brother was another of her pet vexations. He was four or five years her senior; very quiet in his demeanor, somewhat slow perhaps, with large hands and feet and a sun-browned face. Why, oh *why*! could he not have had white hands; been six feet tall, with flashing black eyes and raven hair? Why could he not have had a courtly manner and an indescribable smile? The hero in her novel had all this and more. True, she knew John "good as gold" and ordinarily would not have exchanged him for a dozen flashy "heroes."

V'retta's own mother died when the little girl was only eleven. A succession of housekeepers remained a longer or shorter period beneath Mr. Clayton's (her father's) roof, according as they could tolerate her tempestuous temper.

At last, her father, wearied with continual change, thinking the girl needed a mother's care and companionship, and influenced, perhaps, somewhat also, by his own loneliness, brought home, as his second wife, a Miss Smith, with whom he had become acquainted when she was teacher in the country school which his children attended.

Emily Smith was no longer young; she had no settled home and no immediate relatives, but she was a well-educated woman and had known something of the world.

She thought long and anxiously before she determined to accept the position of the farmer's wife and mother of his two

children. But she knew him for a kindly, gentle-natured man, while she and John entertained, for each other mutual respect and kind feelings. It was V'retta that she was doubtful about. She liked the girl, but felt afraid of the responsibility. However, she finally accepted Mr. Clayton, and they had now been married some two years. A blessed little "angel of the household," blue-eyed Charley, had come to brighten their lives, and his influence had softened his sister's character at times.

As her teacher, V'retta had shown a boundless enthusiasm for Miss Smith, but no sooner had the latter become Mrs. Clayton than the girl's mood changed to positive dislike. To do her exact justice, this was largely owing to the meddling interference of a certain class of people who are always stirring up strife, and seeming to find happiness therein.

When her fits of "literary inspiration" came on, V'retta felt that her little brother was an added vexation. Fate had been too cruel to add *him* to the intolerable burdens of her life. At such times, she was unlovely indeed, losing sight of her good home, kind parents and brother, good health, and numberless other blessings, not the least among which were the infantile sweetness of baby Charley, and the unlimited patience and kindness of her step-mother. The girl longed for social advantages and literary improvement, which was neither strange nor reprehensible.

The neighbors were good and kind—taken as a whole, but they had little cultivation and knew nothing of the world of dreams where her real life was spent. Of books, her father had a larger number than western farmers usually possess.

Mrs. Clayton added her store to these, and gave her step-daughter cheerful permission to use them.

She might have had valuable aid from her new mother in the direction of her studies, and sympathy in her literary pursuits; but she chose to ignore both, and drew more into herself and her own pursuits.

Her little room, where she studied and wrote in the leisure she could get or take,—albeit under the eaves—was as pretty a nest as her step-mother's limited means would allow. Hoping to win the confidence and regard of the ungrateful V'retta, she had lavished much work and some of her treasured keepsakes on this room. A

sheer curtain of snowy muslin was looped back from the little window. Books were on the table, pictures on the walls, even a blue bowl, an especial treasure, was given to hold the roses of which V'retta was especially fond, but it failed to excite more than a passing feeling of gratitude. Her little room was dingy and commonplace compared to the "beauteous bower" where reposed the high-born "Angelina" of her novel.

Altogether, one hot summer morning, her mother found her in one of her moody fits, more sullen and perverse than usual; which was especially unfortunate, as the canvas-covered wagon stood at the gate, Mr. Clayton seated therein and calling to hasten his wife.

"We'll be late, Emily—come on! V'retta will do well enough. Be a good girl, and we'll bring you a new frock," he said, with an appealing smile.

But Mrs. Clayton kissed her bonny boy yet again as she put him into V'retta's arms. There were almost tears in her eyes, there were certainly tears in her voice as she said for the last time, "You *will* take good care of baby, wont you, Retta?"

And kissing her round, blooming cheek, she hurried away. V'retta did not return the kiss, but answered ungraciously.

"O, of course I will. I don't see why I couldn't have gone!" she fretted.

"Next time, perhaps," said the kind voice from the canvas-cover as they drove away. V'retta watched them awhile with an intense feeling of dissatisfaction. It was a lovely morning. She thought she had never seen the sunshine more golden, the roses more beautiful. She had wished to go with the others to Sinclair, the market-town, whither they were bound on business. She thought she would like to have selected the new dress for herself. She was angry, jealous, wretched. She did not believe in the "business" which had called her mother away. "Just an excuse to keep me at home, so she could go with father. It is always the way!"

The baby grew uncomfortable in the hot sun and fretted for his mother, his breakfast and his morning nap, for it was yet early.

"And this little *brat*, too—put off on me when I wanted to write a chapter in my book. Do be still—I hate you! she cried, and shook him violently. He put up a grieved lip, and with a look of astonish-

ment cried inconsolably. V'retta had a tender heart under her passionate nature, and she hastened to console him with tender words and feed him the warm bread and milk, waiting on the stove-hearth. The little one, restored to love and smiles, cooed and prattled and presently went into his morning's nap.

"If I live to be a hundred," said V'retta to me once, "I shall never forget how the little darling half-woke with a sob as I laid him down."

She had many duties to perform that morning. Her mother's work and her own as well. The dishes were waiting to be washed, the rooms to be put in order (there were four, two above and two below), the bread to bake, and the churning to do, and when all else was finished, the dinner to prepare for John, who was working in the farthest field.

"I must ask him if he is going to the mill after dinner,—the meal is all gone," she thought. Her bad temper had been worked away by her busy hands and she was in a happy mood. But underneath all, was the determination to secure time for that chapter that she meant to write in her novel. Noon came and brought John, who found a good dinner and a good-natured sister, somewhat to his surprise. "The cyclone's put off," he remarked mentally, but wisely said nothing, having learned from dire experience how great a fire one incautious word would sometimes kindle.

He snapped his fingers at baby Charley, now awake, and had a frolicsome play with him while V'retta was taking up the dinner.

"How close and sultry it is," said John, as they sat down. "I should not wonder if there were a storm before night."

V'retta preferred her request for the meal, and John answered,

"Yes, I was going to the mill, but there's a little job I must 'tend to first. I'll be ready by three o'clock or four anyway. The corn is all shelled and I'll harness the mules as soon as I get through. You and Charley can ride over with me if you like," he added kindly.

"Well—I'll see."

She had not the slightest intention of going; she could not spare time from her coveted "chapter." but somehow, she could not answer John ungraciously.

After dinner, she washed the dishes,



swept the kitchen
anew, and rebraided
her thick brown hair.

She tied the braids with a bit of blue
ribbon given her by her step-mother.
That kind mother! Her heart misgave
her as she remembered how kind and
patient she was, how hard she worked
and how sad a face she wore all the time,
now. She had lost the bright look she had
when she was Emily Smith and taught in the
little log school-house, across the prairie. What
could be the reason? Conscience pricked her,
so she made haste to change her soiled calico
dress for another. No, she would put on her best, a
white dotted lawn. It was too short and, shrunken
with washing, fitted badly.

That fretted her and she began to think of her grievance of the
morning: "I wonder what the dress will be like—some homely rag;
I think it's mean!"

But the clean dress on, she felt better, and reflected: "Perhaps I will go with

John after all. I might as well put a clean dress on Charley, too, so he will be all ready; for if I once get to writing, I shan't know anything until John is at the door." So the baby was washed and dressed, his golden curls brushed, his bonny dimples covered by a pink frock, and he himself put (not unkindly, for he held a large place in her tempestuous little heart), among soft pillows, with numerous playthings to keep him quiet.

Then she took down her MS. and seizing her pen, fresh paper and a bottle of ink, she was soon oblivious to the things of the outer world, far off in the realm of imagination among lovely ladies and belted knights and stately castles.

A couple of hours had passed all too swiftly. Little Charley had cooed and laughed and fretted among his playthings, but she took no notice, if indeed she heard him.

At last, overcome by the increasing heat he lay back on the pillow, fast asleep, a lovelier picture than any she was striving to portray, if she had stopped to look at it.

She was uncomfortably warm and languid from the exceeding heat, and finally paused to look up, first at the sleeping Charley on the pillow, then at the western sky. Her heart stood still! It was *so* black, and what an ominous gloom and silence dominated everything! She was dazed for a moment, and then—she flew down the stairs and out to the barn, where John had just finished harnessing the mules, preparatory to going to the mill.

"John!" she cried, breathlessly, "don't go! It's going to be an awful storm. Just look!"

John ran to the door, took one look, then turned, caught the mules by the head and led them rapidly towards the root-cellar (a kind of cave, excavated in the earth) at some distance from the house.

"Run for the cellar, Rett," he said to the trembling girl. She obeyed him, half paralyzed with terror, but scarcely had John led and tied the mules inside the cellar, than she was out again, her face like the dead, flying toward the house. John rushed to the door of the cave, which looked eastward. The house was on the north. She was just disappearing into the house. Gone after some finery or a book perhaps, was his thought. It was useless to follow her. No one *could* return in safety. He looked at the gray, greenish

white, whirling awful cloud advancing to annihilate everything.

"O my God! she'll be killed!" he exclaimed.

He thought her demented; then recollection swept over him like a wave, and again he moaned in agony. Cold drops of perspiration stood on his face. Would she *never* come? He *must* go for her! Ah! there she was, with Charley in her arms, a quilt, snatched from the bed, dragging on the ground. Then John sprang forward, snatched Charley on one arm, and half led, half dragged his fainting sister, still mechanically clutching the quilt, inside the cave. He deposited Charley, screaming as loud as his lungs were capable of doing, in one corner. V'retta sunk in a half swoon beside him, but John did not stop to attend to them. In an instant he had barred the door with a piece of board and then they waited. A breath, a roar—an awful roar—and the terrible *Thing* swept on! After or with it came hail and wind and rain, and after, it *seemed* to them—panic-stricken in the dark cellar—hours, but reality in only minutes, there was silence!

At last, John said in a low voice, "I guess I'll go out and see what's happened."

He went. The sun was shining serenely, the ground was covered with hail—but— He staggered back, sat down on an up-turned bucket and broke into uncontrollable sobs. Such an unusual sight brought V'retta to her feet. Throwing her arms around John's neck, she cried, "What *is* the matter, John? do tell me!"

"Don't look, Rett; you couldn't *bear* it. Everything is gone—everything!"

"Never mind, John," she cried, "*we* are left, and—here's baby," thrusting him into John's arms as if he were a panacea for all trouble. "I saved him, John," she said, with a hysterical laugh; "oh! if I had not, I would have died," and she shuddered at the thought of the possibility. "What would mother have thought of me?" she added.

Presently they gathered courage to look again. It was too true!

Everything was gone, trees, fences, house and barn, swept as clean as with a broom—a giant's broom, withal!

The cave-cellar had been dug deeply into the ground and roofed with heavy logs, which were again covered with earth, on which had grown a tough sod.

The mound was very low, and seemed

to be somewhat on the edge of the track where the monster had swept his destroying besom—at least it had escaped and they with it. But their home! humble as it was, they had never realized how dear it was until it was thus suddenly swept away.

The floor was left and one or two stones from the chimney to show that *there* had once been a *home*. The dismayed, heart-broken children wandered from landmark to landmark, finding nothing but devastation and ruin. V'retta's rose-bushes and her father's fruit-trees, the flower-beds over which she had worked so hard! The tears *would* not be stayed.

It was nearing sunset. It was growing chilly; the hail lay in piles or melted, ran in puddles. Their feet were wet, and baby was crying for his supper.

Something glittered in the level rays of the sinking sun, but they were too tired to go and see what it might be; they turned their weary steps to the cave-cellar. It seemed like home. It was all the home they had now.

Part of it was arranged with shelves for milk and butter; part had bins for vegetables; while in front, nearest the door, was a vacant space where the mules were tied to a post supporting the roof. Around the milk-shelves were dark calico curtains to keep out the dust.

V'retta investigated the jars. There was plenty of milk, and cream, and butter. Bread, too, and cottage-cheese made that morning, also a jar of pickles. They had a good supper, but in primitive fashion, for the bread had to be cut with John's jack-knife and the butter spread in the same way.

Fortunately, there was a small basin in which to put baby Charley's bread and milk. But how to feed him. V'retta spilled the milk until John espied a *spoon* on one of the shelves. V'retta never thought to be so thankful over so simple a thing. She felt like a savage woman back in the primitive times and wondered how it would seem to live in this fashion always.

She was penitent also.

"How could I ever have fretted over such trifles as I did and made mother so unhappy. I know she *was* unhappy though she said nothing." Then aloud. "Oh, John! what if father and mother were caught in the storm?"

"It did not go that way. I am sure they are safe," he said.

John had already found a patch of grass in a little gully and picketed out the mules with the lines from the harness. Returning, he placed some boards on the floor on which V'retta spread the quilt for baby and herself.

John took down the calico curtains to cover her, taking one for himself, for he had no coat. "I left it in the barn," he said with an attempt at a joke.

They got through the night somehow, falling into a troubled slumber toward morning, from which they awoke with a start to the sorrowful consciousness of all that had happened. But breakfast restored their cheerfulness somewhat. The sun was shining and the birds were singing as joyously as if there had never been a cyclone!

John built a fire with a few bits of boards found in the cellar (every boy and man in the West *always* carries matches) enough to warm Charley's milk, and V'retta's eyes filled as she remembered that old Crumple Horn and Mooley and the rest of the sleek, mild-eyed herd were gone, never to return. Then John went to see the shining thing across the prairie. It proved to be the *wash-boiler*, nearly a mile away,* and the only thing left of the household stores, save those in the cellar. When he set it down before V'retta she could not smile. She thought, could she ever smile again? and clasped the precious little brother closer, remembering how nearly she had lost *him* through carelessness and fright.

It was a sorry looking V'retta—the baby in her arms, her white dress showing many an earth-stain—who stood beside John, where the gate used to be, but was not, to welcome home their father and mother, as the canvas-covered wagon drove up that afternoon near sunset.

The wagon stopped. No one could find a voice.

"Well, John! Well, V'retta!" said the father himself. It was his thanksgiving. John helped Mrs. Clayton from the vehicle. Turning, she took V'retta, tears, baby and all into her motherly arms with a pressure which repaid V'retta for all she had endured.

* A fact.

"I've been so bad to you!" the girl sobbed. A kiss was the answer.

"My dear daughter," she whispered.

"We're not so poor, after all, Emily," said Mr. Clayton. "We've got the children left and the land and—"

"The wash-boiler!" cried V'retta.

Whereat they all laughed.

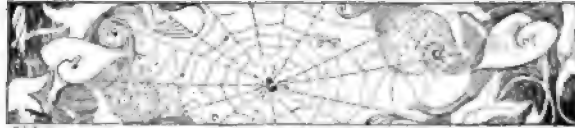
"Norris paid me that note, John; we can build a new house," he added.

And thus they took up the threads of life anew to weave a fabric for the foundation of all civilization or greatness—*home!*

"That was V'retta's cyclone," John used to say.

"And it cured me!" she always added.

Margaret Stewart Sibley.



HOME ENTERTAINMENT.—A PALETTE PARTY.

IF the name suggests a vague fear that the entertainment to be described must be limited in its enjoyment to artists or persons interested in art, let me forestall such a sentiment by saying that this very plan was adopted for an evening's entertainment when no one present was at all skilful in the art that a palette naturally suggests. Every one, however, was ready to do his share towards the general amusement, and a delightfully sociable and entertaining affair was the result.

The hostess numbers the palettes beforehand, writing at the top of each the name of a guest and under it a list of numbers, from one up to as high a number as will include all who are to take part. A blank space is left at the right of each number. The thumb-hole is tied through with a narrow ribbon, and on the end of the ribbon is fastened a tiny lead pencil. Any adornment in gold paint or colors can be added to the palettes as taste and skill suggest. The palettes can be bought at almost any art store, made in wood, celluloid, water-color paper, or card-board. If the art store fails, a picture-framer might consent to cut from a pattern the number of palettes desired.

As each guest arrives he receives a palette with the order to find his partner by

matching the ribbon attached to his palette. Care must be taken to distribute the colors, so that each gentleman secures a lady. When every one has arrived, an easel is placed where a good light falls upon it and where it can be seen by the assembled company. A large, smooth drawing-board is placed upon the easel, and a sheet of drawing-paper, two feet square, pinned on the board. (Smooth pieces of strong brown paper answer the same purpose as the drawing-paper.)

The hostess then asks for the person whose palette is labelled No. 1 to step up to the easel and draw with charcoal a certain live object. She whispers the name to the one who is to draw, and gives him one minute to complete the portrait. The others are to bend every energy to guess what is being drawn, and when the minute is up each one enters his guess upon his palette in the blank space at the head of his set of numbers.

Number two is next called upon and receives another order for a portrait, which he must make in one minute. The hostess continues, by consulting a private list of her own, to call for drawings of different birds, animals, or fishes, and her guests enter their guesses on their palettes.

The artistic follower may feel more at

home in executing his one-minute sketch, but those unskilled have the advantage on their side in evoking the larger amount of merriment. When all have finished, a committee is appointed to examine the palettes. By comparing the list of guesses on each palette with the list of the hostess, the prize-winners can be easily determined by those who have the most number of correct guesses. If desirable to increase the number of prize-winners, choose those whose drawings are considered the best,

and attach a booby-prize to the very worst attempt.

The pictures should be labelled with the name of the bird, beast, or fish each represents,—“This is a stork,” “This is a cow,” etc. The palettes may be worn at the button-hole (on a gentleman), and the belt (of a lady), during the remainder of the evening, and then carried away as a souvenir of as jolly and unique an entertainment as has yet been discovered.

Alice M. Kellogg.



EDITED BY MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

TABLE SCARF IN SHELL WORK.—VELVET POCKET OR KETICULE.—CHAIR CUSHION WITH POCKET.—CROCHETED LONG PURSE WITH BEADS.—PINEAPPLE LACE.—ADVICE COLUMN.

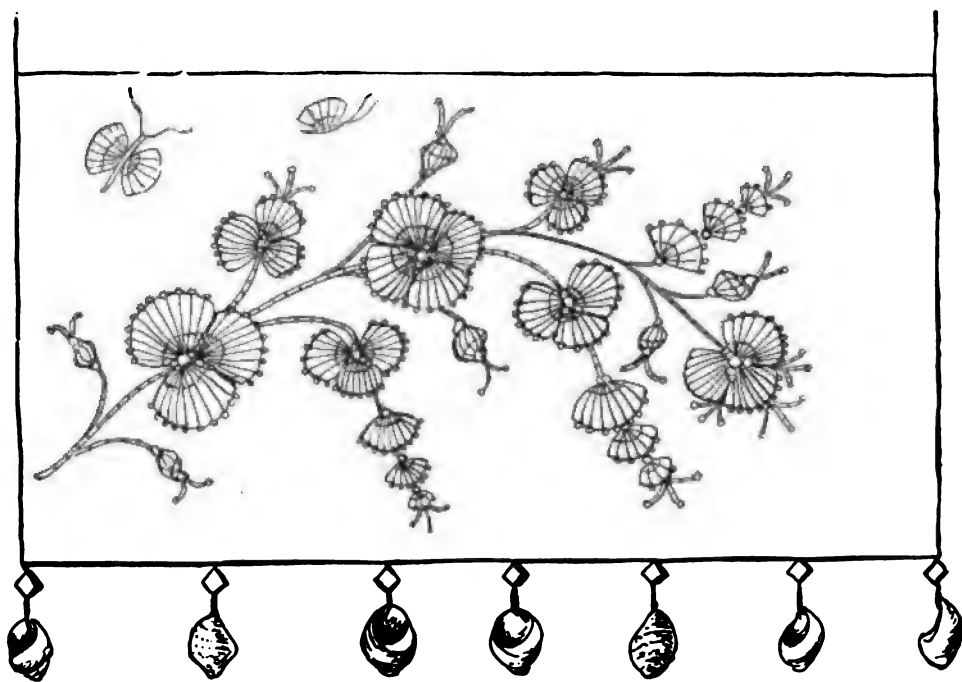
TABLE SCARF IN SHELLWORK.

This scarf is a very pretty memento of a summer visit to the sea-shore, and is not only a novelty in fancy work, but suggests a charming use to make of the collection of shells one gathers with sometimes very little idea of what purpose they will serve.

The larger figures are formed by three or four scallop shells an inch in length, grouped together as the drawing shows, with something the effect of flowers. The shells are held to the plush ground by long stitches shown by the lines in the cut. These long lines or stitches follow the grooves in the shell, and are done with embroidery silk, which should be of the same color as the shells. Gray, yellow, fawn, and pearl are generally the predominant shades, and a better effect is gained by varying the silk to correspond. These fan-like stitches are held from spreading by

other stitches crossing and catching them near the base of the shell. The stitches are terminated by another short stitch holding a gold bead. Larger beads ornament the joining of the shells. The stems which are worked before the shells are applied, are of olive silk couched down with yellow. The butterflies' bodies and the sprays terminating the ends are the same, ending in a bead. A fringe of snail-like shells depending from square gold beads, forms the fringe. The shells for the fringe may be pierced on the thinnest part before threading them, with a hot darning-needle, which can be handled comfortably by burying its head in a small cork to be used as a handle.

The scarf may be of plush, or it may be of Roman or art sheeting, with ends of plush, in any color which will make a good setting for the shell-work.



Other applications of this kind of work and other methods of arranging the shells, will suggest themselves to the worker who attempts this design, which is really much prettier when finished than mere black and white indicates.

VELVET POCKET OR RETICULE.

These little pockets which are worn



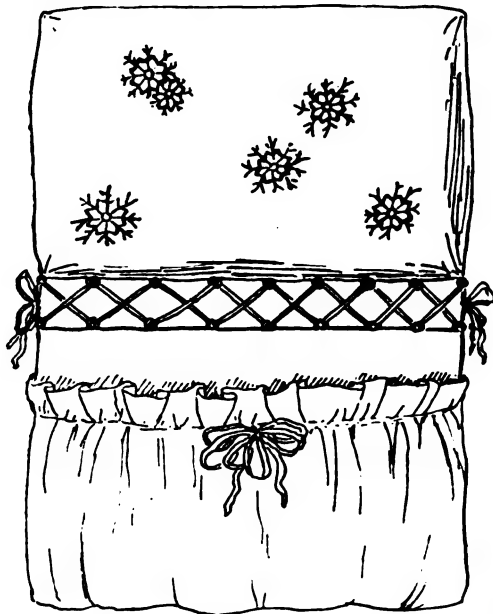
hanging at the side, attached to the belt by ribbons or a chain, were originally worn by *Chatelaines* who called them *aumonières* and were supposed to carry in them a supply of money for the relief of their destitute dependants. They are now found useful in shopping excursions, and may be made of silk, satin, velvet, or plush, in black or colors. The top should be supplied with a steel or silver clasp, which can be procured at any fancy store. The pinks in the model given, are embroidered in deep red silk on sage green velvet. The markings of the petals should be black. The calyx should be olive, outlined with a darker shade of green. The same shades are used for the stems and leaves. The stamens should be white. If the material is not the shade given above, the leaves and calices may be sage green, which will be more realistic than the other.

CHAIR CUSHION WITH POCKET.

This is a pretty and useful variation of the double cushion now put on the back of a chair, for a head-rest. Any suitable material can be used; in this case it is pongee silk, and embroidered with blue flowers in silk, centre of flowers pale green or dull yellow, the filaments surrounding the flowers to be worked with olive-green silk in outline-stitch.

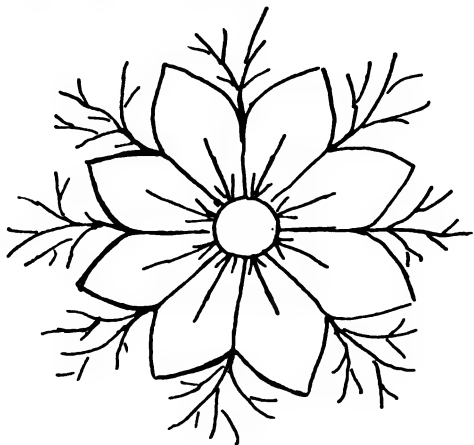
A stiff piece of pasteboard the same size

of the cushion is covered first with cheese-cloth, and over that with the pongee, and



a pocket one-third larger pulled on as in illustration. Rings are sewed to one edge of both cushion and pocket-back, being first crocheted over with blue silk to match the flowers. Blue ribbon of the same shade is used to lace the edges together and to draw up the pocket.

When thrown over the top of a chair, the pocket is found useful for holding fancy work or a pamphlet.



The single flower in the drawing will show more distinctly the design used on the cushion.

CROCHETED PURSE WITH BEADS.

String the beads on the silk. Make a chain of seventy stitches and join. Crochet in a bead in every one of five single crochet stitches, then crochet five stitches without beads. Do the same for five rows, then crochet in the beads over the plain stitches, and the plain stitches over the beads. Do this for five rows more and again reverse.

Repeat this alternation every five rows till six rows of blocks of beads are made forming the square end of the purse. Then crochet two plain rows without beads. Then commence the middle of the purse by working two rows of double crochet, one stitch in every second single crochet in the first row. In the third double crochet



row, turn the needle when the row is finished and work back instead of continuing the circle.

Keep on working backwards and forwards for fifteen rows or longer if you wish a long purse. Then join the circle again, and work two double crochet rows. Then make a row of single crochet, two stitches in every double stitch, then another single crochet. Now work a bead in every tenth stitch. Next row, a bead in every ninth and tenth. Next, a bead in every eighth, ninth, and tenth, and so on, increasing a bead every time until you have a bead in every stitch.

Work in beads in every stitch in all the succeeding rows. After two full rows of beads begin to narrow every tenth stitch by omitting a stitch. The next row carry ninth stitch, and the next carry eighth, and so on to the end. Do not carry it to one stitch, as it will make the point too long. Close up when four or five are still in the row. Finish with a tassel and fringe formed of the beads. It is best to put on the rings before working the round end, as it is sometimes difficult to get the rings over the beads and silk when finished. The opening may be marked with a double crochet row of black or of lighter silk as in illustration. Garnet and steel are a good combination.

PINEAPPLE LACE.

Chain seven, treble into sixth stitch three times, chain three in same stitch three times, chain one, treble in last stitch once, chain three, turn.

Second—Treble in loop made by chain of three, three times, chain three, treble in same loop three times, chain one, double in last stitch or loop formed by chain of three, repeat from star ten times, this will form a heading for one scallop. (In making the trimming this heading must be made the desired length.)

Third Row—Chain three, treble three times in third loop at side of heading, chain three, treble three times in next loop, chain three, skip two loops, treble three times in next, chain three, treble three times in next loop, chain three, skip two, treble three times in third loop, chain three, treble in next loop three times, chain three, double in edge, turn.

Fourth Row—Shell of eight trebles in chain of three, treble in loop three times, chain three, treble in same loop, three times, chain three, skip long loop, treble eight times into next loop, chain three, skip long loop, treble in next three times, chain three, treble in same loop three times, double in next loop, chain three, turn.

Fifth Row—Treble three times, chain three, treble three times, chain three, treble into each of the eight stitches, chain three, treble three times, chain three, treble three times, chain three, double into edge of shell, turn.

Sixth Row—Shell of eight trebles, treble three times, chain three, treble three times, chain three, double into eight stitches seven times, chain three, treble three,

chain three, treble three, double into last of three trebles, chain three, turn.

Seventh Row—Treble three, chain three, treble three, chain three, double into seven stitches six times, chain three, treble three, chain three, treble three, chain three, double into last of three trebles, turn.

Eighth Row—Shell, treble three times, chain three, treble three, chain three, double into six stitches five times, chain three, treble three, chain three, treble three, double, chain three, turn.

Ninth Row—Treble three, chain three, treble three, chain three, double into five stitches four times, chain three, treble three, chain three, treble three, chain three, double, turn.

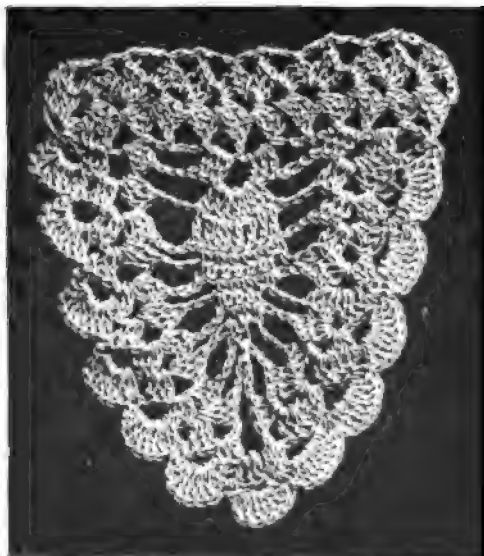
Tenth Row—Shell, treble three, chain three, treble three, chain three, double three times, chain three, treble three, chain three, treble three, double, chain three, turn.

Eleventh Row—Treble three, chain three, treble three, chain three, double twice, chain three, treble three, chain three, treble three, chain three, double, turn.

Twelfth Row—Shell, treble three, chain three, treble three, chain three, double once, chain three, treble three, chain three, treble three, double, chain three, turn.

Thirteenth Row—Treble three, chain one, treble three in next loop joining the two pieces, chain three, fasten, and turn.

Fourteenth Row—Shell, double, treble three, chain three, fasten by double close to shell, turn, shell. Now form shells of



eight trebles each in every loop of three chains, on other side, and this completes one scallop.

ADVICE COLUMN.

BENITA.—Perhaps your merchants call the material by some other name. It is the firm, light brown paper or pasteboard that is used for packing bottles in. One side is dented, the other shows small, regular prominences. You could find out where to procure it by writing to some wholesale wine dealer, I should think. After you have put it on your wall for dado and frieze, you can varnish it if you like, but do not paint it, as its soft brown shade will contrast beautifully with your crimson hangings.

MRS. B. F. T.—You can make a holder for hair brush and comb by cutting pasteboard into the form of a bath slipper, that is a sole with a vamp but no heel-piece. The sole should be about fourteen inches long. Cover it with brocaded silk in gay colors. Make the toe a little larger than the sole, so it will form a pocket. Cover like the sole and sew it in the proper position. Put a loop of cord or ribbon on the other end to hang the slipper up by. An interlining of oil silk can be put in the pocket part to protect the silk material from contact with the brush.

MRS. BOLTON.—I think scrim curtains, with the cross stripes of pink, figured India silk, that you speak of would be very pretty for your bedroom.

M. T. B., BOSTON, MASS.—Figures for applique can be procured, but you can make a prettier sofa cushion by applying leaves out of light red plush to a ground of dark red plush, or use instead light and dark shades of olive.—Cut the leaves by a paper pattern, laying the pattern on the back of the material. Cover with silk the same color as the leaf.

IDA.—Embroidery would be as pretty as painting for your screen.

MRS. F. L. M.—Your first question had better be addressed to some manufacturing jeweller. The second question in your letter was answered by mail.

IDA.—Alternate stripes of white cluny lace, and pale blue or pink satin ribbon, each three inches wide, will make a lovely

afghan or quilt. Border it with cluny lace as wide as a stripe.

MRS. B. L.—There is no difficulty in getting an "original decoration" for your table scarfs and draperies. By the help of tracing paper you can copy outlines of scrolls or flowers from engravings in books or magazines. If you use well-known flowers they can be made to have a new effect by their arrangement. Put single blossoms into circles, triangles, or squares, outlined with a dark color or with black. A pretty scarf at the Exchange is made of cream India silk, with a broad stripe across the ends formed of disks irregularly placed. Each disk is outlined with dark purple silk, and filled with darning stitch in gold-colored silk, except for the space occupied with a violet and bud worked solidly in violet silk. The band or stripe outside of the disks is darned with thick white floss. From the violets in one of the illustrated designs in the August issue of HOME-MAKER, blossoms could be selected to use in this way.

COUNTRY COTTAGER.—You can find at the paper-hanger's, probably among old-fashioned stock, paper or bordering which imitates tiles. Cut the squares out and paste them on the pine boards at the sides and across the top under the mantel-shelf. Leave an inch or so between the squares, and after they are stuck on, frame each one with a strip of light moulding, or imitate it with strips of the corrugated thick brown paper that is used for packing around bottles. This can be glued down or secured by tiny picture tacks. When all is done, varnish tiles, frames, and boarding three times. The different colors of all will be harmonized by the varnishing.

E. L. B.—Directions for painting on chamois skin will be given in an early number.

INQUIRER.—To make the flowers you speak of, the scales of a fish peculiar to southern waters is required.

E. T. C.—There are little manuals published which teach the art of paper-flower making, but I cannot tell you where to get them. Probably the tissue paper manufacturer, Sixth Avenue, corner of Eighteenth Street, New York, could send you one on application.



A TINY REBEL.

OUR little Percy, just graduating from "gathers" into "plaits," is not yet the big boy he hopes to be, nor yet any longer the "baby." Never were ten little fingers more restless than his, when once he could walk, searching and prying and trying all day long; frankly disobedient, but so sweet and simple withal, you felt like begging his pardon for accusing him of wrong-doing. If he came to you bringing the broken fragments of some precious trinket he had been forbidden to touch, he said so earnestly, "Me didn't bake it," with a look of regret, not remorse, it seemed absurd to think that he had really done the harm.

It was this seeming lack of moral sensibility that led his mother to plan and carry out his first severe punishment. I use the words "carry out" advisedly, for the attempt to punish brought to light a number of conflicting elements of character.

It was after one of his wild days that he was to be punished. He had been flying from one forbidden thing to another, as fast as the hours passed, buoyant and merry. A happy-hearted revolutionist in miniature, with no respect whatever for domestic laws or institutions. It was decided that he must be put to bed, early and alone, for punishment. He was delighted with his four-o'clock tea, cheerily unobservant of the grave faces of his mother and nurse.

Tea over, his mother took him by the hand and was leading him towards the hall, when he asked, with a vague note of alarm in his voice, "Where'd Betty and Trudie?"

"They've not had their supper," his mamma answered, seriously. "You are to go to bed alone, dear; mamma must punish you."

He sat down on the stairs in instant rebellion. His sweet, chubby face was neither sullen nor passionate, but the quiet determination to resist was expressed by his stiff little figure, and his hands folded in his lap.

"Me won't doe up tairs, me won't," he said and said again, triumphantly. But rebellious little boys can be carried, even against their will, so he went up stairs after all.

"Me won't be undessed, me won't," he cried, while his mother was firmly and quickly taking off his clothes, thinking it the wiser way not to notice his protests, and soothing him only by her silence and strong touch.

"Me won't doe to bed," he cried out, between his sobs. "Me undess 'oo an' put 'oo to bed, naughty, wicked mamma. Me don't lub 'oo any more, me don't. Me won't tum ober in 'oor bed in de mornin', me won't;" bent on retaliation if rebellion did no good.

"Me won't teep dat night-dess on, if 'oo put it on," he exclaimed, fiercely buffeting the garment with his fists as it surely came down over his head. His ammunition was getting low; his outposts taken one by one in spite of sobs and struggles and many words.

"Me won't tay in de bed if 'oo put me in," he said, as he stood before it. His mother hesitated to command obedience in every detail of the punishment, for the

poor little fellow was so utterly reckless that one disobedient act after another would be the inevitable result. His mother's patience was measured by his sturdy obstinacy. Four times she tucked him up in bed, and as many times did he hop out again. Tiring at last, he lay still a few minutes, his mother sitting beside him with her hand on his shoulder. Then he thought of another objection.

"Me won't tay up tairs, me won't," came from under the bedclothes. The end of the battle was approaching, evidently, and this was the place for the principal command.

"Whatever you do up here, Percy," his mother answered, "you may *not* come down stairs again to-night." With that she left him, at once.

As she was wearily going down stairs, he piped up, "Me haven't dot any night-dess on, me haven't." Once more she put it on

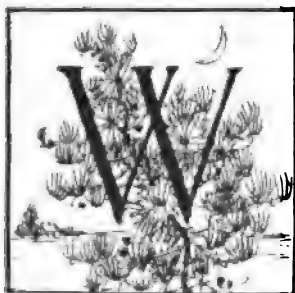
him and tucked him up in bed, then hal submitting and still protesting, the little rebel sobbed, "Me didn't hab nuff supper, me didn't." This was the last shot in the locker, and his mother was only too glad to promise him a bun, "by and bye," she added, for authority's sake.

She waited till all was silent in the nursery, and then went very slowly up stairs. She caught a glimpse of the little prisoner sitting on the top stair, watching for the bun, and then heard little fat, bare feet pounding quickly across the carpet. When she reached the nursery Percy was stowed away in his crib, with eyes shut tight.

The next morning, this dear little disobedient boy went tumbling into his mother's bed, lovingly patting her face, and whispering in her ear, "Dood 'ittle boy to-day, mamma. Put him to bed mate him dood."

Louise Lyndon.

NAMING THE BABY.



"denizens of earth new born" has made its appearance.

There are fashions in names as in everything else. In the days of my own babyhood the first daughter in every family was, as a rule, given the names of her two grandmothers, if they would possibly combine in sound. Those were the days when there were Mary-Janes and Sarah-Janes;

HY is it, I wonder, that we are always interested in a baby's name? "Have you named the baby?" "What is its name?" are questions that are always in order wherever one of these

Mary-Anns and Martha-Anns and Sarah-Anns; Mary-Ellens and Sarah-Ellens in every neighborhood. One of my grandmothers was named Polly, the other Sarah. I could not very well bear both, so the matter was compromised by giving me the name of my mother's mother and adding to it the name of my father's oldest sister.

The girls of my own age with whom I was associated in my school days, all bore the names mentioned or others equally homely. Susan and Vaney, Matilda and Melissa, Caroline and Rachel, with now and then a Rhoda or Hannah; such were the names given to the girls forty and fifty years ago. Twenty-five years ago Alice and Emma, Annie and Cora, and names of that class, were the favorites, and Belle had taken the place of Ann as a favorite middle name.

The last ten years have brought in a

host of names that are almost no names at all. What a multitude of children are called Oma or Ona, Orrie or Rollie or some such baby name. Sometimes one can only guess at the sex on hearing the name. There is nothing in the name itself to tell that Ollie Smith is a girl, or Ollie Jones is a boy, or that Ora Brown is a young lady and Ora Johnson is a gentleman. If the children who have such names would remain children always, it would not be so bad; but fancy a gray-haired grandmother who is named Goldie, or an old man, to whom age should have brought dignity, who has such a Christian name as Orrie.

Perhaps the desire to get away from the custom of repeating the same name in every branch of the family may have something to do with causing this extreme. The wish is a commendable one, certainly, for where father and son, or uncle and nephew have the same name, one or the other is almost sure to be nicknamed. The father may find himself "old John" when he is in his prime, or the son may be "little John" when he has attained to six feet in height and the dignity of manhood.

Aside from the probability of receiving a nickname, there is another reason for not repeating family names, that has weight with me now. I have lost a daughter who bore one of the sweet old names that are so common. I never call anyone else by it without an effort, and I sometimes wonder if I am selfish in wishing that the dear name that is so much a part of my lost darling had been hers only.

All mothers do not feel so, I know. I knew one who asked a neighbor to name her child Nellie for the little daughter she herself had lost. I have known parents who had lost a child in infancy to give the same name to another which was born afterward. How much our human nature varies in these minor traits!

How much difference there is too in parents in regard to naming their children! Some will bestow a name at once, while others procrastinate from week to week, for months, until the child is in danger of being called "Bud" or "Sis" or, worse still, "Babe." I know a married woman who is "Babe" to her own family. In her case, the mother's own name was given by the father because it was also his mother's name. The mother found it hard to call

her child by it and so almost unconsciously formed the habit of calling her always Baby, and this in time was shortened to Babe. Let mothers remember that other people are very apt to call a child what its mother does, and let them beware of nicknames.

According to Carlyle, hero worship is ingrained in human nature. If this be true, people will continue to name their children for the men whom they admire most. But it is a safe rule not to name for a living man—a safe rule, but one which is often disregarded. During every political campaign, children are named for the candidates. Possibly when they are men they may admire those for whom they are named as much as their fathers did, but it is not probable that they will.

Some families whom I have known have adhered strictly to Biblical names, preferring those from the Old Testament. In every branch of the family there was a succession of patriarchs and prophets, some of whom, it must be confessed, were most degenerate successors to the Abrahams and Elijahs of old. Curiously enough, some of them chose Scriptural names only for the sons; this, too, when some such beautiful names for the daughters are to be found in the Bible.

If one may judge from Rose Terry Cook's stories, Patience and Prudence, Desire and Charity were favorite names in the days of our grandmothers. They have given place to the shorter and sweeter names of Faith and Hope and Grace.

"Can't you name our baby for us?" asks a friend.

I am always at a loss what to suggest in such a case. Individual tastes differ so much in this matter. For a girl, I like Lois, Edith, Eunice, Dorrice, Anna, Ellen, or the musical Evelyn. Names of three syllables are rather long for every-day use, but I like some of them; Dorothea and Eleanor, Margaret and the old-time Naomi. If one could know how the child will look when she is a woman it might do to call her Lily or Blanche. Usually these names do not suit their owners at all. I know but one Lily who is tall and slight and fair.

For a boy there are some names of one syllable that are strong and sweet; names that the man need not be ashamed of, and yet pretty enough for the child; such as

Hugh, Ralph and some others. Then there is the long list of two-syllable names like Albert, Arthur, Edwin, Cecil, Clarence, Howard, Philip, Raymond and Walter. Theodore, Claudius, Frederic and some others are long, but they are good. Sometimes the mother's maiden name is a suitable one for a Christian name and may be given to the oldest son.

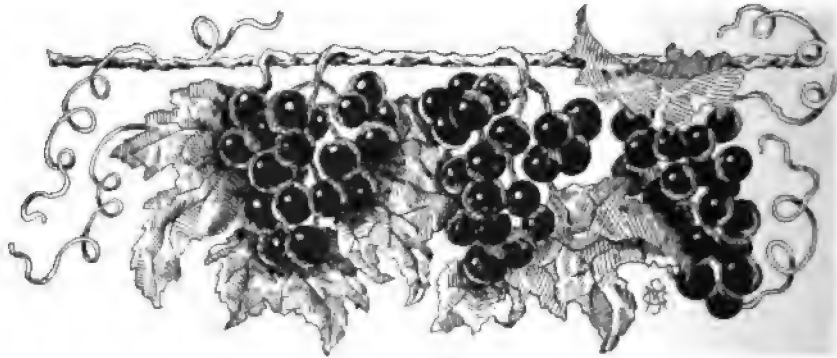
There is sometimes an opportunity to apply the Golden Rule to the way we pronounce the names of our friends or of their children. We may prefer to accent the name Estelle on the second syllable, but if a friend calls her little daughter Es'telle, let us call her so too. I knew a young lady whose name was Hannah. Some of her elderly friends persisted in calling her

Hanner. "It is bad enough to have such an old-fashioned name," she used to say, "but it is ten times worse to be called *Hanner*."

I had an old friend who used to call me "Sairy," as though I might have been Mrs. Gamp herself. This same old friend would have suggested Uriah Heep to any reader of Dickens with whom he might have shaken hands. He had just such cold, clammy hands as are described as belonging to that "umble person."

One thing more: no one need fear there will be regret in the future concerning the name chosen for a child. The name given, whatever it may be, will soon become dear for its dear sake.

Sara Clare.



A LESSON TO GRANDMAS.*

When Mary raised her voice and wept
For some forbidden play,
Mamma said: "Come, my little girl,
Don't act that foolish way.
You know that fretting never makes
Mamma give way one bit.
You never get the thing you want
Because you cry for 't!"

"Mary—aged four—with injured air,
Replied: "Well—if I go
To grandma's, up to Saugerties,
She doesn't treat me so.
When she says 'No!' I cry out loud
Like that, and you should see
How quick she makes Eliza run
And get the thing for me!"

Eva Lovett Carson.

* True.

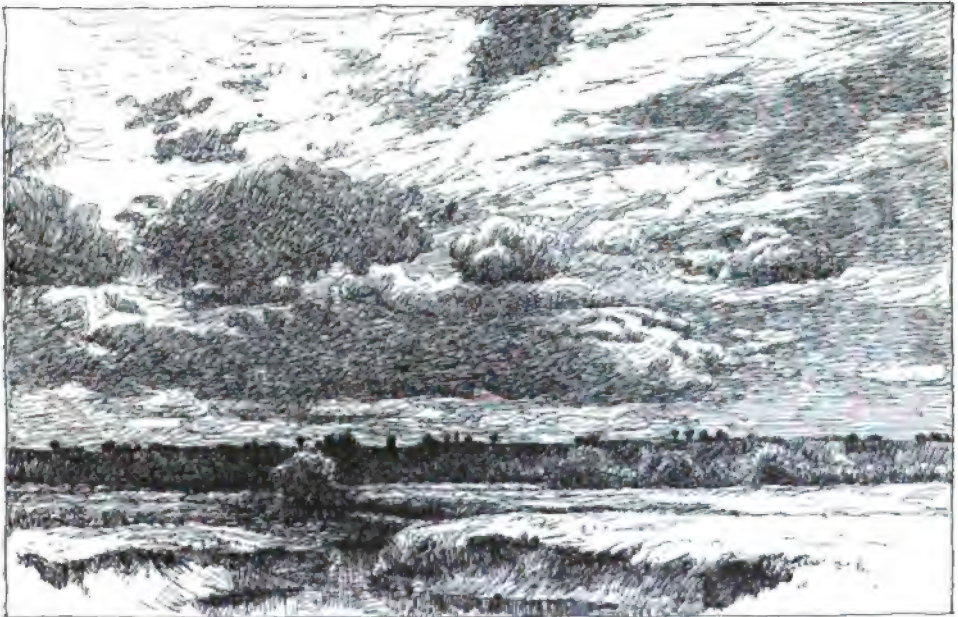
HOME-MAKER ART CLASS.

SKY AND MEADOW.

SO you want to do that bit of meadow with the fine sky? Well, it is a beautiful effect and a good one to try. Of course the sky will be the picture, not the meadow. The meadow, with the shadow over the distance will make a fine foil to set off the sky. Well, let's try it, any way, and see what we can do, but you will find in making a pen-drawing of a sky that you could hardly have chosen a more difficult thing to do, as cloud and water effects, in particular, are always rapidly changing and elusive. You should study the sky in its different aspects until you have become familiar with all the different strata before you attempt making a picture of it. But suppose you are familiar with it all. Get to work with all possible speed, or the drawing and effect will be entirely gone before you have even a slight idea of it placed upon your paper. In that case you will have to rely entirely on your memory. Don't you wish you might be able to fasten the thing down until you had made your study? Well, if you could do so you would not get the feeling of motion. Now be,

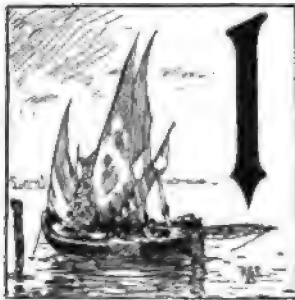
careful, that is, carelessly careful. Do not make the lines continuous, but broken and lightly against the light. There are quite a number of small clouds, little spots that you have not the time for or need of. You will lose all the feeling of space and breadth by too much little detail. You must make the drawing of your clouds as you would of any other subject, considering well the value of proper sacrifice.

Having gotten along well with the sky, it will be well for you to pay some careful attention to the landscape underneath it, the lights of which, although apparently brilliant, are much lower in tone than anything in the sky, even its deepest shadows. Don't forget to get that distance down in shadow. You remember it was quite dark, with its outline somewhat softened and melting. This will all help to send the lower part of the sky back. Then make your foreground objects large and bolder in line and in masses of dark and light, and this will serve to send all the rest of the drawing back into its proper place.





THE CARE OF THE AGED.



IN almost every family there is some one who, if not openly and avowedly acknowledged as "old," is in reality verging on toward "the sere and yellow leaf," toward the time when a little extra care is needed to produce comfort and happiness. Indeed, many people are to some extent invalids, and especially after they have passed the top of life's hill and are beginning to walk rapidly down the decline. O! the days when the "lights are growing dim"—when the "grass-hopper has become a burden!" Happy are the few who, though past the "three-score-and-ten," are yet strong and healthy, and with all their powers still perfect.

We have some notable examples of men past sixty, who are more active than their sons of forty, and of women of that age who can outdo all their daughters. Nothing makes the observer so happy as to see these well-preserved men and women, for in some way each one "lays the flattering unction to his soul" that such will be his own fate. Literature abounds in such delightful pictures, and we can all of us recall them at pleasure. Do you remember Mrs. Rouncewell, the stately and handsome housekeeper of the Dedlock family who was such a model of devotion to her master? Dickens seems to linger over her picture and to really love his own creation.

Real life is even more full of such striking examples. Men and women do not grow old as fast as they used to when life was not so abounding in interest, and so full of things to absorb the time and at-

tention. Many of our great public men are far past the Bible's "span of life" and have no dream of taking a back seat yet. I saw two of our well-known statesmen meet recently, and the one said to the other: "Let's stay with these young fellows a while longer and show them how to do things." And they were as jolly and as wise in forming their plans for conducting the coming campaign as two boys of sixteen over a game of base-ball.

But these are not "Old People." They are living in immortal youth, and are a law unto themselves.

Most of us at sixty are a little on the decline, with sight weakened and digestion lessened, and are very willing to be taken care of. It behooves such persons to live by rule and to not expect too much of either mind or body, and this not merely to prolong life but to be comfortable and free from aches and pains.

For the vigor of life is naturally enfeebled, recuperation is not so easy, and the process of nutrition is more slow and uncertain.

No doubt much of the discomfort and pain of old people come from faults in diet. They forget that life's wear and tear are not so great, the need of food is less, and a very little delicate nourishment is far better than the usual number of full meals.

For these reasons they should eat sparingly, use less solid food, and see that what they do take is well cooked and tender. To eat slowly and masticate well is also imperative on the old, and those who suffer from imperfect teeth should at once see to it that they are supplied with artificial ones. I have seen many an old woman trying to eat without her supply of teeth, and on being reproved she would say—"O, well I am old and should not

need them long." Poor things—they would live to enjoy their new teeth many years more if they would pluck up courage and attend to them.

Elderly people need less sleep than the young, but they should secure all that they possibly can, for it is sleep that is our great restorer. Slowness of eating should become a habit with them, and soups are good for the tender stomachs if not taken too rapidly. The stomach should not be over-loaded with fluids, even with nourishing ones, and for this reason, among others, beer or ale is objectionable. If anything of the sort is needed to calm the nervous system or otherwise give tone, it should be a very little of the best wine that a good physician will recommend.

But as a general thing, old people are much better off without stimulants of any kind.

If an aged person suffer from an acute fever, as he often does if he takes cold, the system must be supported by easily digested food given on the principle of "little and often." Beef tea, cream toast, hot

milk—all these are better than anything alcoholic. But solid food, no matter how nourishing, will increase the fever and make trouble for the stomach.

The principal ailment of old age is rheumatism, and there is no disease concerning which there is more difference of opinion among those who make such things a study. So, if it makes its appearance, call in the family physician, and trust his care to bring them through. But a great deal may be done by diet to prevent the advent of this trouble. The food should be very plain, very mild, no stimulants, no condiments, not much meat, and that only the best of beef and poultry. Practice moderate exercise without fatigue, use flannel underwear and woolen stockings, and avoid draughts, damp feet, and anything that would produce a chill. These precautions, together with cheerful society and a spirit of contentment—a sense of the kindness and care of Him who has "brought you safe thus far," will do much to keep an elderly person happy to the end of the journey.

E. A. Mathews

BEAUTIFUL OLD AGE.

CHARACTER writes itself most surely on the face, and a handsome old woman is never one who has led an unlovely life. When the bright eye dims, the rosy bloom fades and the witching dimples are submerged in pathetic wrinkles, it is the spirit within that makes the face attractive and gives the sweetness of expression that replaces the beauty of youth.

It is not because the path of life has been smooth that the look of happy rest glows on the dear old faces, for often through ways of suffering peace comes to brighten the twilight hour, the eventide of life.

The beautiful woman whose face looks out from this page was an invalid for twenty years, although no trace of her suffering

shows in the sweet serenity of her expression. The daughter whose brush drew the portrait here reproduced, says. "In all her long sickness never a murmur was heard to pass her lips, or a glance even of impatience seen to cross her face. Her's was the most beautiful and perfect life I have ever known."

So charming were her manners, so brilliant her intellectual powers, so lovely her face and person, that her friends regretted her seclusion from the kind of life she was so well fitted to grace.

Something of this was said to her one day. "Hard for me to live so?" replied her soft, tranquil voice. "What right have I to expect more? Christ lived in poverty while I have every comfort. If



BEAUTIFUL OLD AGE.

the Lord after so many years thinks well to withdraw some luxuries, I should not repine. It would be pleasanter for me to attend on others than to need constant waiting on myself, but if such is God's will, He will send me patience to submit cheerfully."

The beautiful life that has closed on earth shares with the angels now the mystery

"Of that beyond, where a thought of sin
Never, oh never can enter in,
Through eternity."

J. W. G.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR HOME-MAKER: I have just returned from a visit to the dear old father and mother, who in their eighty-fourth year are still sitting side by side in their "arm-chairs," a beautiful picture of old age. The dear mother one day laid her hand on her husband's arm saying, "What are we good for, pa?" "Good to look at each other," was the quick and cheery response. Another day he was congratulating her that "she could hear and

he could see, and so between us we make one very respectable person."

They have lived together over sixty years, and now their days of active usefulness over, we feel they are not only "good to look at each other," but good for us to look upon.

One of the beautiful things in these days "looking toward sunset" is the love-like devotion of my father to my mother which has been very marked through their long

life, but which shines out now in new beauty as the years with their infirmities fold them about. If mother is ill enough to be under the doctor's care, they may be seen sitting side by side, and it is father who watches the clock and brings her the medicine. When she is talking nothing can distract his attention. Does he want to lie on the lounge, he always asks her if she wishes to use it. They celebrated their golden wedding fourteen years ago. Then all their six children were living; since then two have gone on before. Father was a chaplain during the war and was in "Libby" four months. Mother was at Annapolis devoting time, strength and money to the soldiers. She refused a lucrative position at Fortress Monroe under Miss Dix, who offered it personally, because she would then be restrained and restricted by "red tape." She continued at Annapolis until the close of the war, gaining the entire confidence of the surgeons in charge of hospitals, so that her passes were made to admit her anywhere at any time, and to include any one she might have with her. She could go where the regular corps of nurses could not. The soldiers called her "mother."

One day one gave her a little book he had carved from a bone. Long after he was returned to his regiment she went to show it to some one and it fell apart, being

in reality a tiny box. In it she found a wee paper with "I was sick and ye visited me," on it. She prizes this very much and often sits with it in her hand. The gratitude of some whom she had befriended caused them to petition Congress for a pension for her a year or more ago, and it was granted. This she looks upon as a great honor and is very proud of it.

Father worked faithfully and hard in his position and after an honorable discharge for physical disability on his release from Libby prison, was given a pension. That he looks upon as a matter of course—but glories every day in mother's services having been thus recognized. His diary, kept during his whole term of service, daily, is most touching during the time of his imprisonment in its thought of her and how she must suffer on his account. He wrote for her during his absence an autobiography which is now in my hands, and is so quaintly written that I sometimes feel tempted to put it in the hands of some publisher.

It would take a more eloquent pen than mine to express what I feel when I see these two who have lived *together* beyond the common life of man sitting together talking over the past and of the future, saying to each other this or that should be done, "if I should go first."

Very truly, *Josephine R. Morris.*



TROUSSEAUX.

AS October approaches with its numerous weddings it may not be amiss to give a few trousseau hints to the soon-to-be-brides who will spend the month of September in preparing for the great event. It is to be hoped that many of their preparations are well under way, and that the girl who is to make some man happy will not be obliged to work up to the last moment and appear at the altar looking pale and jaded with sewing and nervousness.

Our sensible maiden guards in the beginning against this misfortune, by making a full list of articles to be purchased, and every gown and bonnet to be made. And let her determine not to strive after the fanciful but to be practical and sensible.

In the first place, with regard to the underclothing. This may all be as handsome as fine material and dainty handiwork can make it. Eschew all open Hamburg edgings, numerous puffings, etc., and

use the money that would be spent on these in purchasing excellent material and pretty French embroideries and tucking. Although you are to be married in the Fall, lay in a larger supply of Summer undergarments than of those intended for Winter use, as the wear and tear of the heated term tells on the fine fabrics. Very thin cambric night-dresses may now seem unnecessary, but will be of inestimable comfort next July. Gauze silk shirts can at present be bought for half the price they will bring in the Spring, and the same may be said of silk and Lisle thread hose. If possible, have eight or a dozen of each article of underwear. These do not go out of fashion, and the woman of moderate means will be glad not to be obliged to replenish this portion of her wardrobe for several seasons.

About gowns—if you must be extravagant as to the number of these, let it be with regard to evening costumes. They are so expensive that a young wife will hesitate long before asking her husband for money to buy a gown for this or that ball, and even if she has her own purse it is not always convenient to extract therefrom one hundred and fifty dollars for a new dress. So, if you intend to spend a large amount on your trousseau, buy enough elegant, inconspicuous evening gowns to last through the first winters of your married life.

It would be difficult to say what materials you would best choose, but some suggestions which you may alter to suit individual taste may prove of some assistance. If you can afford it, by all means have a trained black velvet gown. This is very costly, but will last a long time, and can be made over and over as long as a piece of it remains. Make it plainly, having the skirt untrimmed save by the rich folds of the velvet, and let the train be very full and long. The waist should fit closely to the figure and may be finished by bands of jet at neck and wrists and cut jet buttons. A heavy jet Marguerite pocket swung from the belt of the skirt is a pretty adjunct.

Next have a silk and brocade dinner-gown. Choose any color you like, only nothing very striking. Silver and gray are always pretty and may be elaborately made up. Have the front cut square and finished with rich lace, the collar high at the back of the neck, with revers embroidered in silver at each side of the open square in front. The shoulder-puffs may

be slashed with silver brocade and the same idea carried out in the decoration of the trained skirt. The sleeves come only to the elbow and gray gloves meet them. The buttons of the bodice should be of cut steel, and buckles of the same finish the gray *Suede* slippers. When you are weary of this costume, you may remove the gray silk and make up your brocade with some contrasting color.

You will find a short white India silk or *mousseline de soie* gown useful for affairs to which you do not care to wear a train. These dresses are dainty when trimmed with knots of flowers. A white *crêpon*, with a delicately embroidered border of shaded silks, and draped over an underdress of pink, or pale green silk, is one of the most useful and effective costumes you can have. It is so handsome, and yet so modest, as to be in keeping at a large or small reception or entertainment. The wedding-gown of heavy-corded silk, also made simply, will serve as "court-costume" to the largest balls and receptions of the season. If you can avoid doing so, do not rip up or alter your wedding-dress. In after years you will be glad to have it intact to keep as a relic. What a prize our grandmother's wedding-costume would be to us!

For calling, driving, and walking wear, have a dress of black silk, a dark blue or black tailor-made ladies' cloth, with jacket to match, a diagonal cloth, with a braided vest and panels of some light color (also with a jacket of the same material), one flannel and one serge for morning shopping and home wear. Besides these, have two pretty wrappers of light flannel and two tea-gowns. One of these may be of a simple *princesse*-shape, with a demi-train, flowing sleeves and loose silk front. The other should be more elaborate, and in two parts. Make the skirt of lace, and the long *directoire* polonaise of pale blue cashmere, trimmed with a deeper shade of velvet. Face the tails with white satin and make the vest of the polonaise of lace laid on in full folds. It does not pay to buy many bonnets and hats with your trousseau, as the fashions in head-covering change every few months. Have hats to match both of your cloth gowns and one for every-day wear, with a church or calling bonnet. For receptions, etc., a black lace *toque* is pretty. As to wraps, you must choose for yourself, as much depends on your means. An ul-

ster is convenient for rough weather, and for a winter-cloak you have the chance to decide between a seal-skin jacket, a fur cape, a long fur-trimmed cloak or a heavy jacket with boa and muff. Your gloves may match your costume, and, if many are purchased, should be kept carefully wrapped in tissue paper and put away in a box. It is a matter of economy to buy a large supply of shoes and slippers as they improve with age. Some people make a point of buying shoes several months before they are needed, and laying them aside to

"ripen." They then last longer than if worn as soon as purchased. Of course there are many little things which a bride needs, such as handkerchiefs, evening slippers and stockings, ruchings, etc.; but it is hardly worth while to mention these as the average woman never forgets such dainty addenda to her toilet.

In all preparations, make up your mind to put quality before quantity, and if your means are moderate get one really excellent article in preference to three indifferent or cheap ones.



ABOUT FLOWERS.

GERANIUMS.



GERANIUMS deserve a place at the head of the list of desirable plants for house and garden culture, because they are such easy things to take care of. Give them a good

soil, water in sufficient quantities, and plenty of sunshine, and they ask little more. Of what other plant can you say this?

If you want them to make your garden

bright throughout the summer, all you have to do is to cut the flowers off as soon as they begin to fade. Do this, and they will continue to bloom up to cold weather, and the frost will generally find them as full of blossoms as they were at midsummer.

Many take up plants which have bloomed through the summer hoping to make them bloom in winter. But this is generally labor thrown away. If you want Geraniums to bloom well in winter you must prepare your plants for this work.

This is done by keeping them from blooming in summer. Start the plants early in spring. Do not try to force them, but let them grow along steadily through the summer. Give a good soil; water enough to keep the soil moist all through,

and pinch back the tops from time to time to make them throw out branches and form compact plants. This is important, for if allowed to grow to suit themselves geraniums almost always take on awkward shapes. But by pinching in and forcing branches to start you can make fine-shaped plants of the most straggling growers. The time to do this is while the plants are young. If allowed to grow after their own inclinations for six or eight months you will find it a difficult matter to bring them into proper shape.

A good compost for the geranium is one part loam, one part turfy matter, and the other third equal parts of perfectly rotten manure and the sharpest, grittiest sand you can find.

In potting, be sure to put at least an inch of broken pottery or brick in the bottom of each pot over four inches across. Smaller pots will not need drainage. The matter of drainage must be attended to in pots of the size referred to above, for if the soil is put into the pot without something to keep it away from the hole in the bottom it will soon fill it, and the consequence will be that the pot becomes water-tight, and the surplus water which you give will settle to the bottom where it will stand about the roots of the plants rotting them, or inducing disease, or souring the soil.

When you water them be sure to give enough to wet the soil all through. The practice of putting on a little dribble of water now and then is most harmful. The surface of the soil will look moist, and from this you will get the impression that it must be wet below; while the fact is, it will almost always be dry as dust in the bottom. Therefore water only as needed and then make a thorough job of it. Put on so much that some will run out at the bottom of the pot, and then you will be sure that the soil is entirely saturated.

Many varieties of geranium are fine for summer blooming, indeed most kinds will bloom well then, but the number adapted to winter culture is comparatively small. Below I give a list of the best varieties for winter-blooming:

Mary Hill, double, bright pink.

S. A. Nutt, double, dark crimson.

Gloire de France, double, carmine and white.

Concours Regional, single, pink and white. A most wonderful bloomer, giving

a steady succession of flowers almost all the year round.

Gaardner Gaerd, pink, great bloomer.

Sam Sloan, velvety crimson.

Pauline Lucca, white.

Mrs. Jas. Vick, salmon.

Mrs. Moore, white, marked with rosy salmon about a large white eye. A beautiful flower.

Apple-blossom, pale pink, very fine.

The fragrant-leaved kinds are all desirable, and every collection should include one or more of them.

The rose-scented kind is too well known to need description here. It is not only a beautiful plant but a most useful one, as its pretty leaves always come in play when small bouquets are desired.

Fernifolia is not so well known but it is one of the most beautiful of all geraniums, having foliage so finely cut that it bears a close resemblance to some kinds of fern.

Dr. Livingstone has larger foliage than *Fernifolia*, but is much more delicate in appearance than the rose. But it does not have as agreeable an odor. It is very fine for cutting.

The varieties grown for their foliage require larger pots than the flowering sorts. A geranium blooms best when somewhat pot-bound, but if a kind with fine foliage is cramped at the roots its leaves become small and unsatisfactory. Therefore give your flowering geraniums small pots, but give such kinds as you grow for foliage large pots and a rich soil, in order to keep them putting forth new branches all the time.

The Ivy-leaf section is one well worthy of your attention. Its foliage resembles that of the English ivy in shape, hence its name. Florists have of late years taken this class in hand, and the result is that we have kinds with large trusses of double flowers, rivalling in beauty the choicest Zonales. This class is of slender habit and must be trained to pillars or given a rack or trellis to run over.

If you have sunny windows, try some of the variegated-leaved kinds. *Mrs. Pollock*, with foliage of rich yellow, green and brown, with splashes of red, is too well known to require description. When well grown, a plant of this variety is exceedingly beautiful. *Marshal McMahon*, yellow with brown and green markings, is very pretty. *Happy Thought* has a leaf with yellow centre, the rest of the leaf

dark green. *Freak of Nature* has a green centered leaf, with yellow edge. *Madame Salleroi* has a pale, pea-green leaf edged with white. This variety is a compact grower, seldom reaching a height greater than six or eight inches and is extremely effective among other plants, its white and green foliage being a good substitute for flowers.

Some persons advise starting geraniums in September for winter blooming. Mr. E. E. Rexford, the well-known writer on flowers, who is very successful as a grower of geraniums, and with whom the writer of this article has worked for some time, always sets this advice down as mischievous. He prefers plants at least one year old, and in his greenhouse he has many plants four, five, and six years old, which are covered with flowers every winter. These old plants have many branches, hence plenty of blossoming surface, while young plants will seldom have more than one or two branches for the first three months of their existence, consequently they can have but few flowers at any one time.

HINTS.

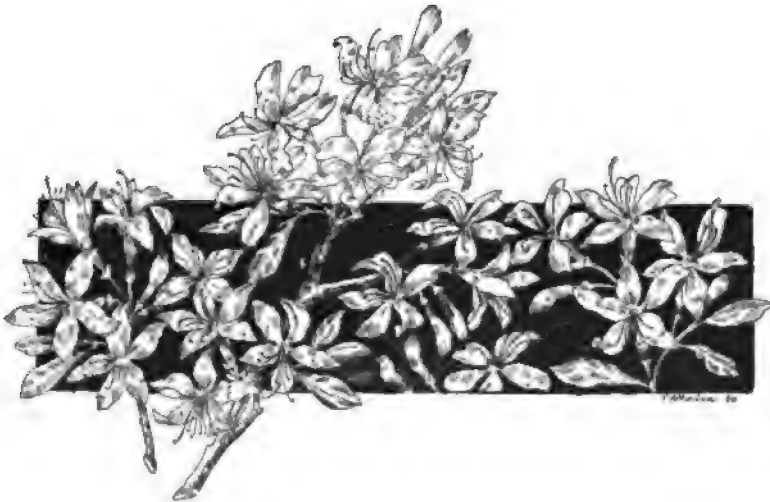
If you have put your house plants out of doors during the summer, you will find when you come to take them in in fall, that many require repotting. If not convenient to do this, remove as much of the top of the soil in the pot as possible without seriously disturbing the roots, and put on fresh compost in its stead.

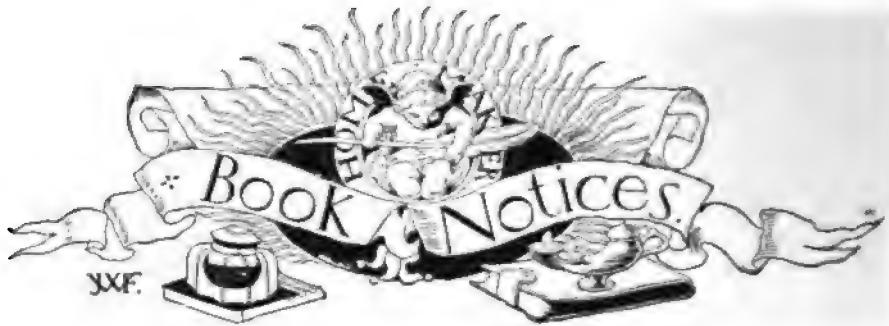
If your plants were turned out of their pots you will find, when you come to take them up, that their roots have run through the soil for feet on each side. In taking them up these roots will have to be cut off, and this will greatly injure the plant. It is a good plan to cut down all around the plants with a sharp spade about a week before you are ready to lift them. This severs the long roots without disturbing the others, and in a short time new roots will be sent out like branches from those which have been cut inside the ball of earth which you have cut about. This will give you healthy, growing roots which will not have to be disturbed when the plant is potted.

Never take a newly-potted plant whose roots have been disturbed into a warm room. Set in a cool place, after watering it well, and leave it there till it has become established in its pot.

One of the very best winter-flowering plants I know anything about is the *Primula Obconica*. It is much more desirable in every way than the good old Chinese Primrose, of which it is a relative. Its flowers are single, small, but borne in loose clusters and produced with such profusion that the plant is almost always covered with them. They are not a clear white, but nearly so. Sometimes there will be a slight lilac tinge. They have a delicate primrose odor, and a very pleasing wild-flower air about them.

R. Bauman.





(*The Robe of Nessus. A Historical Romance.* By Duffield Osborne. Belford Publishing Co., New York.)

The author who, in a preceding volume, gave us a tragedy based on the story of the sacred Scriptures, reproducing somewhat the life and religious phases of that still farther east, has attempted in this later book to picture Athenian life in her golden age of philosophy and politics. The story has all the tragic elements properly mixed, love, war, jealousy, murder, banqueting, races. For morals and appreciation of the value of life the nineteenth century is to be preferred. It is hard to believe that Paganism made it so much lighter and easier a thing to shuffle off this mortal coil than does Christianity, but the actors on this stage meet the chances of death with all the alacrity with which they anticipate having any other good time. The table-knife in their own hands or the sword in the hand of any other is equally relished. The author presents the *menu* of a good dinner with the courses in due order as familiarly as if he made it a practice to dine daily with the ancient Greeks, although some of us of more modern appetite might not fancy the succession of viands. The great race, a contest familiar in all our memories of ancient games, is graphically portrayed.

(*An Artist's Honor.* Translated by E. P. Robins from the French of Octave Feuillet: Cassell Publishing Co., New York.)

(*Juancho, the Bull-fighter.* Translated from the French of Theophile Gautier by Mrs. Benjamin Lewis. Cassell Publishing Co., New York.)

It is a common saying that a French novel to be interesting must be immoral. If verification of the dictum were desired, examples are not lacking and the books whose titles are given above may be cited as instances. Surely, contemporary American fiction furnishes us enough that is "off color," without seeking matter of this sort in the works of foreign authors. Even the literary merit of Gautier is not preserved in Mrs. Lewis' stiff and labored translation, and while the work is better done in "*An Artist's Honor*," even this does not adequately convey the spirit of the original. It is unfortunate, on all accounts, that such books should appear in a cheap and popular series.

DEAR EDITOR: Your article in the May HOME-MAKER "*Uncivil or Dishonest*" gives me an opportunity to ask what I have long wanted to know.

(1) How much may one copy from one paper or magazine to another? Any thing marked "copyright," or "all rights re-

served," I understand it is not allowable, to copy; but may one copy a sermon by D. L. Moody, T. De Witt Talmage, or any divine, without the writer's consent, provided the name of writer is given?

Can one copy poetry, directions for fancy-work, fashion notes? Is it allowable to copy receipts from papers, magazines, or cook-books, provided the name of the original contributor is given?

(2) In your review of new books may we have the prices given of each? It would be a great convenience to many, like myself, living remote from large cities.

(3) Would any one buying each number of your magazine regularly be recognized as a subscriber, or at least have the privilege of a subscriber?

(4) Please, may I have a reliable receipt for liquid bluing?

N. A. E.

Answer.

(1) It is allowable and lawful, even complimentary, to copy *anything*, even when copyrighted, provided the names of author and publisher be given.

This, of course, applies only to what is published as periodical literature—not to reprints of volumes.

(2) Some books come to the reviewer with the prices attached to, or written upon them. Others are not thus accompanied. To give the price of some, and not of all, would be invidious, and excite unpleasant feeling.

(3) A subscriber's name *must* be entered in the books kept in the office. This is considered the only proof that she is entitled to the subscriber's privileges.

(4) To answer this query would trench

upon the advertising columns. Preparations of liquid bluing are many, and all claim to be the best. The old-fashioned indigo, tied in a thin muslin bag and shaken in the water until the right shade is produced, is perhaps as good as anything with a more pretentious title.

PUGET SOUND.

PEOPLE who have visited the wonderful region surrounding Puget Sound cannot find language to express the delight they have felt in gazing upon the varied beauties of scenery there spread before them. There can be no satisfaction in a mere description, and the best works of famous artists fade into insignificance before the magnificent reality. Not alone is the region rich in all that makes it fair to look upon, but as well in its wondrous resources, awaiting the application of human labor to develop them for the benefit of mankind. The Puget Sound country is a paradise for the sight-seer, a revelation for the explorer, and a land of plenty for the husbandman, besides offering unsurpassed opportunities for the capitalist and manufacturer. It is reached via the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, which connects at St. Paul and Minneapolis with through trains of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern roads for all points in the far Northwest. W. R. Busenbark, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had children, she gave them Castoria.



PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

THE HOME-MAKER is now entering on the third year of its unprecedented success. The design has been from the beginning to present to the homes of America literature of the highest order, healthful, cheery, and inspiring. We believe that the making of happy and beautiful homes is the noblest work in which human beings can engage, and brings the richest and sweetest rewards. The HOME-MAKER is the only publication in magazine form exclusively devoted to this work.

It is the purpose to spare no efforts to make The HOME-MAKER worthy of its high ideal. The best writers, male and female, of America and of Europe, will contribute to its columns. Among the especially noticeable articles for the opening of the year, will be one of a series of sketches by Mrs. General U. S. Grant, of her early married life, which will be found of absorbing interest, revealing a familiar view of the interior home life and character of America's greatest chieftain, so loved and revered by all. An illustrated article on Joan de Arc

will give some new facts in the life of this most wonderful and heroic woman of modern times, and will be most timely and instructive in view of the announced anniversary celebration. An early number will contain an article by Mr. E. C. White, "Among the Venezuelans," illustrated with views just taken. Bright, cheery sketches and poems will form a large and attractive part of the Magazine, and the illustrations will not be excelled by any of our contemporaries. The articles on ladies' apparel and present styles of dress will be of great service, being under the special direction of "Jenny June," the acknowledged authority on matters of taste and fashion. Everything will be done to make it the most serviceable companion and educator for ladies and housekeepers, and to make every woman glad that she is a woman, and to inspire every wife and every mother to be all that her exalted position gives her the privilege to be in her own realm of the HOME MAKER.

